Sept. 22, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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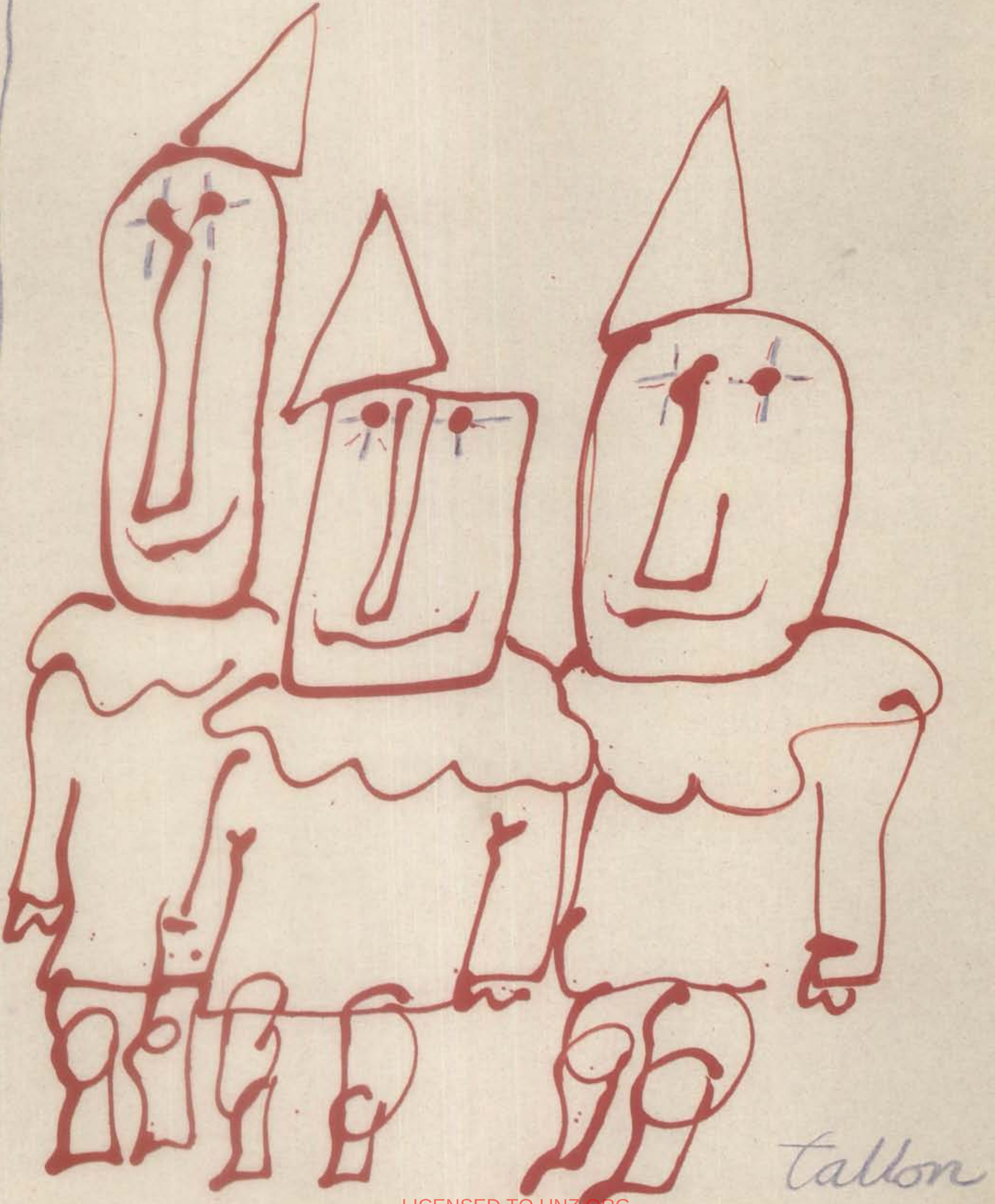

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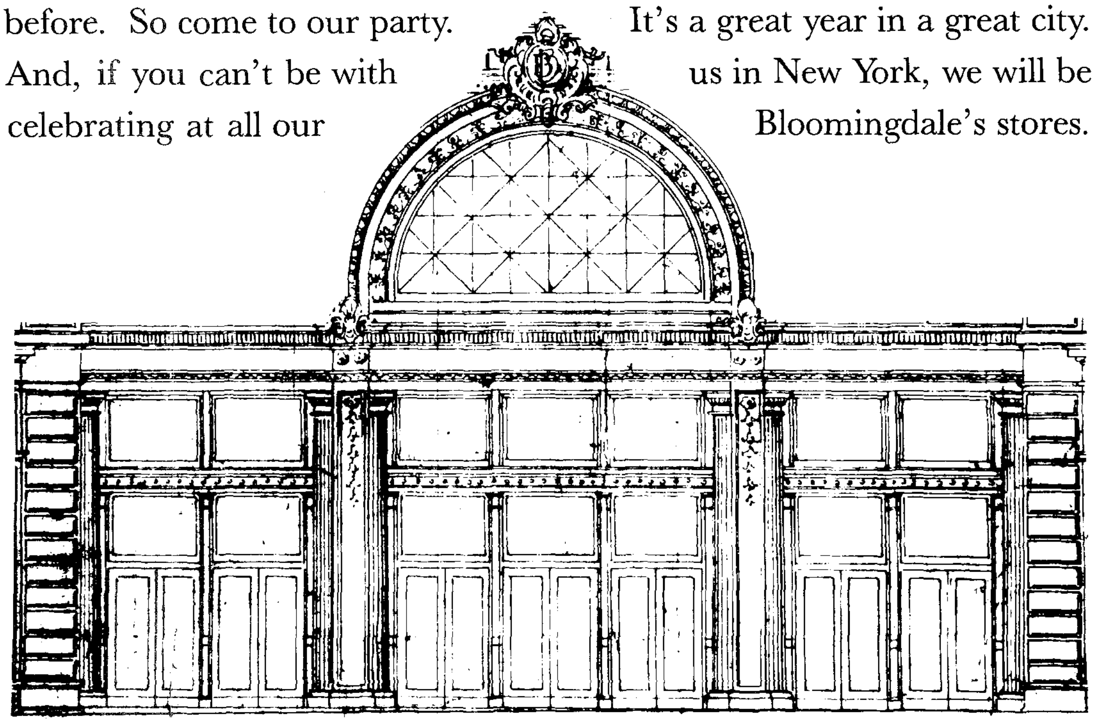

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a hard-rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a welcomely big cast and an exceptionally fine set, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—Lonette McKee in a musical play about Billie Holiday, written by Lanie Robertson. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—This second production of the Royal Shakespeare Company's portmanteau version of the Dickens novel is as joyous an occasion as the first, which reached us back in 1981. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (9/1/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 28: Victor Herbert's **THE FORTUNE TELLER.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. The production will run for as long as Lindsay is able and willing to run, which one hopes will be for several years. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's passionate and often funny play about the attempts of a black family in Chicago to leave their slum apartment and move on is somewhat lacking in urgency and fire in this revival. Even so, much of the acting is good, especially that of Vondie Curtis-Hall, Starletta DuPois, James Pickens, Jr., and Kim Yancey. Harold Scott directed. (8/25/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that

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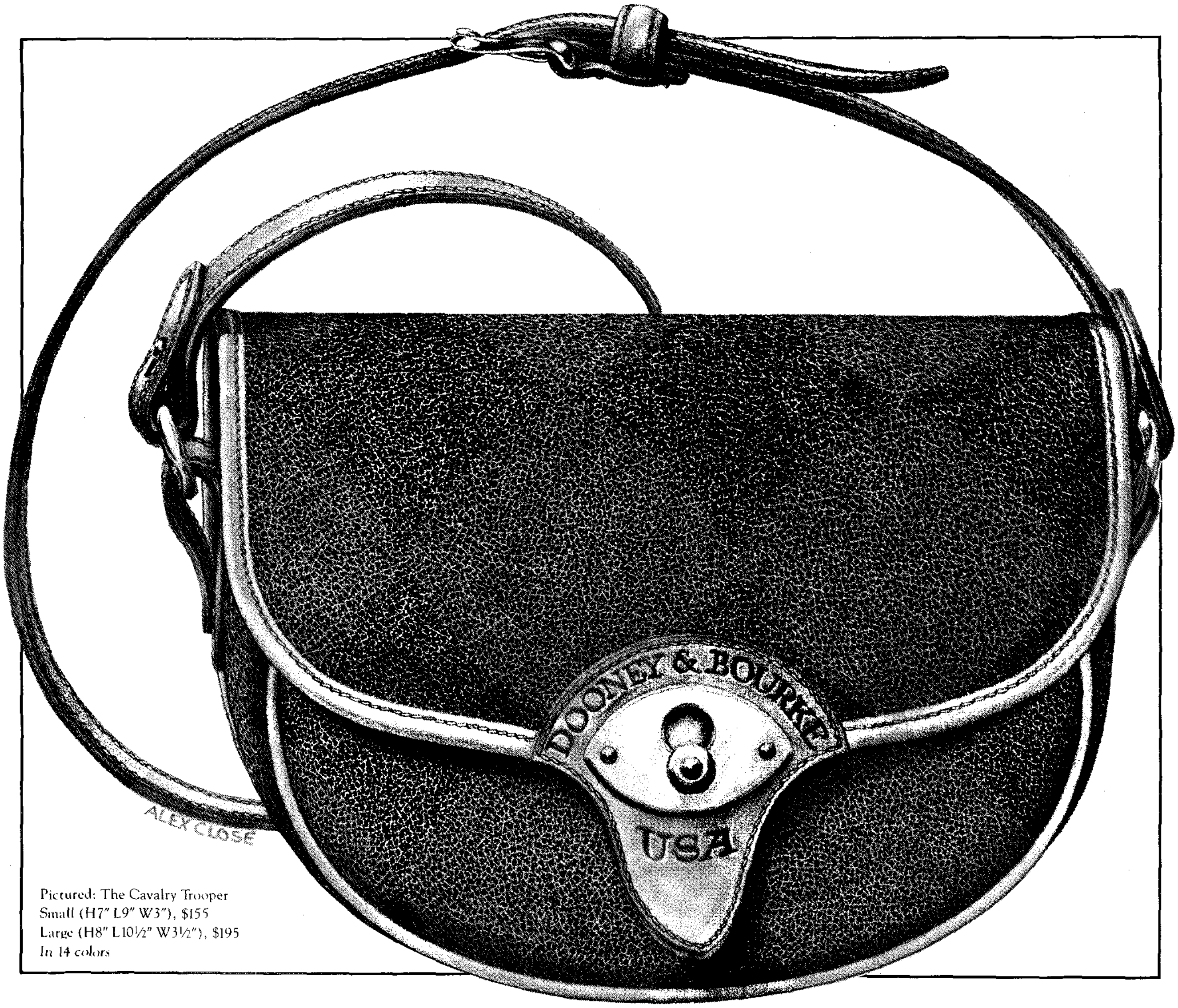

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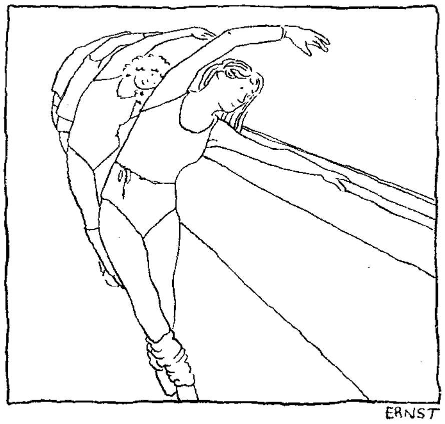
has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today, I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Worstward Ho—An adaptation of a prose work by Samuel Beckett, staged by Mabou Mines. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Woza Afrika!—A festival of plays written by South Africans which will run through Sunday, Oct. 5—Through Sunday, Sept. 21: **Bopha!**, by Percy Mtwa. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 24-28: A double bill consisting of **Children of Asazi**, written and directed by Matsemela Manaka, and **Gangsters**, written and directed by Maishe Maponya. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center, 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 1, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**Big River:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **La Cage aux Folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Chorus Line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** 10,984 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd Street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'm Not Rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Little Shop of Horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **Oh! Calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Penn & Teller:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking, Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe:** Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.) . . . **Song & Dance:** Bernadette Peters sings a lot and John Meehan dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 7; Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: "Summer-Clouds People," "Ahab" (New York première), and "Today, with Dragon." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, and Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Heyoka," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and four dances from "8 Clear Places." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Peter Maxwell's Ballroom Dance Theatre—An eight-member troupe. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 17-19, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3 and 7.)

Ritha Devi—A program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

"Jews and Judaism in Dance"—Two evenings of contemporary works by American and Israeli choreographers—Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:15: The Inbal Dance Theatre, Ze'eva Cohen, Pearl Lang, Sophie Maslow, Ohad Naharin, and Margalit Oved, plus a vocal work by Meredith Monk. (A benefit honoring Anna Sokolow; for tickets, call 490-2280.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8: Miss Cohen, Miss Oved, and the Inbal Dance Theatre, in a program that includes traditional dances of Yemen. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **Mirmdance:** Wednesday, Sept. 17, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21, at 8. . . . **Yung Yung Tsuai and Dancers:** Thursday, Sept. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Julie Wilson** returns to the Oak Room on Tuesday, Sept. 23, to sing songs by Harold Arlen. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Pianist Richard Shulman's group will be on hand Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber** brings in his trio. The other nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which will also be hushed and smokeless during **Blossom Dearie's** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. At nine Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, singer Rita Gardner and pianist Buddy Barnes devote themselves to songs from the twenties.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon the RCA Building—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Flutist **Herbie Mann** and the **New York Samba Band** occupy the bandstand through Sunday, Sept. 21, and starting Tuesday, Sept. 23, **Sarah Vaughan** puts her supple human instrument on display. Music from nine. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. They are: **Tommy Flanagan** and **George Mraz** through Saturday, Sept. 20, and **Larry Willis** and **Red Mitchell** starting Monday, Sept. 22. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell works with pianist Leslie Pintchik and guitarist Scott Hardy. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this little club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **Carmen Lundy** is singing with a combo headed by saxophonist **Bobby Watson** and bassist **Curtis Lundy** through Sunday, Sept. 21; starting Tuesday, Sept. 23, singer **Helen Merrill** will have the mike. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Bemelmans Bar you can listen to pianist and singer **Barbara Carroll** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself

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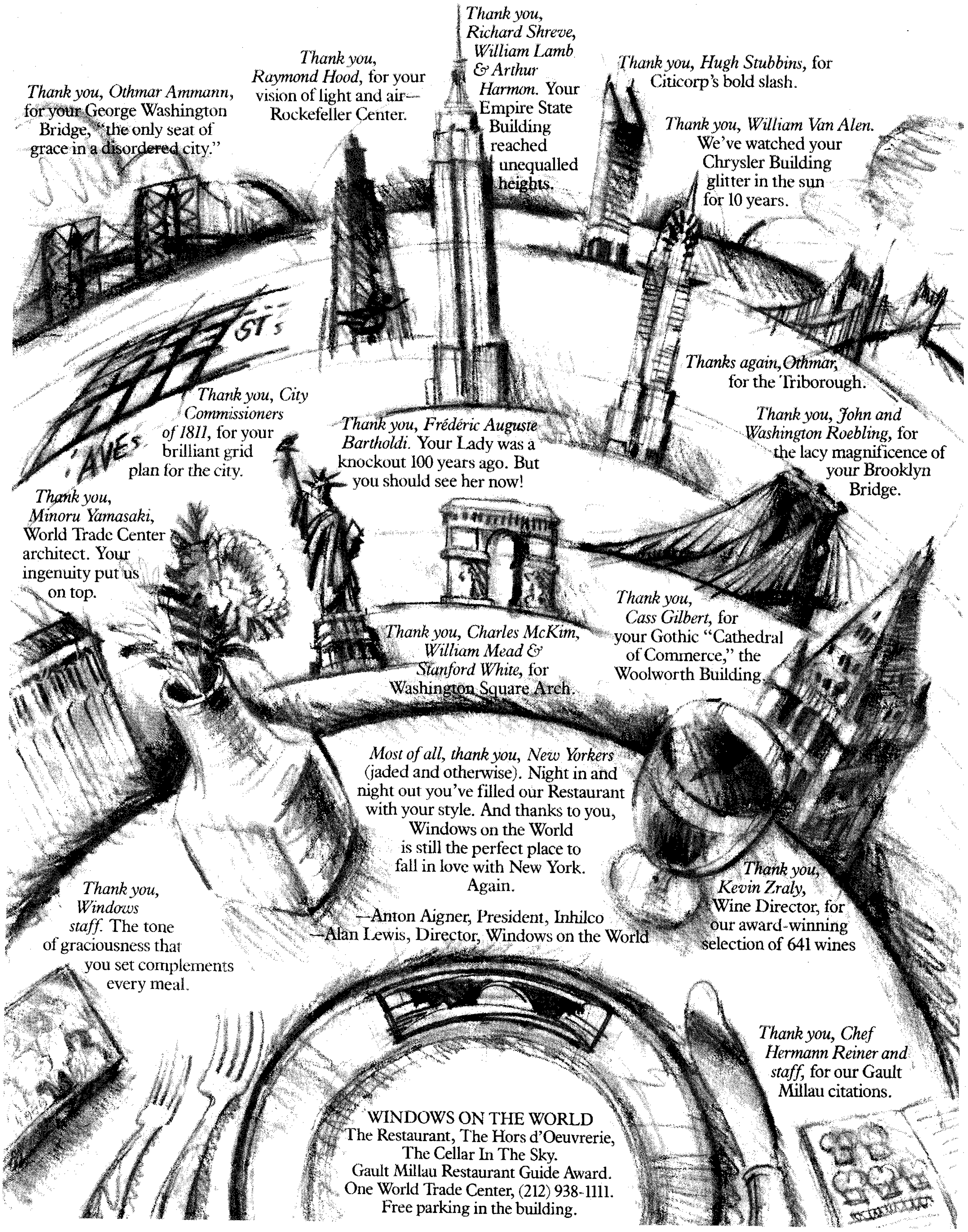

Thank you, Othmar Ammann, for your George Washington Bridge, "the only seat of grace in a disordered city."

Thank you, Raymond Hood, for your vision of light and air—Rockefeller Center.

Thank you, Richard Shreve, William Lamb & Arthur Harmon. Your Empire State Building reached unequalled heights.

Thank you, Hugh Stubbins, for Citicorp's bold slash.

Thank you, William Van Alen. We've watched your Chrysler Building glitter in the sun for 10 years.

Thanks again, Othmar, for the Triborough.

Thank you, City Commissioners of 1811, for your brilliant grid plan for the city.

Thank you, Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi. Your Lady was a knockout 100 years ago. But you should see her now!

Thank you, John and Washington Roebling, for the lacy magnificence of your Brooklyn Bridge.

Thank you, Minoru Yamasaki, World Trade Center architect. Your ingenuity put us on top.

Thank you, Cass Gilbert, for your Gothic "Cathedral of Commerce," the Woolworth Building.

Thank you, Charles McKim, William Mead & Stanford White, for Washington Square Arch.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you will find acoustic guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, LAURINDO ALMEIDA,** and Sharon Isbin through Sunday, Sept. 21, and electric guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and his quintet starting Tuesday, Sept. 23. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in *his* guitar and plays with his trio. Sets begin at eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and at nine on Mondays. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Fran Jeffries, who has sung with the Count Basie band and who starred opposite Elvis Presley in the King's 1965 thriller, "Harum Scarum," is singing in this supper club Mondays through Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** (with bassist **RUFUS REID** on Sept. 19-20); Sundays, **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** Mondays, Bryan Wells; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 23-25, **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, **LARRY VUCKOVICH** (with bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**). Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Rick Crane through Saturday, Sept. 20; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** performs with his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **DICK WELLSTOOD** owns the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays; Jim Badzik, a Wellstood admirer, performs on Sunday, Sept. 21; and **DICK HYMAN** holds forth on Monday, Sept. 22. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **HILTON RUIZ** operates on it (with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** at his side) through Saturday, Sept. 20, and on Tuesday, Sept. 23, **ROLAND HANNA** will take charge. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, **HOT TUNA;** Friday, Sept. 19, Sun Rhythm Section and Jack Smith; Saturday, Sept. 20, Walter (Wolfman) Washington and Six Gun; Sunday, Sept. 21, the Rainmakers; Monday, Sept. 22, Funk Busters; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23-24, swamp and bayou music by **DR. JOHN** and **ALLEN TOUSSAINT.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MEL TORMÉ,** who knows about five thousand songs, sings a fraction of them with a trio Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-forty-five and eleven, and Saturdays at eight-forty-five, eleven, and after midnight. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music—jazz, rhythm and blues, and Latin jazz—hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup, in part: Wednesday, Sept. 17, Ananda; Thursday, Sept. 18, **JUMP STREET;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his current wave of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and rock-related phenomena from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Thursday, Sept. 18, a reggae bash, with **SLY DUNBAR & ROBBIE SHAKESPEARE, YELLOWMAN,** Ini Kamoze, and Half Pint; Friday, Sept. 19, Bodeans and Ten-Ten; Saturday, Sept. 20, Circle Jerks and others; and Saturday, Sept. 27, Screaming Blue Messiahs. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

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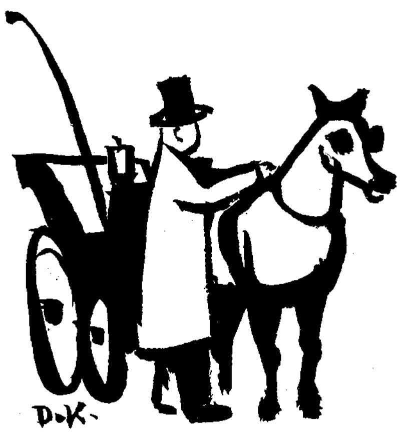
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at nine-thirty, Soweto-born singer Letta Mbulu; Friday, Sept. 19, Tabou Combo; Saturday, Sept. 20, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, Nigerian drummer **BABA OLATUNJI;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial: pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** are working together Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its white-haired leader at the electric piano, fills the room with uplifting marching-rock-band music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 17, Neighborhoods and Billy Jacket & the Straight Jackets; Thursday, Sept. 18, the Rattlers, Snake-Out, and the Reducers; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Sept. 21, **BILLY BANG'S FORBIDDEN PLANET;** Wednesday, Sept. 24, Ordinaires; Thursday, Sept. 25, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, Sept. 22, after nine, will be provided by **PAPO LUCCA** and **LA SONORA PONCEÑA, LOUIE RAMIREZ** and the **RAY DE LA PAZ** orchestra, and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT.** Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to vibraphonist **WARREN CHIASSON** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** through Sunday, Sept. 21, and to pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 23. In addition, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her combo on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Mingus-alumni **DON PULLEN** (piano) and **GEORGE ADAMS** (tenor saxophone) play impassioned, Mingusian music with bassist **CAMERON BROWN** and Mingus's longtime drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND** through Sunday, Sept. 21, and on Tuesday, Sept. 23, drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** descends the stairs with his quintet. On Monday nights, the hard-swinging **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** upholds the big-band tradition. Music after ten.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** sits in on tenor saxophone with a trio called High Society through Sunday, Sept. 21, and on Tuesday, Sept. 23, former Basie-band trombonist **BENNY POWELL** joins the Bill Eldridge group. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The entryway to this downstairs club buzzes with black lights, the anteroom features a mural and a chaise longue on which to contemplate it, and the music-and-dining room has jazz. Ace trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 20, and on Tuesday, Sept. 23, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** moves in with his foursome. On Mondays, trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet holds sway. Sets begin at ten except during Wynton Marsalis's residence, when they begin at nine. . . . ¶ The roomy upstairs bar and restaurant called Joanna (675-7900) has big mirrors, photomurals of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano, which will be in the hands of **RANDY WESTON** through Sunday, Sept. 21. **BILL MAYS** sets sail on Tuesday, Sept. 23, and **CHRIS ANDERSON** works with a bassist on Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. Pianist **JANE JARVIS,** who for many years played jazz disguised as ballpark music on the Shea Stadium organ, performs Mondays through Saturdays (with bassist **MILT HINTON** through Tuesday, Sept. 23, and with **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Wednesday, Sept. 24). On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their long-running collaboration. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Rodney Dangerfield—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

Emerson, Lake & Powell—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Sept. 23, and Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Art Hodes, Milt Hinton, George Kelly, Doc Cheatham, Tommy Benford, and Clarence Hutchenrider. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 598-2027.)

Jazz Concert—Hafiz Shabazz, Julius Hemphill, Bill Cole, Olu Dara, Joe Daley, Abdul Wadud, Gerald Veasley, and Warren Smith performing Mr. Cole's musical interpretations of eight proverbs of the Yoruba tribe, of Nigeria. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Stevie Wonder—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8.

Ashford & Simpson—With El DeBarge. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8.)

Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 10 and midnight.

Jazz Center of New York—Thursdays at 9 and 10:30: Tom Pierson orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 9:30 and 10:30: Judy Niemack and Janet Lawson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 9 and 10:30: Williamsburg Contemporary Composers Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—Figure paintings ranging from "The Fossil Hunters" to what are called single-stroke portraits. Through Oct. 1. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: "Color on Paper" is the descriptive title of works by Pollock, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, and others. Through Oct. 4. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by, among others, Florence Henri, Fernand Léger, and Kasimir Malevich, mounted to celebrate the gallery's tenth anniversary. Through Oct. 11. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary paintings—Expressionist and geometric abstraction—by Europeans, including John Armleder and Sandro Chia, and by the American Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Oct. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ricardo Bofill—Drawings for housing projects in France, and other works, by a Spanish architect. Through Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Harold Bruder—Realist paintings of groups of figures in interiors. Through Oct. 1. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clarence Carter—Two shows. Recent landscape paintings. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors from a series called "Studies for Industry." (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.) Both through Saturday, Sept. 27.

Martin Disler—Semi-abstract figurative paintings by a Swiss artist. Through Oct. 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rainer Fetting—Portraits, cityscapes, and landscapes, plus sculptures, one of which is a life-size bronze of a man in a bathtub. Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gill / Gwenn Thomas—Glazed-stoneware vessels. / Photographs of Ellis Island interiors in complementary frames painted by the artist. Through Oct. 4. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William L. Haney—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Three-dimensional painted works combining canvas, paper, wood, and Masonite. Through Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Geometric paintings derived from the chessboard pattern. Through Oct. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stone Roberts—Representational paintings of still-lifes and figures, plus figure drawings. Through Oct. 1. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

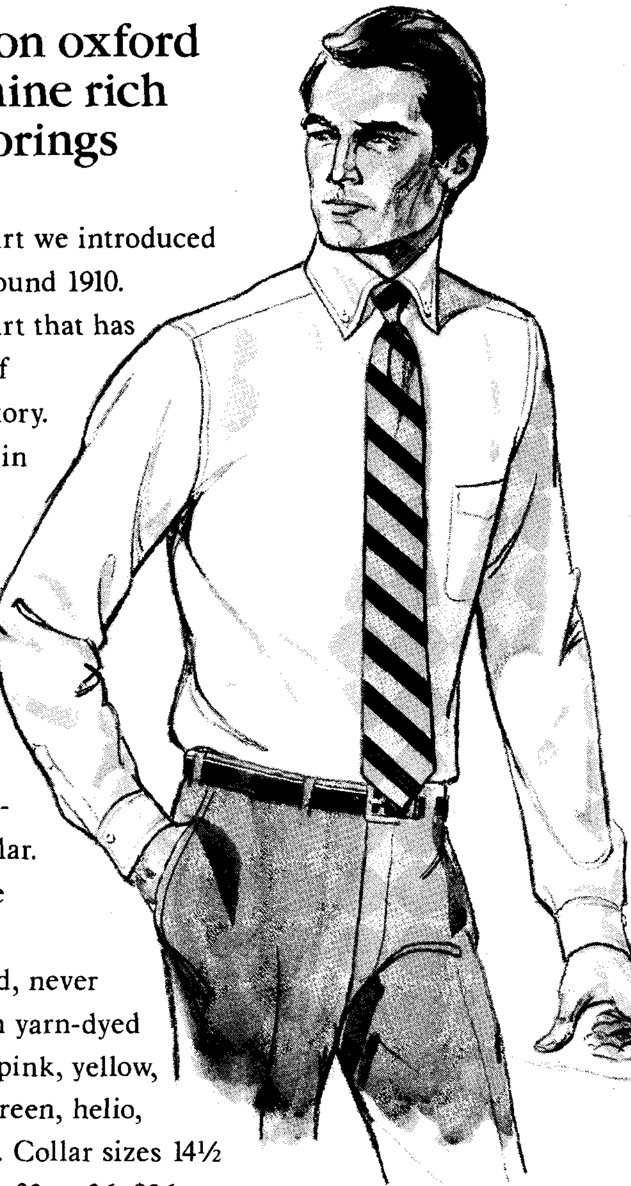
Louis Schanker (1903-81)—Prints, plus a few drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83) / **Michael de Lisio**—Abstract ink drawings and two welded-steel sculptures from the fifties and sixties. / Foot-high bronze portraits of T. S. Eliot, Sarah Caldwell, and other public figures. Through Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Recent abstract oils. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Five recent paintings, each measuring more than ten feet and referring, in a combination of images and written passages, to such topics as the arms race and toxic waste. Through Oct. 23. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roger Winter / John Button (1929-82)—A view



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of Central Park, and other landscapes. / Pastels, gouaches, and one large oil, all completed just before his death. Through Oct. 8. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: American watercolors and drawings spanning this century but concentrating on works before the fifties. Among the artists are Henri, Bellows, Morris Graves, and Will Barnet. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings, mostly, entitled "Art of the 80's by Artists in Their 80's." The octogenarians here include Isabel Bishop, Robert Gwathmey, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Oct. 11.

Sculpture—Recent pieces by R. M. Fischer, Steve Keister, and Bill Woodrow. Through Oct. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Werner Büttner / Walter Robinson—A series of paintings entitled "Half an Hour of Modern Art." / Paint applied to canvas with the aid of centrifugal force, which splatters the medium more or less equally over the surface. Through Oct. 11. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Y. J. Cho—Realist paintings of buildings in lower Manhattan. Through Oct. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Barbara Ess / Garnett Puett—Photographs. / Wax sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Rafael Ferrer—Small paintings, including landscapes of Mexico, studio nudes, and portraits. Through Oct. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Teresa Gejer—Freestanding sculptures made of plywood, plaster, and clay, in which abstract and organic forms seem to grow out of the tops of the pedestals. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

General Idea—The signature of three artists from Toronto whose large satiric paintings depict contemporary versions of medieval heraldic shields. Through Oct. 11. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Ira Joel Haber—Drawings of industrial areas. Through Oct. 18. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

Nancy Haynes—Abstract relief paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Jim Hendricks—Driftwood sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Mark Kostabi—New paintings and his first sculptures, in bronze and plaster. Through Oct. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser (1900-86)—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Ted Stamm (1945-84)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Niele Toroni—Marks in oil from a No. 50 paintbrush applied at regular intervals of thirty centimetres on canvas and on the walls of the Boone Gallery. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (417 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Yes—Ten life-size female busts ornamented with spectacular epaulettes (ivory, heavy silver, or gem-studded gold), meant to reward valor on the home front, plus paintings of campaign ribbons, also for women. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **SCHREIBER-CUTLER**, 171 Spring St.: Night-landscape paintings by Paul Caranicas, Daisy Craddock, Kim Keever, David Speed, and others. Through Oct. 1. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Abstractions on canvas by Jan Hashey, Ellen Phelan, and Andrew Spence, and a wall piece, by Richard Beckett, constructed with bicycle tires. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.

Note—Starting Friday, Sept. 19, and running through Saturday, Sept. 27, three galleries—Castelli, 420 West Broadway; Weber, 142 Greene St.; and Gladstone, 99 Greene St.—will hold a joint exhibition of contemporary art. On opening day, at 7:30, a benefit performance will be given by Trisha Brown, David Cale, Blondell Cummings, Mabou Mines, Butch Morris, and Nana Vasconcelos at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St.

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Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis; for information, call 674-0766.

OTHER GALLERIES

John Cage—Eight silk-screened Plexiglas works, and some paper compositions incorporating Merce Cunningham's name. Through Oct. 4. (Burgin, a new gallery at 270 Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

Reverend Howard Finster—Representative paintings, dating from 1976 to 1979. Through Oct. 11. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Arnulf Rainer—Eight recent paintings on board and fifty photographs overpainted with crayon, India ink, and oil. Through Oct. 25. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: A 1973 painting and two drawings from 1975 by Pat Steir, and sculptures and drawings from the seventies and eighties by Richard Artschwager and Alan Saret. Through Oct. 11. . . . **CHRISTMINSTER**, 336 E. 5th St.: Collages by Dike Blair, small oils using red dots by Paul McMahon, and a single painting by Frank Moore. Through Oct. 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: A miscellany of film-related works that include self-portraits by Cindy Sherman mocking movie stills, a proposal by Robert Smithson for an underground cinema, and, from the Thomas Edison laboratory, a 1900 Mutascope—a kind of flip-book—depicting Edison signing the patent for the first movie camera. Through Oct. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOOD**, 39 Great Jones St.: Abstract paintings by William Baziotes, George Negroponte, and David Row. Through Oct. 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Hockney—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

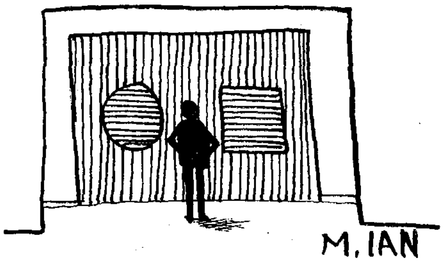
Jerry N. Uelsmann—A self-portrait of the artist posing as William Wegman's dog-model, Man Ray, and other works by a photographer who uses up to eight enlargers and extensive masking to make a single print. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Bruce Weber—Photographs from a two-month visit in Rio de Janeiro. Through Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BURDEN**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs of the capitol building in Albany (its façade, stairways, anterooms, columns, marble carvings) by William Clift, Stephen Shore, Judith Turner, and Dan Weaks. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Opens at noon.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by Tina Barney, Nicholas Nixon, Barbara Norfleet, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as those by Watteau and Fragonard. Starts Thursday, Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Of the four hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures bought by the museum during the past six years, fifty-four, among them works by Carroll Dunham, Eric Fischl, Bill Jensen, and Terry Winter, will be on display starting Friday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sunday, Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom will have several works on display. Starts Friday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-five prints of autumnal scenes from Hiroshige's "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." Through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** A jazz concert will be given by Arnie Lawrence & the Monster Band in the museum's sculpture garden on Sunday, Sept. 21, at 4.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs, costume sketches and costumes, set models, posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil, and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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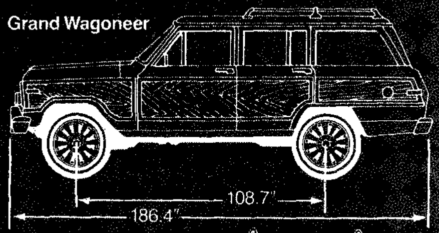

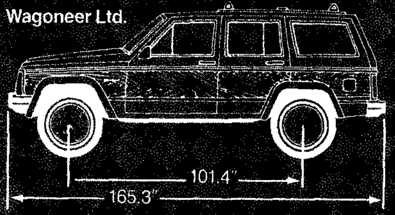

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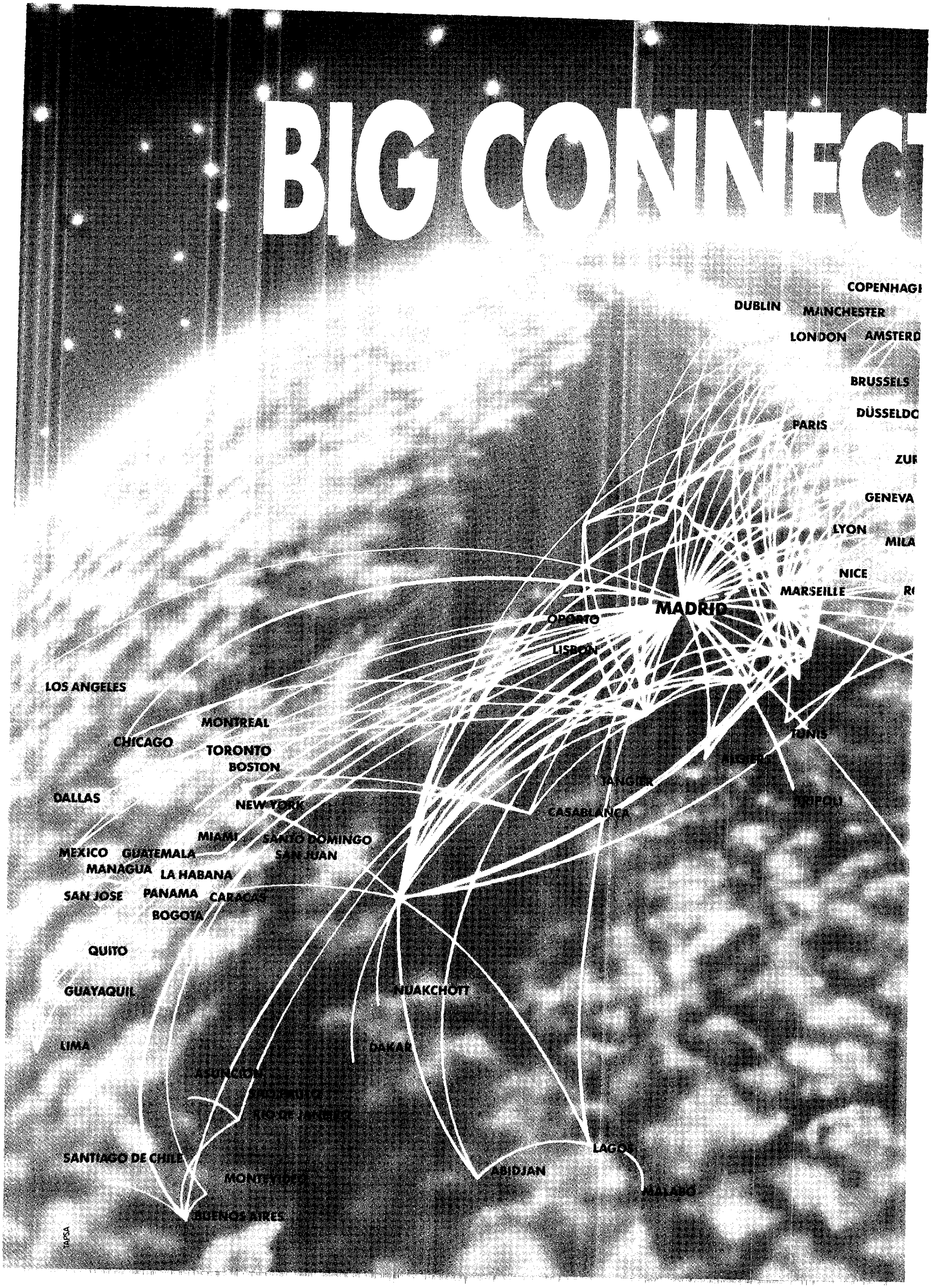
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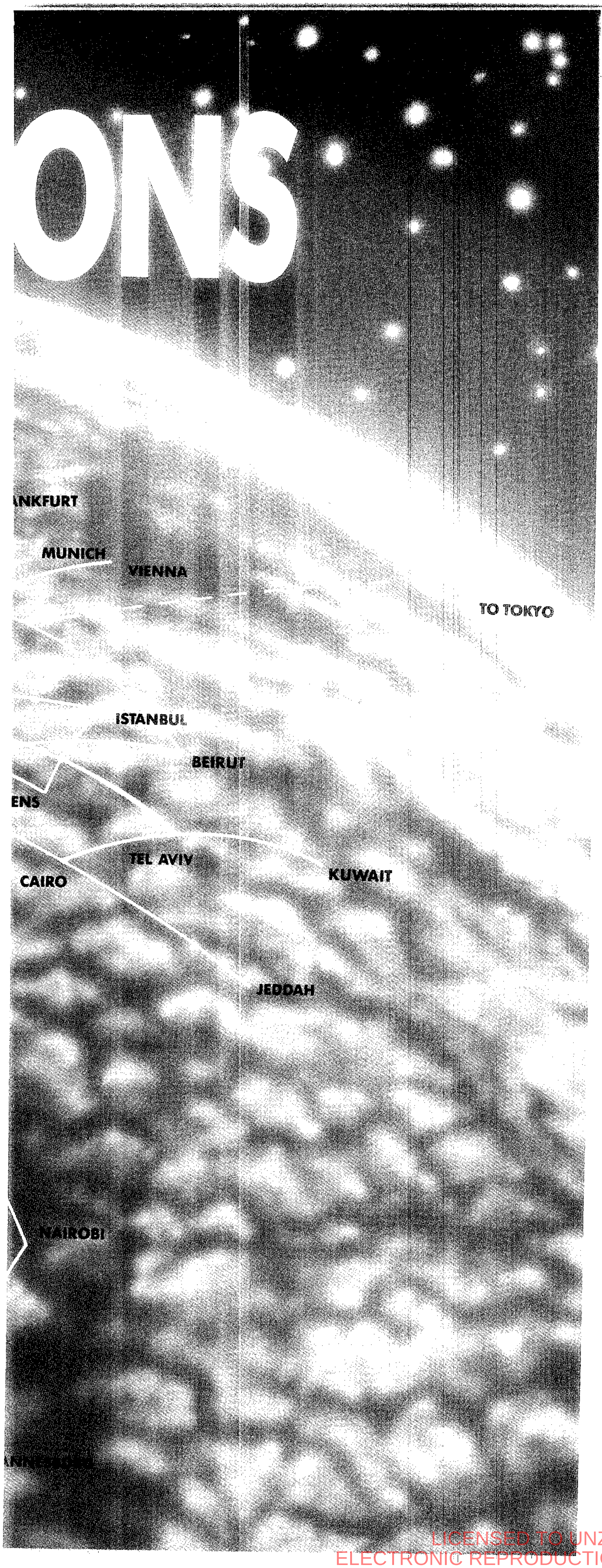

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

89th St.—Still another Statue of Liberty tribute, this one a partial re-creation of an 1883 exhibition of predominantly French paintings which was mounted at the National Academy by William Merritt Chase—the objective then was to raise funds for the statue's pedestal. The artists represented are Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Tissot, and others whose works were fresh to the public in the original show. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A display of a hundred and fifty prints by five photojournalists—Peter Magubane, Valeria Ferrill, Ozier Muhammad, Gordon Parks, and Robert Sengstacke. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Danny Mydlack (performance), Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Anne Seagrave and Oscar McLennan (performance), Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 18-21, at 9. . . . ¶ Mark Anderson (performance), Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 25-28, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., is 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, April 18—Monday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: A new production of Wagner's "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Aage Haugland; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Gianfranco Masini. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7: "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Margaret Cusack, Kristian Johannsson, and Stephen Dickson; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Jerry Hadley, Harry Dworchak, and Robert McFarland; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Norma," with Winifred Faix Brown, Susanne Marsee, Robert Grayson, and Eric Halfvarson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Shaulis, Richard Burke, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Jane Bunnell, Kurt Link, and William Parcher; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 11: Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Gail Dobish, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Craig Heath Nim; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Nicole Philibosian, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Stone; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Norma," with Winifred Faix Brown, Susanne Marsee, Robert Grayson, and Eric Halfvarson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Gail Dobish, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Craig Heath Nim; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

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Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting Handel's opera "Ariodante." The second of two eighteenth-century works presented this month. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Sept. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8; Friday, Sept. 19, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 7:30: A John Corigliano–Bartók–Brahms program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 8, and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30: A Karel Husa–Schubert–Liszt program, with André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—Patricia Handy directing, with James Blanton, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

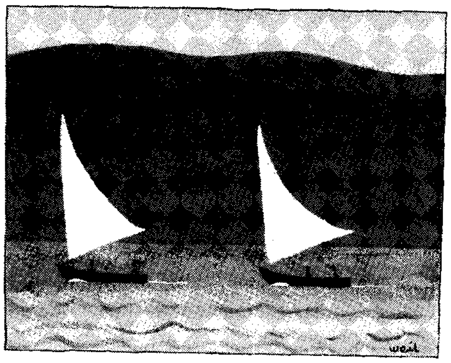
Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing his eight-member ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 7:30.)

Annette Wernick—Piano. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Tribute to Virgil Thomson—Among the participants in a six-hour concert honoring the composer's ninetieth birthday will be the honoree himself, Samuel Baron, Seymour Lipkin, Max Morath, Ned Rorem, and members of the Mendelssohn String Quartet and the New York Opera Repertory Theatre. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

Richard Luby—Baroque violin, in a program of Bach's complete sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Vienna 1900: A Festival of Music—The third and fourth in a series of eight concerts. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Y Chamber Symphony, with Jan DeGaetani, *soprano*. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: Benita Valente, soprano; Richard Goode, piano; and the Galimir String Quartet. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)



Luigi Ferdinando Tagliavini—Organ. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music of Richard Brooks and James D. Wagoner—With Kurt Ollmann, baritone; Samuel Kephart, viola; I Cantori di New York; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Aspen Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello. (Lehman College Concert Hall, Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Note—The Endellion String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 5, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Sept. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2.

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7:35, and Thursday, Sept. 18, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 19, at 7:35; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 7:05; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday, Sept. 22, at 7:35, and Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 26, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1.)

Hockey—Exhibition games—**RANGERS** at Madison Square Garden: Vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:35. . . . **ISLANDERS** at the Nassau Coliseum: Vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:05. . . . **DEVILS** at Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Turf Classic Invitational, Saturday, Sept. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

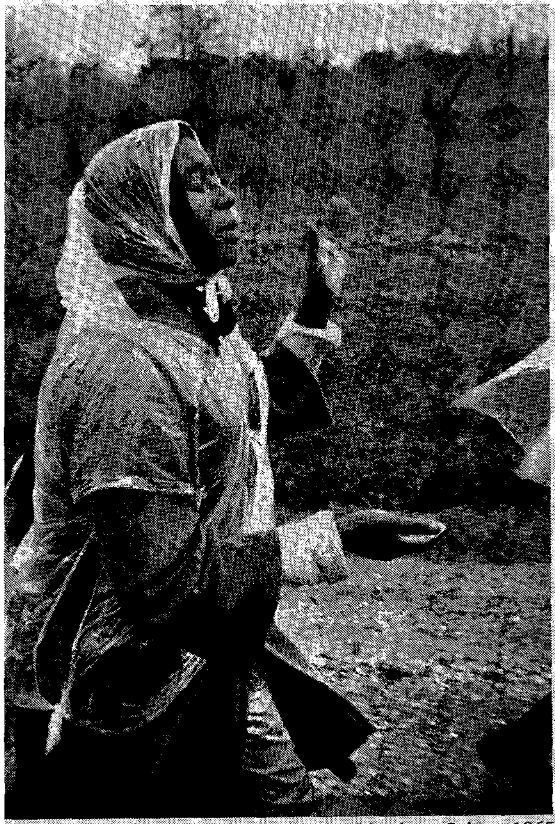
ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Ted Hughes reading from his own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

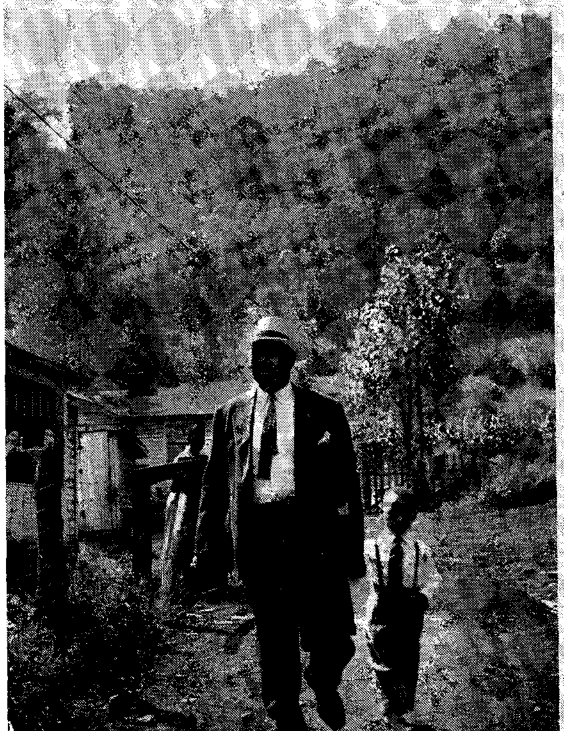
Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Fifth Avenue and the East Fifties, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1:30, starting in front of the International Building, between 50th and 51st Streets. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Sept. 21, from 1 to 5.)—Friday, Sept. 19, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture and decorations, from the Heathcote Art Foundation. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 20.

He sees the things

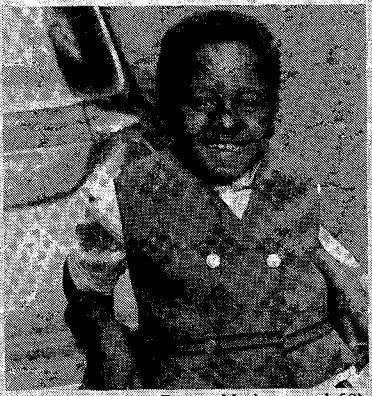


March on Selma, 1965

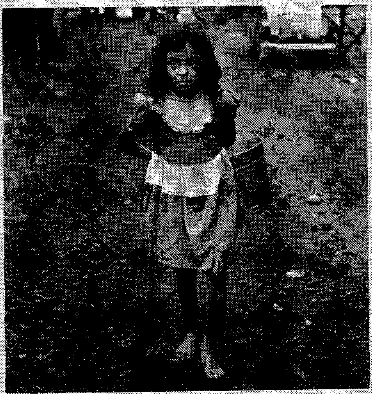


West Virginia, Early 50's

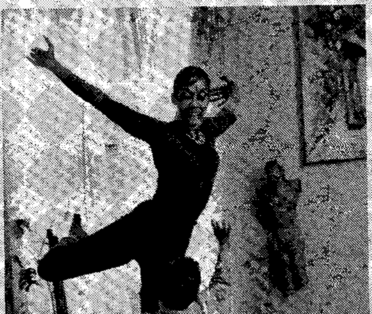
Monrovia, Liberia, Early 60's



Boy in Harlem, mid 60's

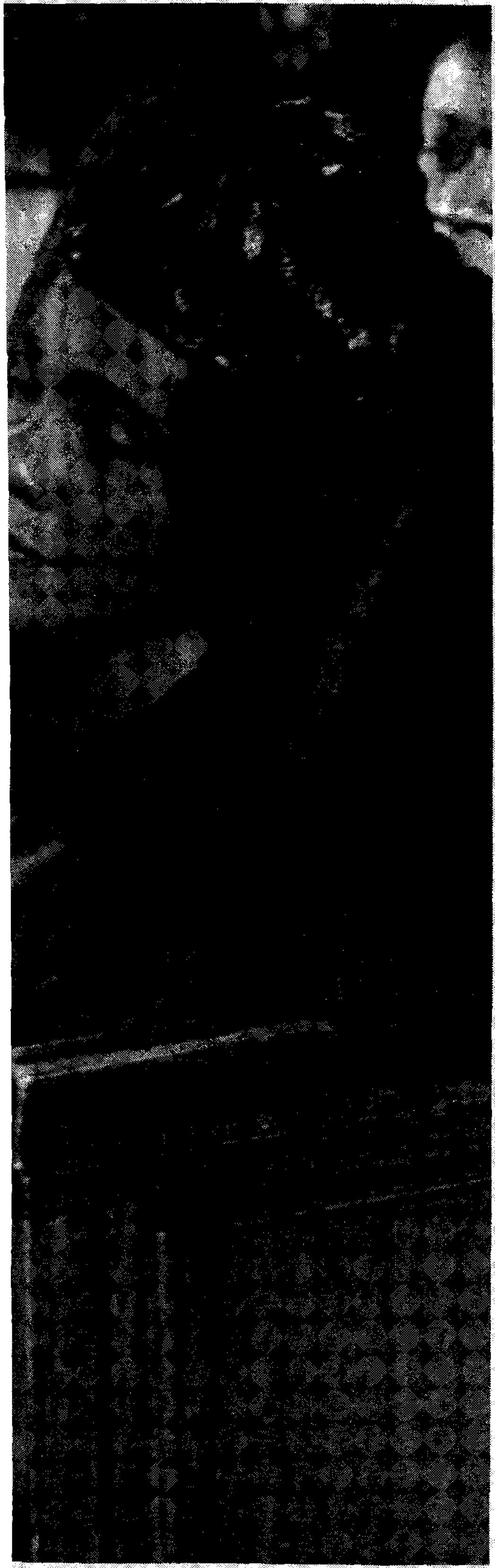


West Virginia, Early 50's



Carmen de Lavallade and son, 1960

we wish we'd seen.



Coretta King and daughter Bernice, 1968

You are looking at images of an era, photographs taken over 30 turbulent years of challenge and change. They are part of an extraordinary exhibition titled "Moneta Sleet, Jr.: Pulitzer-Prize Photojournalist" at The New York Public Library from September 19 through November 8, 1986.

Since 1955, Sleet has been a working photographer for Ebony and Jet magazines, with an insider's ticket to great events and a magician's trick of snatching the timeless moment from the stream of time. It was he who isolated and rescued, from the devastating tragedy of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., an unforgettable image of enduring serenity and, from the terrors of the March on Selma, the forever blithe spirit of the woman marcher, clapping hands to the sound of singing in the rain. Wherever he goes, he sees things we would like to have seen, and now we can.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business, as in yours, we need to be reminded that we must look beneath the surface and see the timeless as well as the temporary, the enduring as well as the fleeting. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage, it's a business and human necessity.

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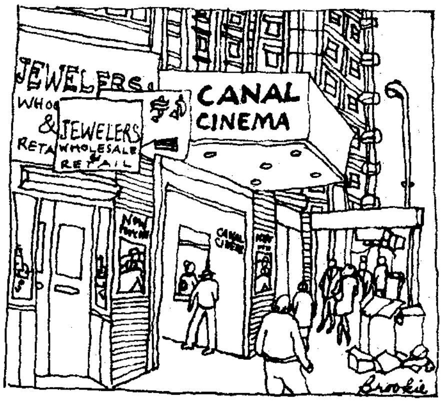
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 18: "Molière" (1978; directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; in French). The film, more than four hours long, will be shown at 7:30 only.
From Sept. 19: "Love on the Ground" (1984; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Sept. 19: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 18: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
From Sept. 19: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Legal Eagles" (†). From Sept. 19: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Sept. 19: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 18: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
From Sept. 19: "Where Are the Children?"

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 18: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
From Sept. 19: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Sept. 19: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Steaming" (Joseph Losey), with Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, and Diana Dors. From Sept. 19: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Stand By Me" (†). From Sept. 26: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman. From Sept. 20: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Sept. 26: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 23: "Ruthless People" (†).
From Sept. 24: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Heartburn" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Back to School" (†). From Sept. 19: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"90 Days" (Giles Walker).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bedroom Eyes" (William Fruet), with Kenneth Gilman.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 18: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Code Name: Wild Geese" (Anthony M. Dawson). From Sept. 19: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Static" (1985; directed by Mark Romanek), with Keith Gordon and Amanda Plummer. From Sept. 24: "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). Sept. 19-25: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†). From Sept. 26: "Alien" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary. From Sept. 19: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French). From Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 25: "She's Gotta Have It." From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett. From Sept. 19: "Where Are the Children?"
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 25: "Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.
From Sept. 26: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600)
Through Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
Sept. 26: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready; and "From Here to Eternity" (†).
Sept. 27: "I Walk Alone" (1948; Byron Haskin), with Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster, and Kirk Douglas; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ." (†).
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 19: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Sept. 20: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Restless Natives" (Michael Hoffman).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "Back to School" (†). From Sept. 19: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).
Theatre 4: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 18: "Ruthless People" (†). From Sept. 19: "Where the River Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 19: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a docu-

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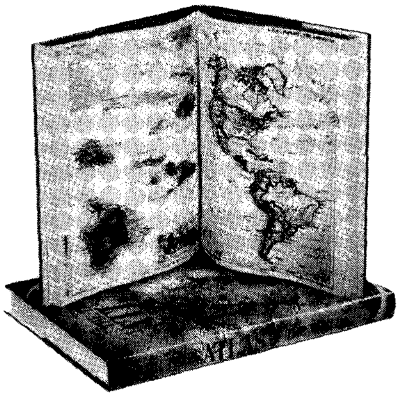

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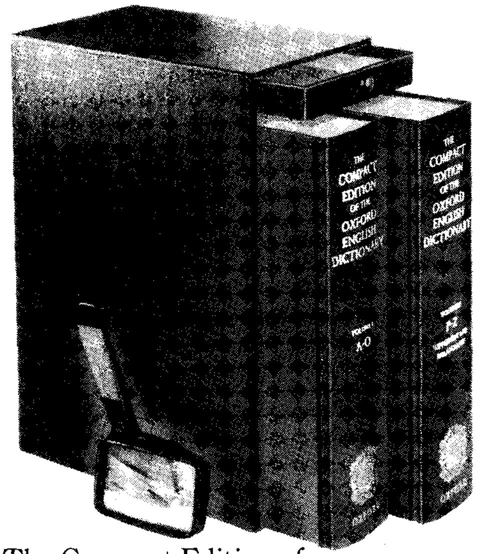

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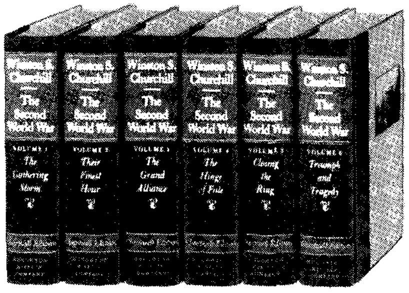

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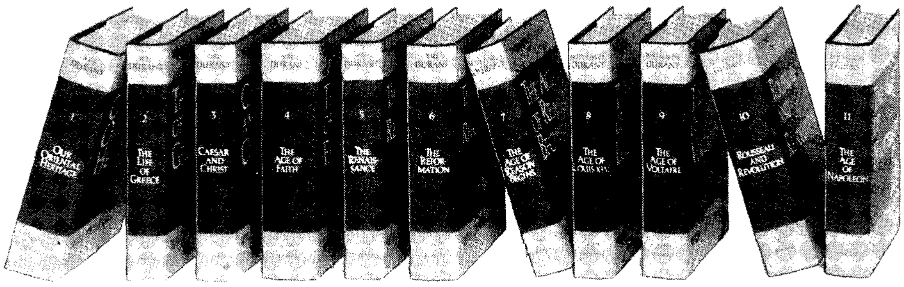

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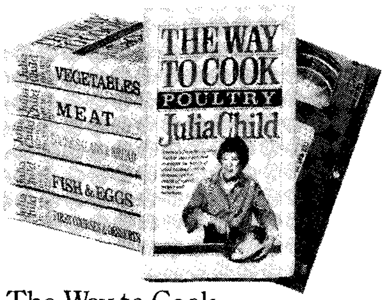

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BLOOMINGDALE'S

mentary. From Sept. 20: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Sept. 19: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French). From Sept. 19: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Sept. 19: "The Karate Kid: Part II;" and "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 18: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off;" and "Pretty in Pink" (†). From Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "Hands of Steel." From Sept. 19: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 18: (Matinées only) "The Transformers—The Movie;" and (evenings only) "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Sept. 19: "Short Circuit" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3 and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "Black Joy" (Anthony Simmons).
Theatre 4: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Code Name: Wild Geese" (Anthony M. Dawson).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris. From Sept. 19: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances Wednesday, Sept. 17, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 22-24.)

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett. From Sept. 19: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).
Theatre 2: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Sept. 19: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell.
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

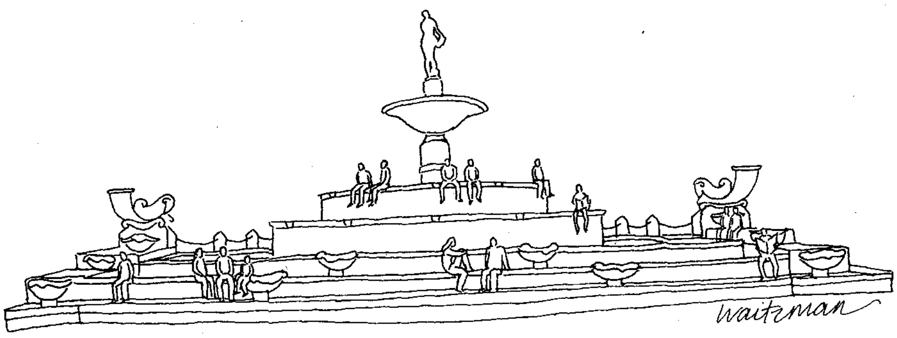
U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Bedroom Eyes" (William Fruet), with Kenneth Gilman.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone). From Sept. 19: "American Justice" (Gary Grillo), with Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 18: "A Special Day" (1977; directed by Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.
Sept. 19-20: "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Sept. 21-23: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Basileus Quartet" (1982; Fabio Carpi; in Italian).
Sept. 24-25: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville).
Sept. 26-27: "They're a Weird Mob" (1966; Michael Powell), with Walter Chiari; and "Tonight at 8:30" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 17: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Sept. 18-20: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre.
Sept. 21-22: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Swamp Water" (1941; Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore.
Sept. 23-24: "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956; Jean Renoir; in French), with Ingrid Bergman, Jean Marais, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Elusive Corporal" (†).
Sept. 25: "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet; and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.
Sept. 26-27: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Jean Renoir; in French); and "French Cancan" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 17: "The Aviator" (1985; George Miller), with Christopher Reeve, Rosanna Arquette, and Jack Warden; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Sept. 18: "Head" (1968; Robert Rafelson), with the Monkees; and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.
Sept. 19-20: "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh; and "The Evil Dead" (1983; Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.



Sept. 21: "Runaway Train" (1985; Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 22: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

Sept. 23: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Sept. 24: "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (1937; in Yiddish), with Molly Picon; and "A Brivele Der Mamen" (1938; in Yiddish), with Lucy Gehrman.

Sept. 25: "The Missouri Breaks" (†) and "The Border" (†).

Sept. 26-27: "The Eyes of Hell" (1961; Julian Roffman), with Paul Stevens; and "The Maze" (1953; William Cameron Menzies), with Richard Carlson.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Sept. 18: "The Children Are Watching Us" (1942; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "A Brief Vacation" (1973; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Florinda Bolkan.

Sept. 19-20: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985; Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia; and "El Norte" (1983; Gregory Nava; in Spanish).

Sept. 21: "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (†); and "Bread, Love, and Jealousy" (1954; Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica.

Sept. 22: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Sept. 23: "The Golem" (1920; Paul Wegener and Carl Boese; a German silent film); "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Doktor Mabuse" (1922; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Rudolf Klein-Rogge.

Sept. 24: "Oscar Wilde" (1960; Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

Sept. 25: "Zelig" (†); and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.

Sept. 26-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 17: "Cavalcade" (1933; Frank Lloyd), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook; and "The Scoundrel" (1935; Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur), with Noël Coward.

Sept. 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan; and "Caught" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan.

Sept. 19-20: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Sept. 21: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Sept. 22: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (†); and "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Sept. 23: "My Darling Clementine" (†); and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1943; William Wellman), with Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Frank Conroy.

Sept. 24: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.

Sept. 25: "The Nanny" (1965; Seth Holt), with Bette Davis; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Sept. 26-27: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950; directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Paolo Stoppa and Emma Gramatica. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "Gold of Naples" (1954; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with De Sica, Sophia Loren, Totò, and Eduardo De Filippo. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Mafioso" (1962; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Norma Bengall. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1961; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Stefania Sandrelli, Daniela Rocca, and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "Miracle in Milan." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 5: "Mafioso." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "The Easy Life" (1962; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Catherine Spaak. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "Victory Over the Sun" (1984; Robert Benedetti). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Sanford Meisner: The Theatre's Best Kept Secret" (1985; Nick Doob), with Meisner and his students. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 12:30, 2, 5:15, and 6:30, and Sept. 26 at 12:30 and 2: A program of the winners of the 1986 British Television Advertising Awards.

THEATRE 2: Sept. 21 at 2: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1961; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Stefania Sandrelli, Daniela Rocca, and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 5: "The Easy Life" (1962; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Catherine Spaak. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3 and 6:30: "I Do Not Know What It Is That I Am Like" (1986; Bill Viola). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 1 and 4: "Victory Over the Sun" (1984; Robert Benedetti). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Sanford Meisner: The Theatre's Best Kept Secret" (1985; Nick Doob), with Meisner and his students.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Sept. 19 at 7:45: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 19 at 9: "Down by Law." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 20 at noon: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 3: "A Zed and Two Noughts" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "Directed by William Wyler" (Aviva Slesin; United States) and "Dodsworth" (William Wyler; United States; 1936). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 9:30: "Malandro" (Ruy Guerra; Brazil/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 2: "The Blind Director" (Alexander Kluge; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 4:30: "Malandro." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 7: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 9:30: "Police." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6:15: "The Blind Director." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 9:30: "A Zed and Two Noughts." . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6:15: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (Hou Hsiao-hsien; Taiwan; in Mandarin, with English and Chinese subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 9:30: "Cactus" (Paul Cox; Australia). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6:15: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die." . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9:30 and Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Charlotte and Lulu" (Claude Miller; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9:30: "Dancing in the Dark" (Leon Marr; Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6:15: "Cactus." . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30 and Sept. 27 at noon: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; Sweden/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3:30: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Dancing in the Dark." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9: "The Decline of the American Empire" (Denys Arcand; Canada; in French, with English subtitles). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 18.)

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. Directed by Ridley Scott. (Film Forum; starting Sept. 26.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Scott's 1979 "Alien" (see above) is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 18.)

Bird Man of Alcatraz (1962)—Intelligent, affecting, clearly well-meaning, as it drones on and on, upliftingly. The director, John Frankenheimer, and the scenarist, Guy Trosper, never solve the problem of how to dramatize the life of a convicted killer, Robert Stroud, who spent more than forty years in solitary confinement, with birds as his only companions. We don't get enough understanding of Stroud (Burt Lancaster) to become involved in how he is transformed over the years. And though Lancaster has to get points for his willingness to tackle the difficult role, he doesn't have much expressive range, and when he's cooped up like this and can't use his intense physicality he seems numb—half dead. With Karl Malden, Thelma Ritter, Betty Field, and Edmond O'Brien. Based on the book by Thomas E. Gaddis. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 27.)

Blue Velvet—With Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; directed by David Lynch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, and Baronet; starting Sept. 19.)

The Border (1982)—In this solid, impressive muckraking movie, directed by Tony Richardson, Jack Nicholson plays a U.S. border patrolman whose job it is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. The patrolman hates his work; it fills him with disgust, because most of the patrolmen are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their money—their big money—by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears, and so when he feels he has to do something decent before it covers his head there's nothing sentimental about his need. It's instinctive—like a booze-soaked man's need for a drink of water. With Elpidia Carrillo, Valerie Perrine, Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida in a diverting Italian film dealing with the frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police as he goes about wooing a bumptious peasant girl who has little respect for anybody, let alone an amorous cop. Directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 21.)

The Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison-camp setting of "La Grande Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. The sad-eyed young hero (Jean-Pierre Cassel) has an infectious grin; he knows only that he wants to escape from the camp and live. We can see what Renoir wants to say, but the characters lack depth, and the film seems shallow, unsatisfying. With Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (Regency; Sept. 23-24.)

French Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Regency; Sept. 26-27.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Prewitt, the bugler hero of James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army, yet he believes that "if a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. The movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction, and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift's bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who's intensely appealing. Burt Lancaster as Sergeant Warden has a role that's just about perfectly in his range, the man's man who's also a ladies' man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra, in his first straight acting part, surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio, who loses his life because of his high spirits; Ernest Borgnine is the smiling, innocently murderous Fatso: Donna Reed is the respectable prostitute. The remarkably compact screenplay is by Daniel Taradash. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 26.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1953)—One of the most glittering of the great Luis Buñuel's often neglected Mexican films, made on a shoestring. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, consigned to junk, on a last jaunt. The growing difficulty lies in getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Red plot; by butchers who hang sides of beef on the hand straps; and by a woman combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Christ, arousing the very Buñuel remark that "it's always us poor who have to buy miracles." A bitter, wistful fable of the longings of the poor for the unlikely to happen. In Spanish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit on-screen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Sept. 18.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. (Quad Cinema.)

Men . . .—This West German comedy was written and directed by Doris Dörrie, and people go to it hoping to see men through a woman's eyes. The disappointment is not just that you don't see men through a woman's eyes. Dörrie's characters have no substance; they're not quite human—you don't see anybody through anybody's eyes. When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Missouri Breaks (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative. Thomas McGuane's script is adept,

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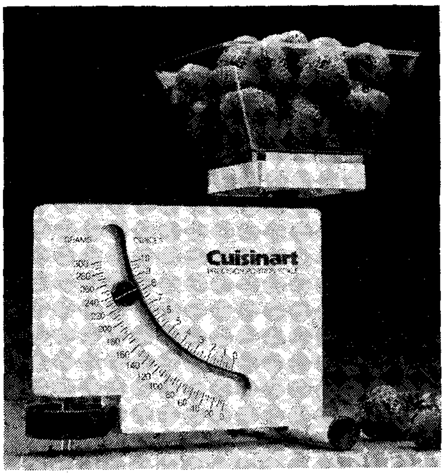

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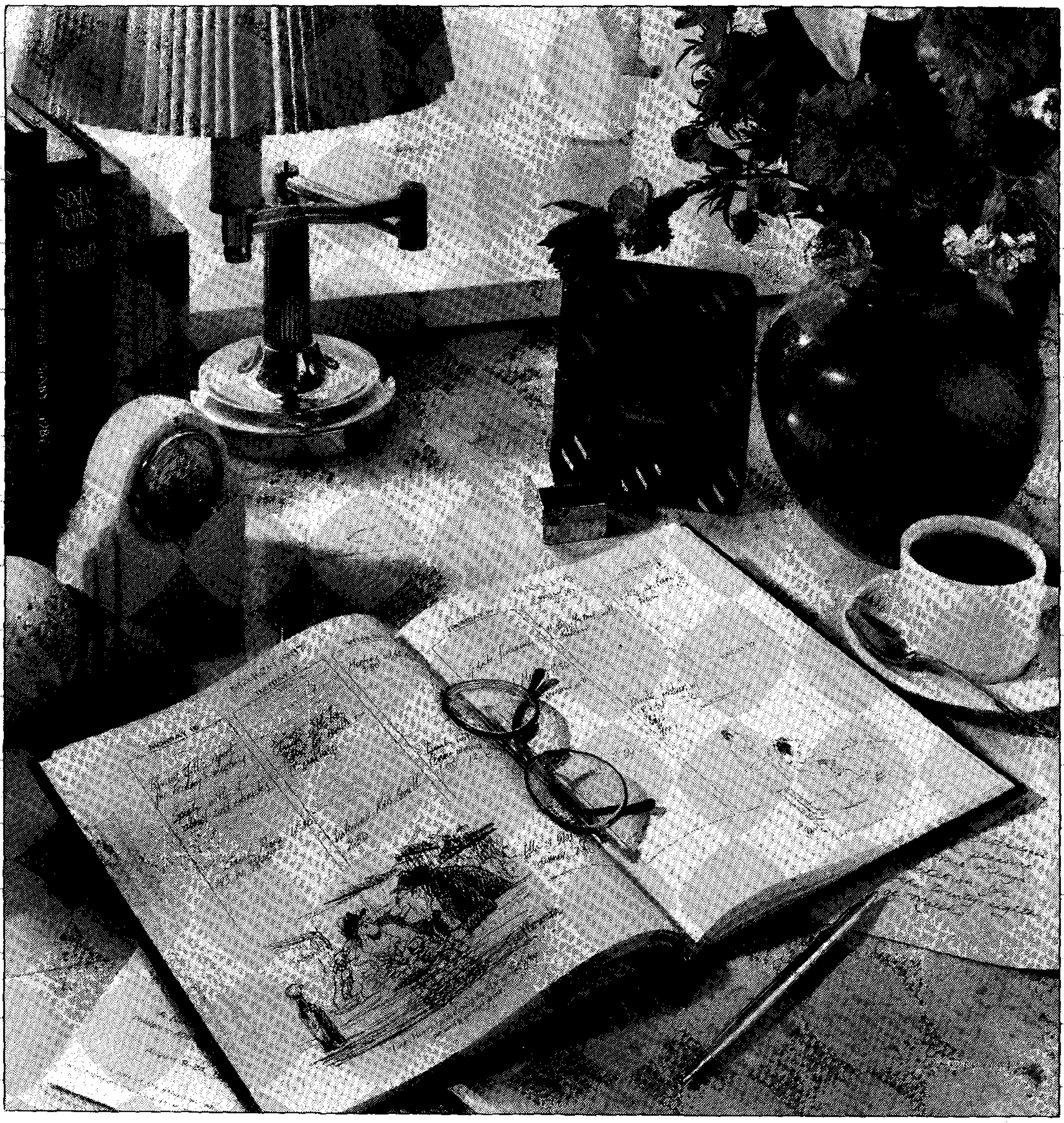

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but jerky and smart-alecky. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting Sept. 20.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—John Ford's poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous Doc Holliday. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23.)

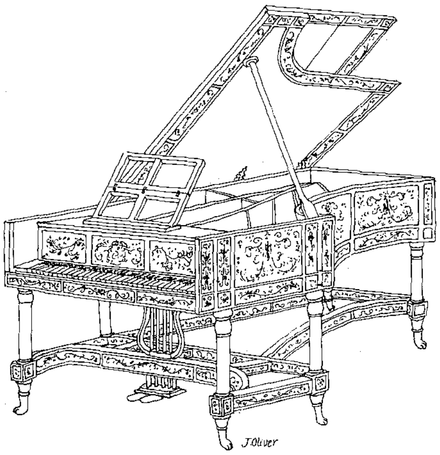
Nothing in Common—As the boyish advertising man who says "It's economically unsound to grow up," Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworldly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Through helping his father—even when it means risking some of his standing in the advertising world—he grows up and develops a sense of values. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger, this Chicago-set comedy-weepie (in the manner of "Terms of Endearment") is best in its hard-edged parodies of advertising. Its moralizing is insufferable, and so is the way everything is flagged for you. This isn't a movie; it's television on a big screen. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. The cinematography, by John Alonzo, is an awful mixture of glossy and drab. (9/8/86) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, and Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 18.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Sept. 23.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. Directed by John Badham. With Fisher Stevens, Austin Pendleton, and Brian McNamara. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 19.)

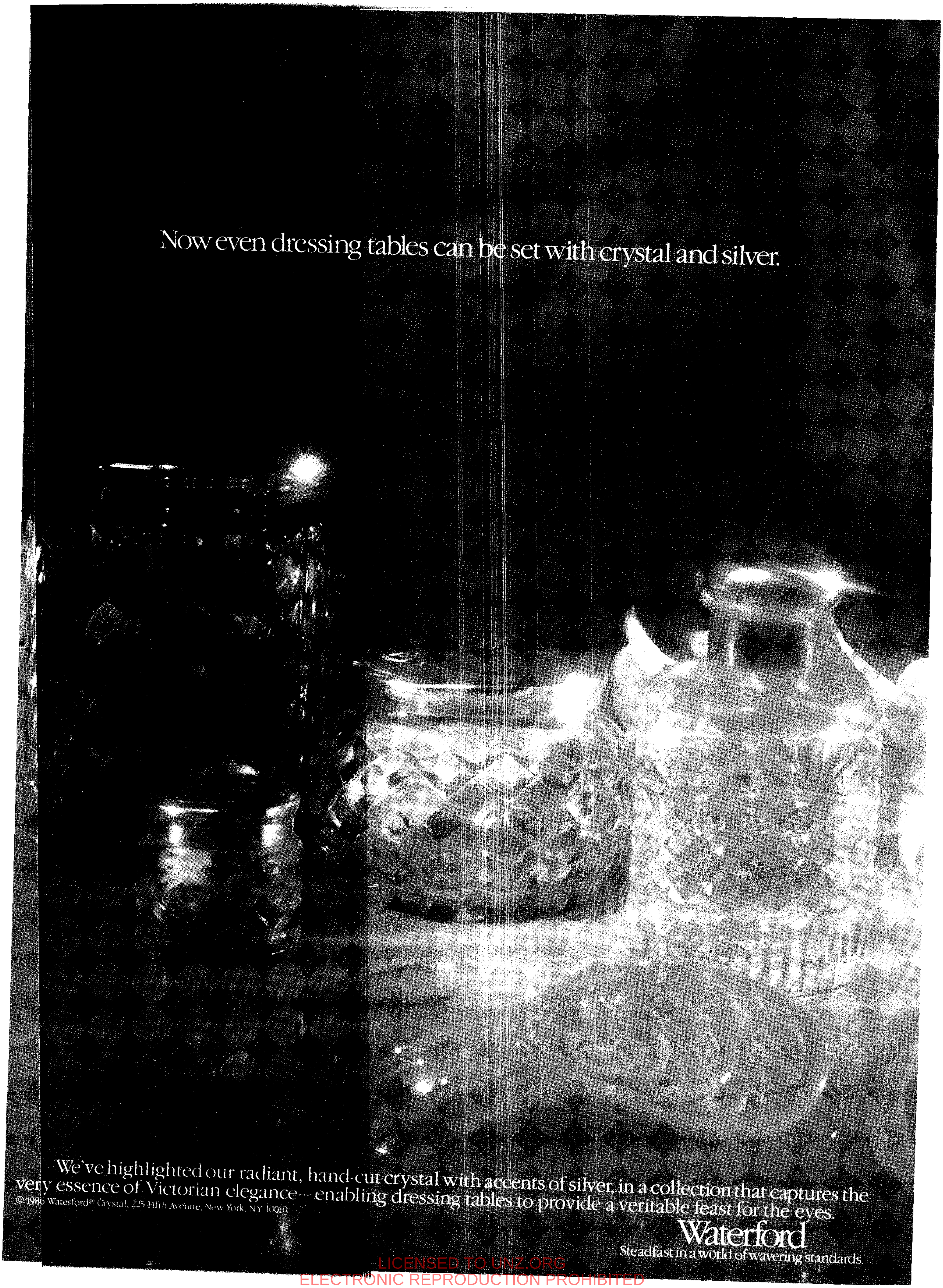


Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. They're like a pastoral support group, quick to perceive signs of trouble and to lay gentle, firm hands on needy shoulders. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons" or "Little House on the Prairie"—it makes you feel virtuous. All that stays with you is the tall tale that Gordie, the central character, tells his friends around the campfire; it's a stupendous gross-out about a fat boy known as Lardass (Andy Lindberg) who enters a blueberry-pie-eating contest. With Wil Wheaton as the little Gordie and Richard Dreyfuss as the adult Gordie who narrates the story, and River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Kiefer Sutherland, and, in a flashback, John Cusack. The screenplay is by Raynold Gideon and Bruce A. Evans. (9/8/86) (34th St. East, Waverly, and New Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Sept. 25.)

Stranger Than Paradise (1984)—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Film Forum; Sept. 19-25.)

Tonight at 8:30 (1953)—Three of Noël Coward's light, corrosive social comedies are performed by excellent casts in this production, directed by Anthony Pelissier. The bill includes: "The Red Peppers" (two vaudeville hams bicker their way through a Saturday night), with Kay Walsh, Ted Ray, Martita Hunt; "Ways and Means" (at a Côte d'Azur houseparty, a bankrupt couple persuade a burglar to rob the rich American down the hall and split with them), with Valerie Hobson, Nigel Patrick, Jack Warner, Jessie Royce Landis; "Fumed Oak" (a hag-ridden suburbanite tells off his in-laws), with Stanley Holloway. Too patently "clever" and "ribald" to be taken very seriously, these playlets are nevertheless models of skillful entertainment. (Cinema Village; Sept. 26-27.)

Zelig (1983)—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 25.)



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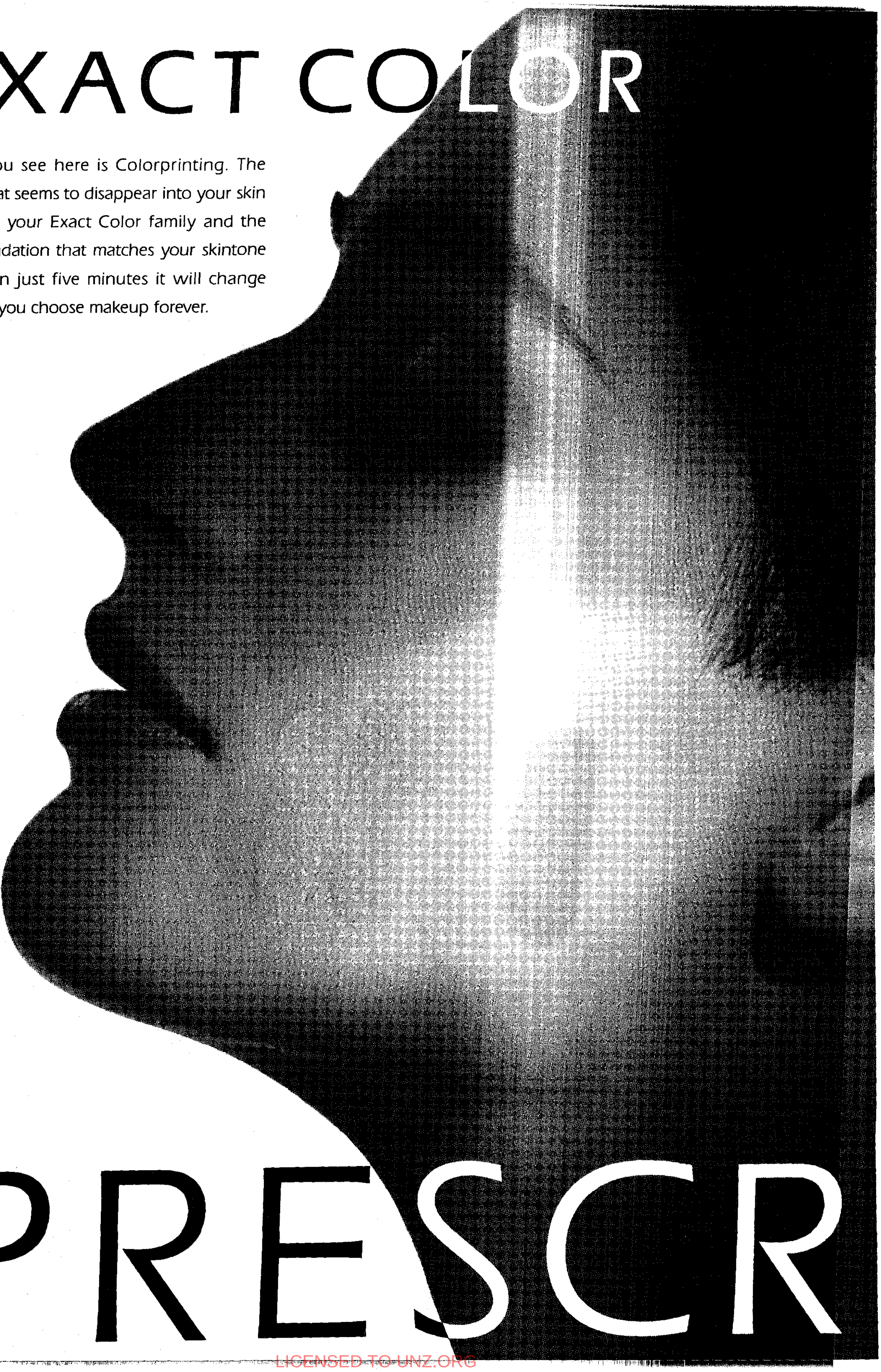

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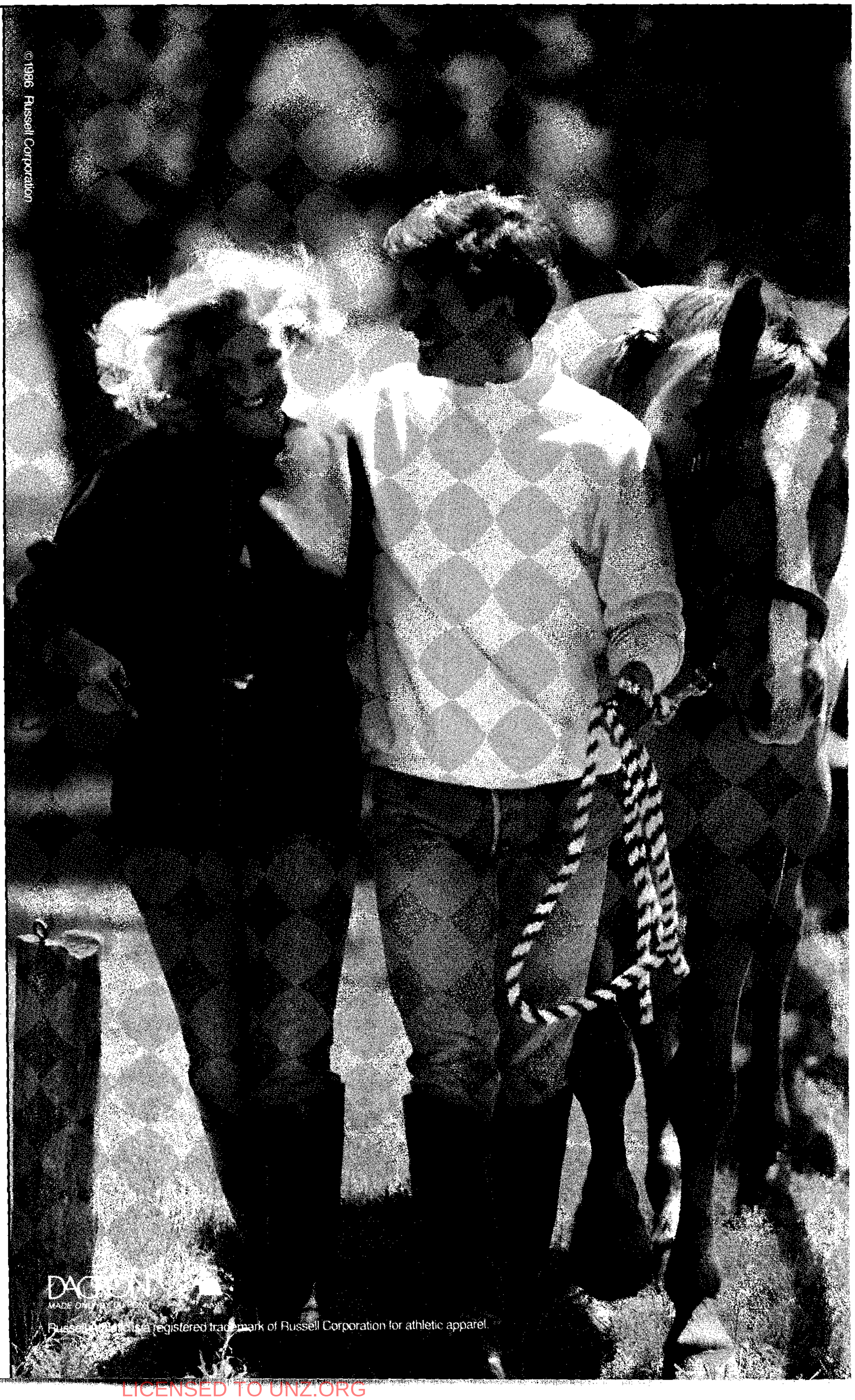
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

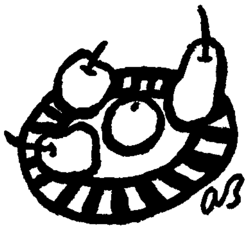
LETTER from a friend:

Last winter, after our wedding, my wife and I decided to take our four teen-age children on a vacation trip out West as a way of sealing the family bond. Alaska seemed to call to us, and Hawaii, and the state of Washington, where I went on car trips as a boy, and then we heard Oregon and after that the whistle of the overnight express, and pretty soon we worked up a five-week, eleven-state tour ambitious enough to launch a bid for the Presidency, and one fine July morning, before caution could overtake us, we struck out for the Coast.

Today, a month later, we are heading south on Highway 101 through California redwoods, cruising down from Crescent City toward Garberville and, tomorrow, San Francisco, with eight days and six states to go—states we'll cover on the California Zephyr to Chicago. We're riding in a rented Toyota van, light brown, with our daughter and me, seventeen and forty-three, in the back seat; two boys, nineteen and fifteen, in the middle; and my wife and another boy, forty-three and seventeen, in front. My wife, who doesn't like to drive and hasn't got the hang of mountain driving, is driving, and I am keeping to myself a few short sentences of advice ("Don't brake on curves. Coast into the curve and then accelerate. Use centrifugal force"). It's 9:30 A.M., we've been on the road since eight, and the children, whom I will call Curly (nineteen), Larry (seventeen), Moe (fifteen), and Marilyn Monroe, are plugged into Walkmans, except Marilyn, who is writing a poem ("about death," she told me a moment ago). Of our thirty-some days together so far, some have been better than others, and today is one of the worst. It is the ninth or tenth day of the campaign of Curly and Larry to avoid acknowledging, by word or glance, each other's physical reality. (The van swerves, brakes; we lurch forward. "Sorry!" my wife cries.) It is the fourth or fifth day since the children last looked out the window voluntarily and said something nice about the scenery.

We've tried to arouse them. "Natural beauty on the left!" I've yelled many times, and "Magnificence on the right!" and "Incredible rock formations!" and "Fabulous forest giants looming in the morning mist!" I end up sounding like an old m.c. in a white tux: Coming up now, folks, one of America's most beloved mountains, so what do you say we all look out the window and show our appreciation of this terrific natural attraction—*Mount Hood!*

Now our driver cries "Just look out there!" and the children, who have seen Mount McKinley close up from a small plane, and the Arctic tundra and a gold mine, the beaches and tropical valleys of Kauai and the big surf at Diamond Head, the glaciers and fjords around Juneau, the mighty Columbia, the windswept rocky coast and the Oregon sand dunes and the Olympic Peninsula and its deep rain forests and cold blue mountain lakes, and enough pure grandeur to make a person wish for an oil refinery: the children glance up at a grove of pre-Christian redwoods around us, shafts of sun, mist, deep greens and browns glistening, a sight so lovely you might expect to see a quotation from Thoreau underneath it—they glance up and they slouch back down into their music. It is music that makes me grateful for Mr. Sony and his wonderful invention: all I can hear from the tiny headphones is faint noises, like distant chain saws clearing brush. A line of motor homes lumbers northward up a steep grade, followed by a crowd of bikers on Harleys, and we fly south past them and glide, like a plane banking through cloud, between ranks of giant trees, and turn onto a small dirt road alongside a meadow, and stop.



"Danger: Wild Elk," says a sign in the meadow. "Unpredictable Around People. Dangerous When Closer Than 30′—Avoid Eye Contact Especially During Rutting Season, August-October." Or elephants could appear, it seems, or a band of riders on horseback in mail coats and dull-silver helmets with green plumes, talking to each other in a soft, chirpy language—*the trees are so fantastic.* We walk up the road and into a grove of redwoods, Marilyn and Curly walking ahead, so he can avoid eye contact with Larry. The towering trees make us all tiny, almost invisible, as in childhood I dreamed of being. They summon up in me from childhood a devout silence once inspired by stories in books. What I once felt about Adam and Eve, Robinson Crusoe, Laura Ingalls, and Lewis and Clark, I now feel in the presence of redwoods.

Back in the van, and this time Larry takes the wheel, and we roar away, packed tight with our suitcases and knapsacks, tapes and Walkmans, loose jackets and hats, our flotsam, our newspapers and guidebooks that are packed with interesting facts about fascinating places to see. *This trip is a bust.* My wife and young Moe are the only sweet ones left; the rest of us have soured on each other. "I'm *tired* of family," Marilyn said, succinctly, a few days ago. "Why do we have to do so many things together?" asked Curly. "Why can't we split up?" And now Larry, who has suffered in silence, is expressing himself through his ferocious driving, passing car after car with a vengeance, throwing us poor passengers around, a vanload of unpredictable, ill-tempered elk sitting dangerously close to each other and becoming a little nauseated, too. "Please don't drive with your Walkman on," I said a few cars ago, afraid he might be tuned in to a heavy-metal station, but he couldn't hear me. And now I am going to wind up this letter. If this boy in blind frustration takes us head on into a lumber truck and my blood-soaked tablet is found in the ditch, I'd like for my last words to be a complete sentence. The family that she and I made out of a sudden middle-aged romance is a real family. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Please drive carefully. Thank you so very much. And now let's all welcome a wonderful little city, always a favorite here on 101—here's *Garberville!*

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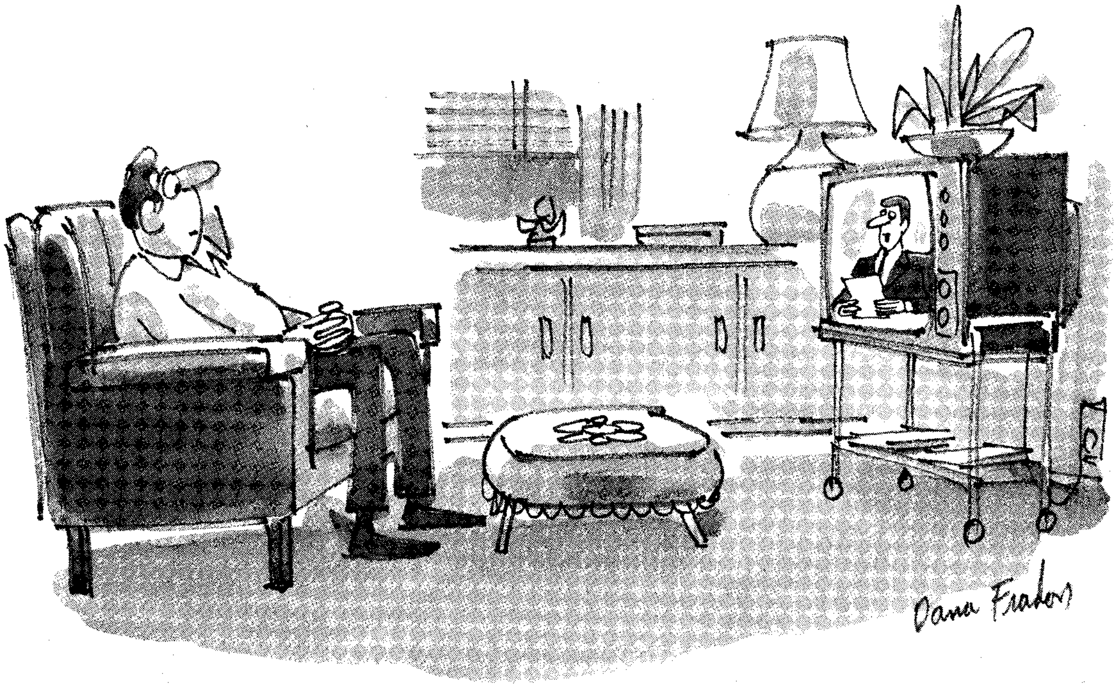
ANOTHER letter, this one postmarked Cambridge, MA, is from an old grad:

I am sitting, as I write, on a crimson cushion imprinted with "HARVARD," "VERITAS," and "350." It cost me twelve-ninety-nine at the Coop, and I am as glad to have it as a souvenir of Harvard's three-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday as I was to have it sandwiched between me and a slab of Harvard Stadium concrete during the closing ceremony of our nearly week-long celebratory bash. There was just too much going on for any of the thousands of us who convened here to contemplate taking in more than a fraction of it. I heard only at second hand, for instance, about the issuance of a commemorative John Harvard postage stamp. Denomination: fifty-six cents. I did, however, personally overhear one alum say to another, who'd wondered what on earth anyone could use that for, "Probably what a first-class letter will require by our four-hundredth."

I did also take myself back to the good old Wursthaus, in the Square—celebrating its own sixty-ninth birthday, and, according to *Harvard Magazine*, one of our president's favorite community haunts. Derek Bok wasn't visible, but he'd no doubt already perused the establishment's bright-red testimonial menu, featuring three-hundred-and-fiftieth-anniversary specials, some served with boiled crimson potatoes and others with crimson cabbage, and all priced at three dollars and fifty cents. Bok turned up just about everywhere else, understandably. The last of the many words he uttered at one festival site or another—these few at the stadium—were "Harvard will endure to enrich our own community, our nation, and our world. Good night and good luck." That prediction was agreeably and emphatically echoed at one symposium I attended, "The Universe: The Beginning, Now and Henceforth." Its auditors were informed by Professor of Astronomy Robert P. Kirshner, '70, that he was prepared to bet that the universe could expand forever and Harvard could thus look forward to celebrating its three-hundred-and-fifty-billionth birthday.

There were more than a hundred symposia. I had a ticket one morning to "Understanding the Arts of Others," but the sun was out, and I played hooky and tagged along instead with a dendrological tour of the Harvard Yard shepherded by Richard A. Howard, former director of the Arnold Arboretum, who introduced his flock to, among other noble trees (black walnut, sugar maple, Norway maple, Japanese tree lilac, European beech, American elm, crab apple), a pair of black oaks that, for all he knew, might have stood where they now stand for three and a half centuries. Talk about Ivy League iconoclasm! Professor Howard not only identified himself as an all-out anti-ivy man ("Dirty, costly, dangerous stuff," he declared, ripping some off an ancient wall) but also said of Harvard (you think it's only undergraduates who like to bite the hand that feeds them?), "This is the university that goes around in February and prunes the forsythia before it flowers."

The arrangements our alma mater made for us were meticulous, including transportation between our lodgings and the Yard. Only time in my entire long Harvard experience that I've got to ride in a yellow school bus. We weren't told what clothes to bring, but I well remembered being drenched at our three-hundredth, so this time I packed a raincoat and took it along. Somebody swiped it off a chair just a few minutes after the Prince of Wales addressed us on the subject of morality. One of the high spots of the morning of his appear-



"Ronald Reagan won two victories in the Senate today, one victory in the House, and one victory in House-Senate conference, which gives him a career total of a hundred and ninety victories—only thirty-nine short of the world's record of two hundred and twenty-nine victories, held by Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

ance was an academic procession, with all the Harvard bigwigs and others in their dazzling multicolored gowns. (And His Royal Highness, who didn't march, was liberally splashed with gold.) "They like to strut," Henry L. Stimson Professor of Law Emeritus Milton Katz, '27, said that afternoon at the garden party held at the John Kenneth Galbraiths'. The Prince had left by then to go to Chicago and promote British products, but the Galbraiths did land David Rockefeller, '36, probably as close a counterpart of royalty as America harbors. His Royal Highness, by the way, confessed during his declamation that at the University of Cambridge he'd been but a middling student. He also feigned embarrassment when he was reminded in a speech by Adams University Professor Bernard Bailyn that in 1972 he had written a preface to a biography of George III in which he hypothesized that if that king had only crossed the Atlantic relations with the Colonies might have been much improved. His Royal Highness had an audience of some seventeen thousand in the Yard—the biggest crowd he had addressed, he revealed, since he confronted forty thousand buffalo farmers in India.

"How was your summer?"

The Prince of Wales was long gone by the time a small anti-apartheid group contrived to get a black-tie dinner for six hundred cancelled by blocking the entrance to Memorial Hall. That was the evening before George Shultz was to be the principal orator. Just before the Secretary took the rostrum, a small plane circled above the Yard with a "Divest Now!" streamer in tow. Sitting alongside me was a student with a "Divest Now!" button on his seersucker lapel. A man on his other side asked him nervously, "Excuse me, but are you going to get up and make a speech?" The student said he wasn't—he'd done all that the night before. Then, while his girlfriend snuggled on his shoulder, he launched into our familiar old Crimson marching song: "Poor Eli's hopes we are dashing into blue obscurity." A woman on my other side murmured, "Don't you think there's an element of comic relief in all this?"

Shultz spoke mildly, and he got a mild reception. Tip O'Neill, on the same program, was much more enthusiastically applauded, perhaps in part because of his disclosure that at the age of fourteen he had got close to Harvard: he had mowed the grass in the Yard. Tip rated not one but two standing ovations. Among other big hits were a member of the class of 1986, Jeffrey Rosen, who delivered a rousing oration and got a standing ovation despite his allusion to contemporary students' "puritanical self-righteousness and lack of charity;" Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis, who shrewdly gauged his audience's true intellectual bent and catered to it by putting the Red Sox in the World Series; and the recorded voice of a radio announcer giving the play-by-play of the last stirring moments of the 1968 Yale game, when, as no Harvardian needs to be reminded, the Crimson, behind by sixteen points with only forty-two seconds to go, miraculously achieved a 29-29 tie. I was present at that stupendous happening, but, you know, sitting in the stadium on my crimson cushion, I couldn't for the life of me recall at which end of the arena history had been made. How much of what we learn at school we too soon forget!

Vacant Lot

Mike Peters, who retired in 1976 as a car repairman for the Long Island Rail Road, led us into the community garden he began five years ago in a big vacant lot behind his house, on Eagle Street, in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. (It's this garden that won in beets and carrots at last year's citywide Harvest Fair and took home third place in bell peppers, eggplants, and beets at this year's celebration, which was held on a recent Saturday at Floyd Bennett Field.) "This is one of the peach trees," he said, pointing to a tree that undeniably bowed low from the weight of peaches. "That's my brother John," he said, pointing to a man who was pruning. "He does a lot of puttering here—it's good therapy for him." John Peters was wearing a Mao cap. "One of the people who have a plot in the garden, a puppeteer—he went to China and brought back one for each of us," Mike said.

"It's light and comfortable," said John.

"I've lived on Eagle Street fifty-five years," Mike said. "My parents always used to have a garden, and I did the weeding, and all. I hated it—I was young. So when my parents died I put in grass. I never did like gardening at all, but lately, I don't know, I seem to like it." Mike's big husky, Gypsy, trotted up. "She's getting to be a vegetable dog—stringbeans, anything," said Mike.

The garden, which covers an area larger than a basketball court, used to be Public School 31. The Board of Education tore it down, and wanted to demolish Mike's house as well, in order to build a bigger school, but he took them to court and won. "Except then I'm worse off than I ever was," he said. "I have this vacant lot behind me—a junk yard. People coming in to unload their vans. So then I read about Operation Green Thumb in the newspaper." Operation Green Thumb helps urban gardeners get city permission to farm vacant lots, and provides advice on what to do if the leaves on your apple tree begin to curl, as happened to the one in the corner of the Greenpoint garden this July. (Spray with sulfur.) The Operation Green Thumb people contributed some topsoil for the garden, a sewer contractor working at the other end of Greenpoint trucked in fifteen loads of dirt he would otherwise have had to cart to Staten Island, and the garden started growing. "At the beginning, it was a little rough, because the neighborhood's a little rough," Mike said. "They were pulling up the grape plants. They went up to Manhattan Avenue and threw our eggplants at the buildings."

"Thank God, they grow up and get girlfriends," said Mike's sister Helen, who had joined us at the picnic table beneath a Chinese flowering tree, which will be cut down next year if it doesn't start to flower.

Besides peaches, the garden grows plums, quinces, and cherries. "Mostly, though, we stay away from your exotics," said Mike. "The thing is your commons."

The garden has thirty-five beds, and tomatoes climb from nearly all of them. "These tomatoes could have come from the market," Helen said. "They're very nice—I know because I ate a couple."

Some of the plots could be described as neat and tidy, and others could not. "That woman has taken up jogging, so she doesn't have as much time for gardening," Mike said of one messy bed.

Every fall, the garden plays host to a big harvest fair. "Many of the local politicians come—Linda Minucci and Steve Cohn, they're our Democratic co-leaders, they came," said Mike. "We have the produce, though someone has to buy a bushel of corn, because our corn doesn't grow that well. And then everyone brings something—chicken parts, coleslaw, whatever. I usually bring the wine and the beer."

"And the wine goes," said Helen. "Last year, it was cool and the wine really went."

How To (in Three Parts)

ONE question that occurred to us last week was: Why is there unhappiness? One possibility, we decided, was that people are unhappy because they lack esoteric knowledge. A man who can prune his own hedge might be unhappy, but a man who can grow topiary shrubbery in the shapes of the various kings of rhythm and blues chatters at dinner. To change a light bulb is to grow depressed, but to throw the hammer is to die, in the good sense. Most people possessing arcane skills acquired them from their parents. But how, if you lack that advantage, can you gain such skills? Publishers, fearful of lawsuits from people attempting to perform odd feats, blackball many books that might help. We, too, must warn you not to try these stunts on either public or private property or for an hour after eating. Anyway, it's not really the experience you're after—it's the jargon.

Part I, Fly a Blimp:

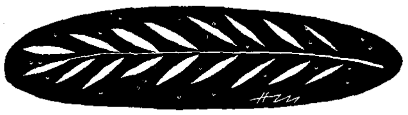
(1) Right off the bat, let's be clear about aerobatic maneuvers. There is a sign just above the instrument panel that says "Aerobatic Maneuvers Are Not Approved."

(2) As the blimp leaves its mast, "weigh it off." That technical term means let it hang in the air. If it doesn't move up or down, it weighs nothing, which is perfect. If it sinks, toss some of the twenty-eight-pound sacks of lead shot overboard.

(3) If you fly over an open-air pop concert, such as the Mr. Mister concert in Daytona Beach, do not be alarmed if the music actually vibrates the "bag," or "envelope." "We stayed calm," says Mike Quinn, captain of the Fuji blimp.

(4) There are no ailerons, because they are not needed.

(5) The trick is to keep the same gas pressure inside the bag at all times. One and a half inches of water pressure is about right. But as the blimp rises the helium will expand, since the ambient air pressure is dropping. Rather than vent helium, you release air from two "ballonets," or internal air sacks, inside the main envelope. As you descend, you can refill the ballonets.



(6) Don't worry about leaks. Even if someone shoots the blimp with a rifle (as happened during the Fuji blimp's trip to Los Angeles for the Olympics), nothing bad happens. It sometimes takes weeks before anyone even notices the hole. Really.

(7) Be watching for helicopters, not gawking out the window. It just looks like the world anyway, though smaller. On the Fuji blimp, we did fly over a parking lot full of maybe a hundred school buses, and they looked a little like pencils in a pencil box, and Manhattan from about three hundred feet above the tip of Rockaway Beach looked like spiky mold spores on a culture dish, but otherwise watch out for helicopters.

(8) On the Fuji blimp, the sign on one side advertises film and the sign on the other side plugs audio- and videotape, so, depending on what Fuji is pushing, it makes either clockwise or counterclockwise circles, but if you climb above two thousand feet no one will be able to read your slogan anyway.

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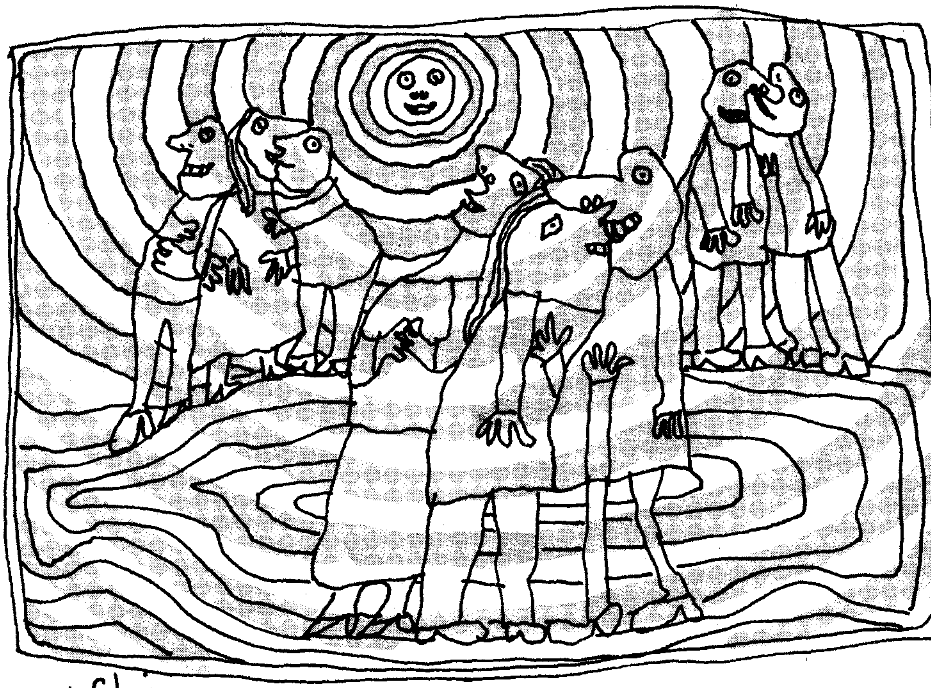
Part II, Train and Manage Birds of Prey:

(1) You can take a bird straight from the nest to train—that is, an "eyas." But he won't fly very stylishly, said Steve Herman, an ornithologist at the Evergreen State College, in Olympia, Washington, and a thirty-year veteran of falconry. It might be better to wait for the bird to learn from experience during his first year how to swoop down on unsuspecting wildlife, and then take him. Such hawks are known as "passage birds."

(2) Taming a bird of prey—also known as a "raptor"—is called "manning." You don't really train the birds—you simply get them to the point where you can call them back.

(3) "Keep him hungry," recommends Professor Herman, whom we found soaking in an open-air hot spring on an isolated antelope refuge in eastern Oregon. "Hunger is the only bond. Falconers get sentimental about birds, but birds do not get sentimental about falconers. If you feed a falcon too well, he gets 'high' and he'll just fly away."

(4) Beef heart is a good thing to



Moonbeams

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feed him, and, for a treat, pigeon.

(5) If you're flying a golden eagle, don't have him land on your fist. Use a perch. Professor Herman knows a high-school-football coach from Albuquerque who got several bones in his left hand broken by a golden eagle.

(6) If you are stranded on the Utah-Colorado border with your hawk and no money and you meet a pigeon racer, bet him your hawk can catch his pigeon. When he was nineteen, Professor Herman won a bus ticket back to Oakland in this fashion, although he maybe pulled a feather or two out of the pigeon before releasing it. *Maybe.*

(7) If a hawk dives for a rodent, say, and plows into a snowbank, he will be leery of snow for a long time.

(8) Does all this make you queasy? If you plan to train and manage birds of prey, you must not be a wuss.

(9) A warning: Falcons, hawks, and eagles do not, says Professor Herman, "take disappointment very well." If they miss a few pieces of prey, they might just give up. "They know, unfortunately, that you'll feed them eventually."

(10) What is the point? Professor Herman said (rather beautifully, we thought), "You don't really *do* anything. You merely witness what the birds do in the wild anyway—the flight of the predator after the prey. But to witness that is a great privilege."

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Part III, Mine Garnet:

(1) First, you need to find some garnet. One method of locating garnet, exemplified by Henry Hudson Barton, is to work as a jeweller and then marry into the Baeder family, of Philadelphia—prominent sandpaper kings—and then suffer a nervous breakdown and go to the North Creek area of the Adirondacks and take a hike and come across a huge garnet deposit (a cliff-face that looks as if it had a skin condition) and realize that, because garnet has a hardness of 8 on the Mohs' scale (only diamond, at 10, and corundum, at 9, are tougher), it could be used for sandpaper. This particular method gave birth, in the eighteen-seventies, to Barton Mines, still family-owned and operated and still the world's leading garnet mine. We toured part of it recently with Randy Rapple, a geologist and salesman, and his two-year-old daughter, Rebecca, who has a knack for spotting garnet.

(2) There are two extraction methods:

(A) Traditional

1. "Hand cob" all summer; that is, pick away with a hammer and chisel, freeing chunks of the red ore. (Garnet is only rarely of gem quality in this country, by the way.) This works best on football-size deposits.

2. Stash the garnet ore in caves.

3. When winter comes, pack it in burlap bags, take it down the mountain in a sleigh, and ship it to your father-in-law in Philadelphia.

(B) Modern

1. Drill the rock.

2. Load it with dynamite: Kaboom!

3. Use a "drop ball" to "downsize" the chunks.

4. Send it to the crushing plant, where the "jaw crushers" and "cone crushers" will crush it into small pieces. The key thing to remember here is that any piece larger than three-quarters of an inch won't be doing you any good, and will have to be recrushed.

(3) Once the ore has been crushed, you must separate the garnet from the rock. There are two ways to do this. The first makes use of the fact that garnet, with a specific gravity of 4, is denser than the surrounding rock, whose specific gravity is 3.2 or less. So you make a Dyna Whirl Pool (D.W.P.), using a liquid with a specific gravity of 3.5, and everything that sinks is garnet. The second technique is proprietary information. Perhaps you could figure out a technique of your own.

(4) Markets! Only forty per cent of Barton Mines' business still involves sandpaper. Barton sells most of the rest of its multimillion-pound annual output to color-TV manufacturers to use in grinding their screens. Do not make the mistake of trying to sell to black-and-white-television makers (who still dominate the Third World market). Because there is only one beam of electrons hitting the rear of the screen in the black-and-white set, it doesn't make nearly as much difference how finely the faceplate is polished.

(5) You will have competition. There are, besides the marvellous Barton operation (headquartered on top of a marvellous mountain), garnet mines in Maine, Idaho, India, and Australia. You could, if you have followed the directions closely and discovered garnet of a quality comparable to Mr. Barton's, point out, "Saying 'garnet' is like saying 'Cadillac.' You still have to specify 'Coupe de Ville' or 'Sedan de Ville' or 'Fleetwood Brougham.' " You could point out that some of your competitors sell to the sandblast market. This is a very cutting thing to say in the garnet world.

DISGUISED

WHEN Temerl stood under the wedding canopy she surely did not know that in less than half a year she would be an abandoned wife. Temerl was the daughter of a rich man. Pinchos—or Pinchosl, as her husband was called, because he was small and slight—was a poor yeshiva student. He received a large dowry from his in-laws and was promised ten years' board. Temerl was good-looking. Why would anybody want to run away from her? But a few months after the wedding Pinchosl was gone. He stealthily packed a few garments in a bundle, took his prayer shawl and phylacteries, and left the town on foot. Even though he could have taken the entire dowry, he took only three silver guldens.

No, Pinchosl was not a thief, and neither did he chase women. He barely looked at Temerl when he lifted the veil from her face on the wedding night. Why, then, did he run off? Some people thought he was homesick for Komarov, where he had been brought up, and yearning for his mother and father. But even his parents heard nothing from him after he left his wife. Someone had seen him in Zamosc, someone else in Lublin. After that, there was no trace of him. Pinchosl had vanished.

People expressed all kinds of opinions. Maybe he had quarrelled with his wife? Maybe he disliked the town where his in-laws lived? Perhaps he wanted to make an end to the Jewish Exile and return to the Land of Israel? Even so, he didn't need to run away. He could have divorced Temerl, or at least sent divorce papers with a messenger. To walk out on a Jewish daughter is a grave sin, because unless she is divorced according to the laws of Moses and Israel she can never remarry.

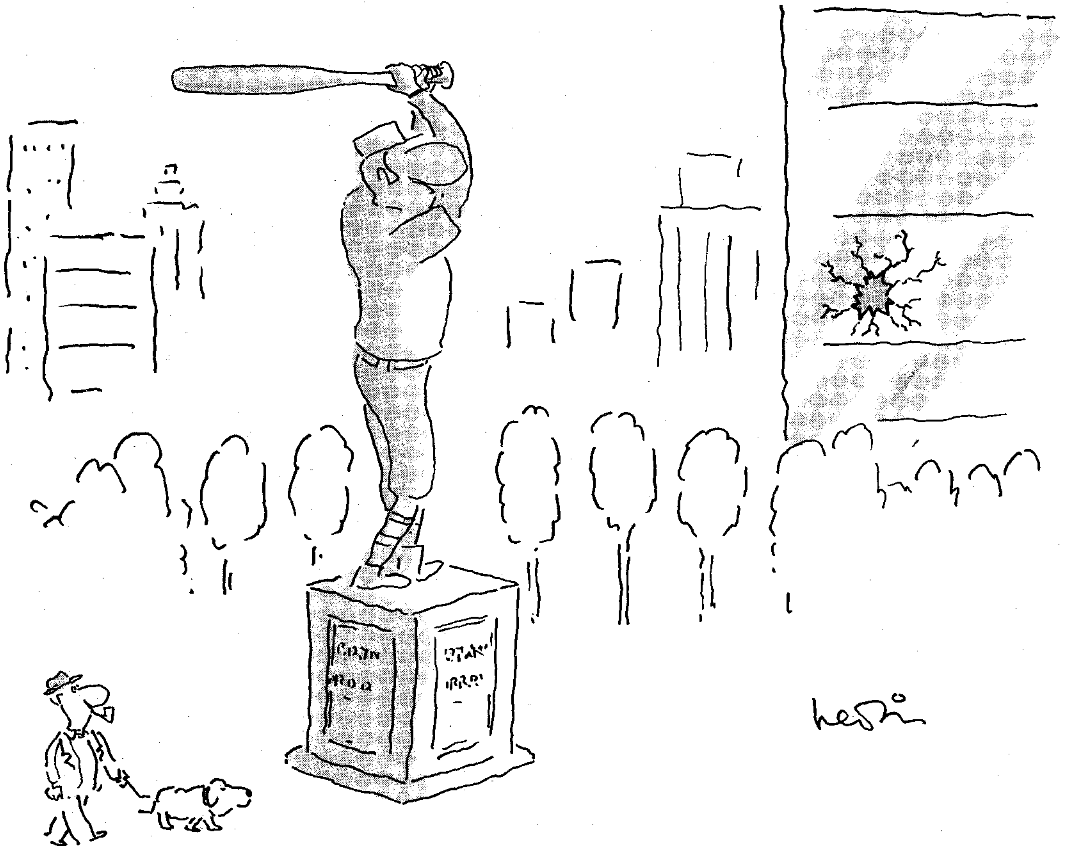
Temerl sulked and wept. It would have been much less of a misfortune had he left her with a child. But he left her with nothing but an ache in her heart. The women questioned Temerl: "Did he come to your bed on your pure nights?" "Did he speak gently to you?" "Did you ever resist him?" From Temerl's answers it was clear that they had behaved more or less like man and wife.

As far as the family knew, the night before Pinchosl left he read a Talmudic book in the study house until late. There was no sign on his face that he was preparing to do anything unusual. But in the middle of the night, as Temerl slept, he packed up and slipped away. Why? And where to? His parents and father-in-law sent messengers to look for him in the neighboring towns. The family wrote to rabbis and to community leaders across Poland. But Pinchosl had apparently managed to elude everybody.

There was only one explanation: the demons had captured him. But if the demons capture a man, he is not spotted in Zamosc and in Lublin. They drag him behind the black mountains where no people walk, no cattle tread. Some women murmured that perhaps Pinchosl harbored hatred toward Temerl. But how could anyone hate Temerl? She was a mere seventeen years old, with a silky-smooth face, dark eyes, and slender limbs, and she seemed to be utterly devoted to her husband. She had sewn an ornate prayer-shawl case for him and sent to him as a wedding gift a velvet matzo cover embroidered with golden threads and with his name in little gems. If he dallied too long in the study house, she sent her maid to call him home to lunch.

Rumors spread that a young man who looked Jewish had been seen in a procession of priests and monks at a cloister. But this certainly could not have been the learned and law-abiding Pinchosl. People often say that one cannot understand the ways of the Almighty. Yet the ways of human beings can be just as perplexing.

TWO years passed. Pinchosl's parents and in-laws had searched far and wide. They inquired in every city or village where a Jew might settle. One day, Temerl surprised her parents by telling them that she had decided to go and comb the earth herself in search of her husband. Her mother, Baila, cried bitterly. How could she allow her nineteen-year-old daughter to wander over the world? Where would she go? Where would she stay? Baila was terrified that the same fate would befall Temerl as had befallen Pinchosl. But her father, Reb Shlomo Meltzer, had another viewpoint. It was not unheard of for an abandoned wife to set out in search of her husband. It had happened more than once that the wife finally found the man and got a divorce from him or else located witnesses to his death. What did Temerl have to lose? Her

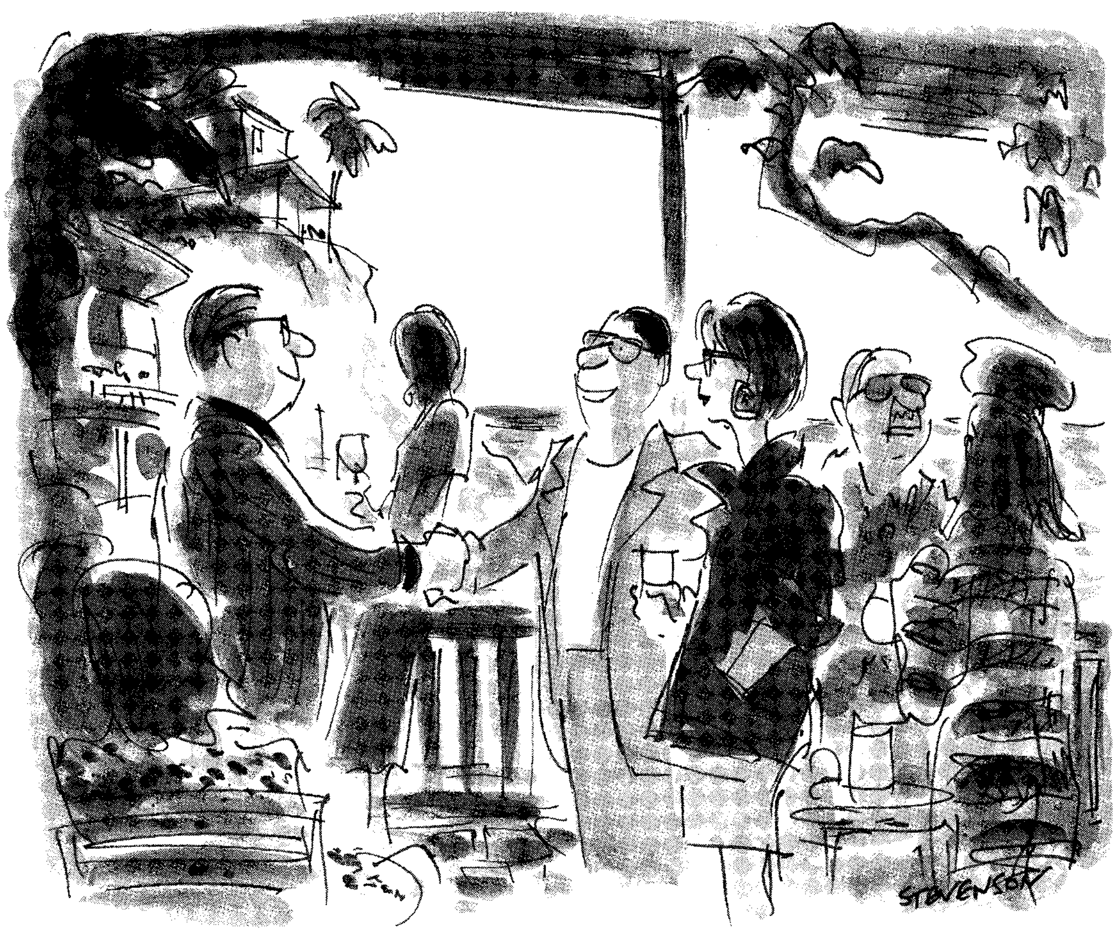


life was ruined either way. Reb Shlomo gave his daughter money and sent along a maid to help her in all her endeavors. The maid, a widow, was a distant relative of his.

A long journey began for Temerl. She did not travel with any specific plan. She followed all possible leads. If she was given the name of some town that the messengers might have omitted, she found a vehicle and travelled there. Wherever she went, she sought out the rabbi and the community leaders, and she visited the synagogue and the study house. She searched in the marketplaces, along the side streets, in the poorhouse. She asked if anyone had seen or heard about a certain Pinchosl. People shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads. Pinchosl had no outstanding traits. He looked like an average young Chassid. When he forsook her, he had not yet begun to sprout whiskers, but by now he probably had grown a little beard. Wherever Temerl and her maid went, they heard the same refrain: "Go look for a needle in a haystack."

Months passed, and Temerl pursued her search. Travelling all over the Lublin region and farther, into the so-called Great Poland, matured her before her time. She gained the kind of knowledge that comes from staying at inns and listening to all sorts of talk. She met with other abandoned wives. Men did disappear. Once in a while, a woman, too, disappeared, but those were rare cases. Temerl learned how vast the world was and how odd people could be. Each human being had his own desires, his own calculations, and sometimes his or her own madness. In the city of Chelm, she heard, the daughter of a rich Jew had fallen in love with a pork butcher and converted to Catholicism. In Jaroslaw, a wealthy businessman divorced his wife and married a prostitute. In Lemberg, they imprisoned a charlatan who had twenty-four families in twenty-four towns and villages. Temerl also heard many tales of people who had been carried away by hobgoblins, of children captured and enslaved by Gypsies, and of men who escaped to America, where, she was told, it was nighttime when it was daytime in Poland, and where people walked upside down. There was also talk about a monster who was born with a gray beard and the teeth of a wolf. But Temerl somehow felt that Pinchosl had not been seized by demons, and that neither was he lost in faraway America, across the ocean.

Temerl journeyed through all the Jewish towns. The money that her father had given her ran out, but she had her jewelry with her and was able to sell some of that. She had written to her parents, but they could not answer her, since she never stayed long enough in one place. In time, the maid became weary of roaming and she returned home. For Temerl, wandering had become a habit. In one town, she met someone who resembled Pinchosl. She alerted the community leaders, and he was taken to the rabbi and later to the ritual bath, but certain marks on his body did not coincide with Temerl's description. He did not have a black nail on the big toe of his left foot, and he did not have a wart on his neck. He denied having been born in Komarov, and swore that his name was not Pinchosl but Moshe Shmerl. He admitted that he was married and the father of children but said he had not run away from his wife. The opposite was true. His wife refused to live with him, because he could not provide for the family, and he had gone out to look for a teaching job. The rabbi and the elders believed him, and Temerl was sentenced to pay a fine of eighteen groschen for suspecting the innocent and giving a stranger a bad name.



"Hello. I'm director Bob ('Blue Fires') Munsey, and this is screenwriter Doris ('Highway to Nowhere') Winslow."

• •

TEMERL travelled as far as the city of Kalisz, and there she was passing through a marketplace when her eyes caught sight of a woman who seemed strangely familiar. Where have I seen that face before, Temerl wondered. The woman was buying eggs from a merchant and holding a

HISTORY

Only I never came back

the gates stand open
where I left the barnyard in the evening
as the owl was bringing the mouse home
in the gold sky
at the milking hour
and I turned to the amber hill and followed
along the gray fallen wall
by the small mossed oaks and the bushes of rusting
arches bearing the ripe
blackberries into the long shadow
and climbed the ancient road
through the last songs of the blackbirds

passing the last live farms
their stones running with dark liquid
and the ruined farms their windows without frames
facing away
looking out across the pastures of dead shepherds
whom nobody ever knew
grown high with the dry flowers of late summer
their empty doorways gazing
toward the arms of the last oaks
and at night their broken chimneys watching
the cold of the meteors
the beams had fallen together
to rest in brown herds around the fireplaces
and in the shade of black trees the houses were full
of their own fragrance at last
mushrooms and owls
and the song of the cicadas

there was a note on a page
made at the time
and the book was closed
and taken on a journey
into a country where no one
knew the language
no one could read
even the address
inside the cover
and there the book was
of course lost

it was a book full of words to remember
this is how we manage without them
this is how they manage
without us

I was not going to be long

—W. S. Merwin

• •

basket, into which she put the merchandise. There was nothing unusual about all this, but Temerl stood there gaping and could not move from the spot. Suddenly she realized whom the woman resembled: no one else but Pinchosl! "Am I losing my mind?" Temerl asked herself in bewilderment. She remembered being fined the eighteen groschen for false accusations.

At that instant, the woman glanced at Temerl and seemed to be so shaken that she dropped her basket, breaking many of the eggs. She attempted to run, but the merchant ran after her, calling that he hadn't been paid for the eggs. The woman stopped and began to look for money, but her hand was trembling and the coins fell from her purse. Temerl herself was about to faint, yet she noticed that the woman's cheeks were not smooth but fuzzy, as if she were sprouting a beard. Also, her hands were too large for those of a female. A wild thought ran through Temerl's mind: Perhaps this is Pinchosl dressed up like a woman. But why would a man want to parade around like a woman? It is forbidden by the Mosaic Law for a man to wear the garments of a woman, and vice versa.

The woman picked up the fallen coins and paid the merchant. She then began to walk away quickly. She was almost running, and Temerl ran after her, screaming and calling her back. The woman stopped short. "Why are you chasing me? What do you want?" she asked, in Pinchosl's voice.

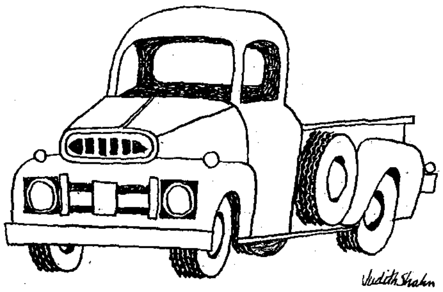
"You are Pinchosl!" Temerl cried out.

Instead of denying it, the strange woman stood there, pale and speechless. Finally, she managed to ask—again in Pinchosl's voice—"What are you doing in Kalisz?"

"I'm looking for my husband. It is you!" Temerl exclaimed. "You left me an abandoned wife." In her dismay, Temerl began to choke and cry spasmodically.

The woman looked at her and said, "Come with me," and she pointed to a muddy alley strewn with garbage and pools of slop. There, after attempting to quiet Temerl, the strange woman admitted, "Yes, I am Pinchosl."

"Why did you run away? Why did you dress in a woman's clothes?" Temerl howled. "Are you mad, possessed by a dybbuk? What are you doing here in Kalisz and for whom were you buying eggs? Are you someone's servant or slave? Are my eyes deceiving me? Am I dreaming? Or am I bewitched? God in Heaven, the terrible misfortunes that have befallen me!" Temerl began to sway and was about to collapse into a swoon. She clutched at Pinchosl's shoulder, and a horrifying shriek came out of her throat.



In fear of attracting attention and having a mob of people witness his disgrace, Pinchosl blurted out, "I know that this will shock you terribly, but I live here in Kalisz with a man."

"With a man?" Temerl gasped. "Are you fooling me? Are you joking? What do you mean with a man?"

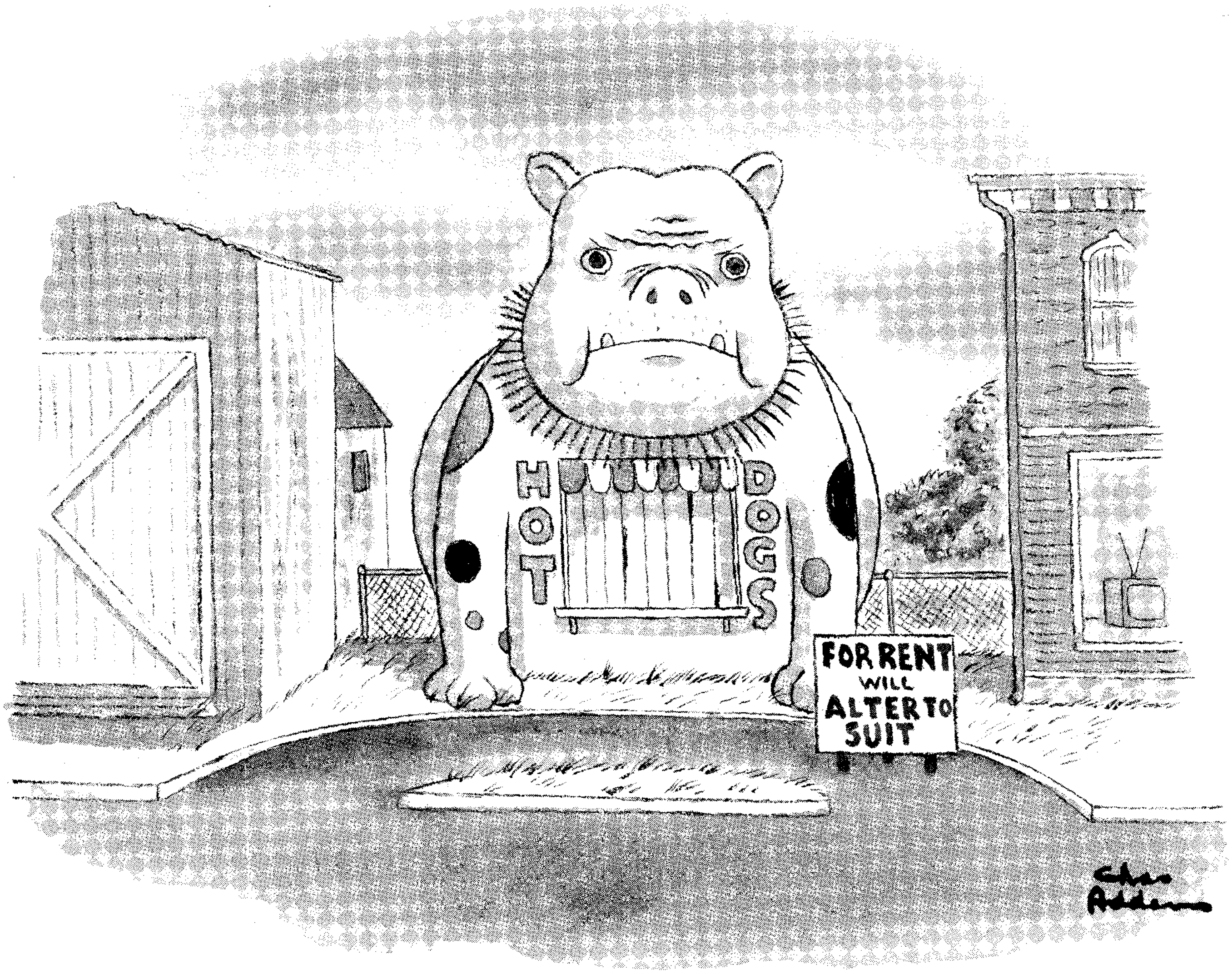
"Yes, with a man. His name is Elkonah. We met in a yeshiva years ago. Here we bake pretzels for yeshiva boys. This is how we earn our living, and for this I went to buy eggs. Forgive me, Temerl, but I never wanted to marry you. I was forced by my parents. That is the real truth."

"Whom did you want to marry?" Temerl asked.

"Him."

They stood motionless for a while; then Pinchosl managed to say, "I can't help it, I must confess the whole truth."

"What truth?" Temerl exclaimed.


HOT DOGS
FOR RENT WILL ALTER TO SUIT
Chas Addams

• •

"What did you do? Have you, God forbid, forsaken your faith?"

"No, Temerl. I am still a Jew, but . . ." Pinchosl stammered and shook. He again dropped the basket, but he did not bother to pick it up. He stood before her ashamed, frightened, pale, moving his lips but unable to utter a word. Then Temerl heard him say, "I'm not a man anymore—not really, not for you. . . ."

"What are you saying?" Temerl asked. "Were you sick? Did some vicious people do something to maim you? No matter what you tell me, I am still your wife and I must know!"

"No, Temerl, not this but . . ."

"Speak clearly!" Temerl, too, was trembling, and her teeth chattered.

"Temerl, come with me!" Pinchosl both ordered and pleaded.

"Where to?"

"To my house—I mean home, where we live."

"Where is your home? Who is the 'we'? Did you find another woman?"

"No, Temerl, but . . ."

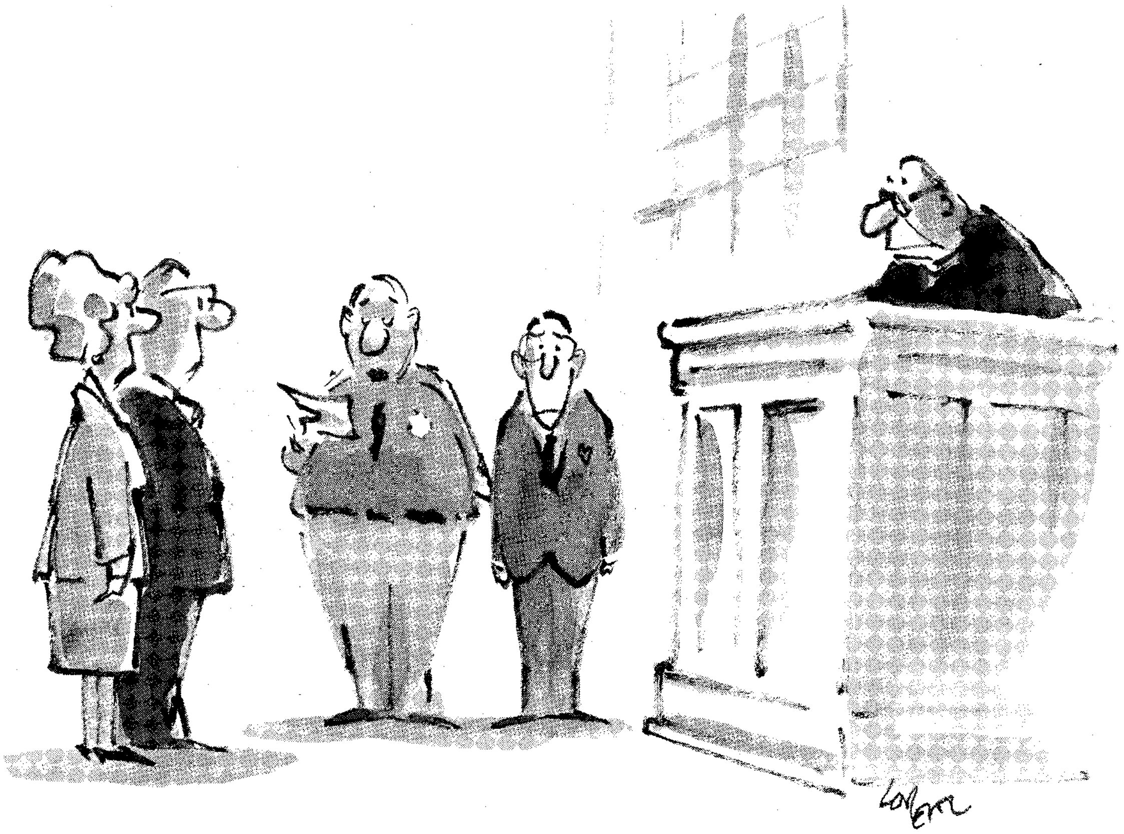
"Don't lie to me! I beseech you! In the name of God. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Pinchosl started to walk ahead, and he motioned to Temerl to follow him. As they walked, Pinchosl was saying, "According to the Talmud, when a man is overcome by the evil spirit and knows of no way out he should wrap himself in black garments and go to a place where he is not known and do what his heart desires. This is what we did, Elkonah and I."

They came to another alley and to a shabby-looking house. Pinchosl urged Temerl to come inside, but she refused. He pulled her by the arm, but she stood firm. After much hesitation, she gave in. Luckily, Elkonah was not home. There was a clay oven in the house and a kneading board. The place smelled of yeast and firewood. Temerl imagined that she recognized some of Pinchosl's books in the bookcase. A ladder led up to a loft bed. Pinchosl invited her to sit down. This was no longer the modest, bashful Pinchosl she remembered but a worldly man who reminded her of the adventurers described in the storybooks she used to read before she married. Pinchosl offered her some of the pretzels he had baked and a glass of soda water. He repeatedly apologized for his sins and the suffering he had caused her and her parents. He even joked and smiled—something he never did in former times. Temerl heard herself saying, "Since you seem to regret your sins, perhaps you could repent and return to God and even to me."

"It's too late for that," Pinchosl answered. "I can regret but not repent. Those who are trapped in our net can never escape." And he quoted the Book of Proverbs: "None who come to her return, nor do they reach the paths of life."

Shocked as Temerl was, she heard him out. She told Pinchosl that there was only one redeeming act for him, and that was to divorce her and free her as quickly as possible. Pinchosl agreed immediately but said that the divorce could not take place in Kalisz,



"Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, you are accused of filling your son Randolph's head with romantic claptrap and liberal flapdoodle, thus preventing him from becoming a productive member of society. How do you plead?"

• •

where he was known as Elkonah's wife. "You could have done this from the very beginning," Temerl reproached him. "And spared me all the misery I went through."

"We know that we will be punished, and we are ready for the fires of Gehenna," Pinchosl said. "Passions, too, are fires. They are Gehenna on earth, perhaps the Gate to Hell. Meanwhile, come let us have a glass of tea together."

Temerl could not believe her own eyes. Pinchosl served tea with jam for her. They were sitting and drinking like two sisters. He was saying, "My parents had hoped to have grandchildren from us, but certainly not through an outcast like me, who would be excommunicated by the Jews and hanged on the gallows by the Gentiles. But you, Temerl, will soon remarry and bring your parents all the joy they expected. I wish you good luck in advance."

"You are utterly mad, but thank you just the same," Temerl said.

That evening, when Elkonah came home—a tall, handsome man in a short coat and a silk vest, his black sidelocks curled in ringlets—he was told the whole story. While Pinchosl still spoke with the humility of a Jew, Elkonah proved to be like one of those who are referred to in the Talmud as profligates for the sake of spite. He denied the existence of God, of Providence, and the holiness of the Torah. He went so far as to suggest that Temerl should get the divorce papers from him, Elkonah, in order to save Pinchosl a costly trip.

Temerl asked Elkonah, "Have you no fear of God at all?"

He answered, "All I ask of Pinchosl is for him to come back soon and continue to bake pretzels for the yeshiva boys—some of whom I have managed to seduce." And he winked and laughed.

SOME weeks later, when Baila was sitting in the kitchen with her maid, plucking goose down for a feather bed, the door opened and Temerl entered. It was snowing outside. An icy wind rattled the shutters. Baila let out a wild cry of joy and jumped up from her stool, and all the down on her apron fell off. The maid lost her tongue altogether. Even before Baila could greet and kiss her daughter, Temerl announced, "Mazel tov! Here are my divorce papers, written by a master scribe, signed by two kosher witnesses."

That was almost all she could tell that day and for many days, weeks, months, and even years after. The real story, with all its peculiarities, Temerl could not tell, because Pinchosl had made her swear by God, by the Pentateuch, by the lives of her father and mother, and by everything holy to her never to mention any details as long as she lived. All she could say was that she had found her husband somewhere and had got her divorce. The entire story was told to a rabbi and to the elders of the burial society many years later when Temerl lay on her deathbed and was reciting her confession, surrounded by her sons, daughters, and grandchildren, as well as friends and admirers from the region, where she lived to a ripe old age.

"There were many demands and temptations for me to break my oath of silence," Temerl was saying, "but, thank God, I kept my lips sealed until today. Now, after all these years, I am free and ready to tell the whole story, since the place where I am going is called the World of Truth."

Temerl closed her eyes. The women of the burial society had already prepared the feather to hold under the dying woman's nostrils to see if she was still breathing. Suddenly, Temerl opened her eyes and smiled, as the moribund sometimes do, and she said, "Who knows? Perhaps I will meet this madman once again in Gehenna."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Deborah Menashe.*)

STEAM GIVES WAY TO SAIL

"YOU should have been born a boy," said Georgia's mother to her daughter, not for the first time. "Then you could have been the first male head of the Girl Guides, or *something.*"

"You did your best, Fanny, with the name you gave her," said Georgia's father, David, who had had no voice in the matter because he had been performing abroad when she was born. He had lost a leg in the Spanish Civil War but had somehow trained himself still to be the unrivalled organist of Hexham Abbey in Northumberland.

Fanny played hard with the frail muslin curtains around her chaise longue and went on planning her next trip. This was to be to Kashmir, in the summer of 1954: the cold mountainous regions, not the hot southwest. In her journeys alone, she thought of herself as no privileged woman traveller with call on Embassy help, no Lady Mary Montagu.

"I like the name," she answered David after her usual space of traveller's silence. "Georgia." There was suddenly fondness in her voice, though she more often made herself sound like an old Daimler's hooter. "And now," back to briskness, "go down to the cellar and get on with your clavichord business together. Do-it-yourself clavichords! Flying in the face of antiquity."

"It's a wonderful instrument, and it's dying out. Everything's too noisy now. Clavichords make you listen, and the real old ones are too expensive," said David.

How like her one-legged father, thought Georgia, to devote his spare time to learning how people in the unemployed North, historically musical, could have cheap clavichords: instruments that asked no footwork of the performer, though for his part he cleaved to the taxing foot-pedal instrument of his youth.

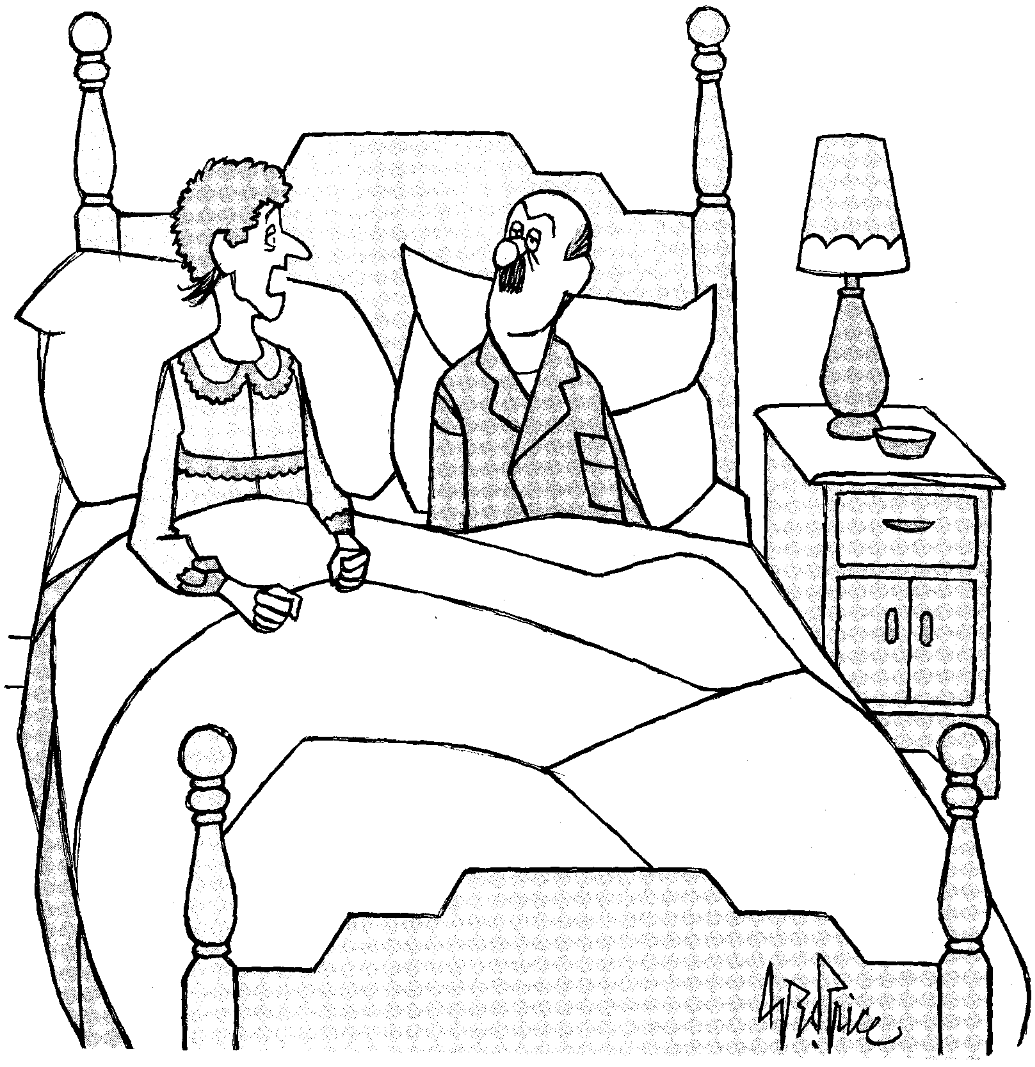
GEORGIA's mother met a diplomat in Kashmir, arranged to marry him (that was her way of putting it), and sent a note to David asking for a divorce. It was a distant letter, neither apologetic nor defensive, acknowledging the truth of how little love she bore him: a fact he had never wanted to face. He did nothing with the letter, for its receipt was its own fulfillment. He showed it to Georgia after seven years, having told her the contents as lightly as he could after it had arrived. He and Georgia had been through the Second World War together in Northumberland, while her mother had made the choice to work in munitions down south, and had taken in dozens of evacuees from the docks in Newcastle. As time went on, there was never any question of her leaving him to get married, however hard he pressed her to. She was simply happy as she was.

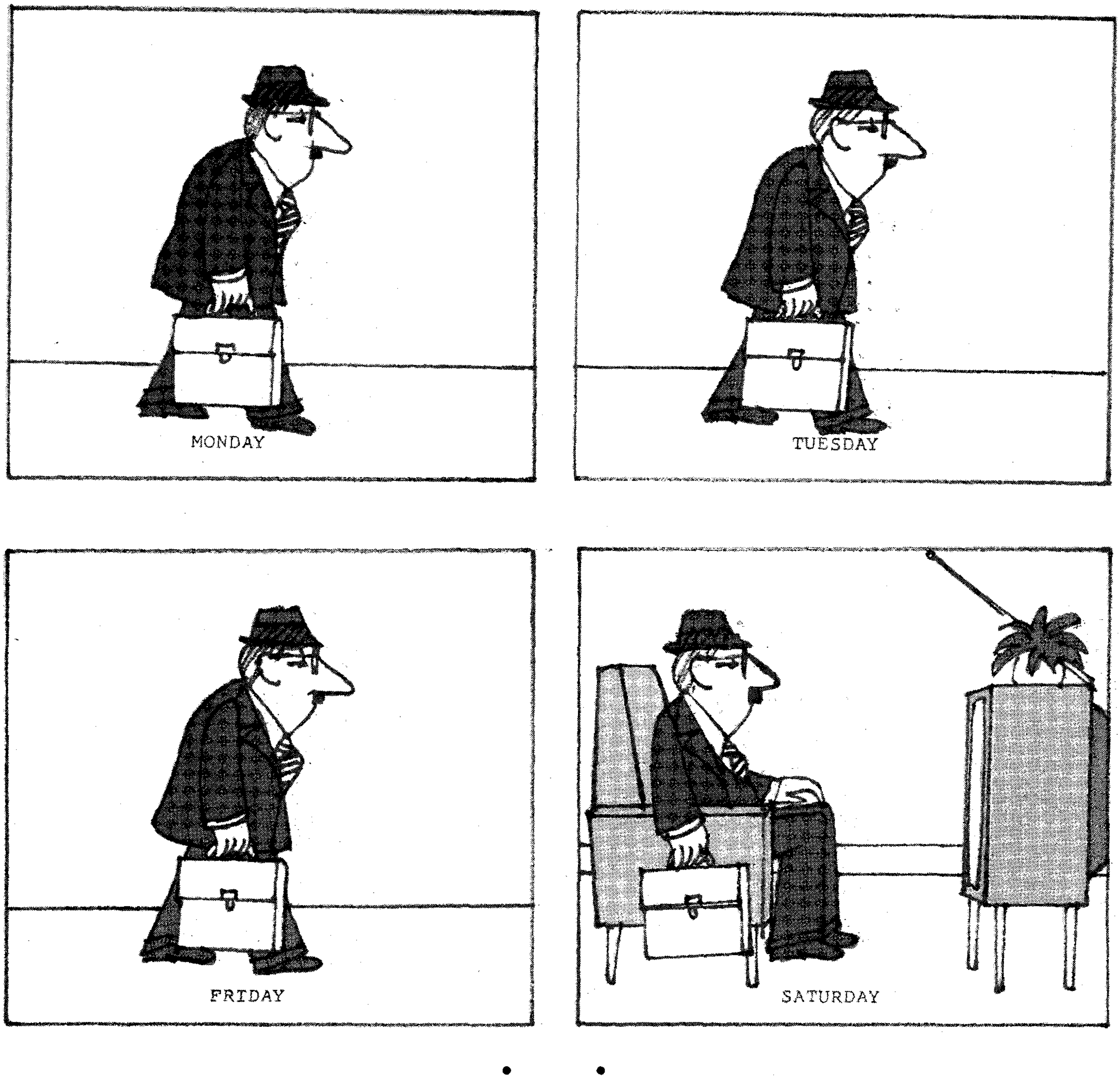
They perfected two clavichords, tuned them daily, and wrote monthly to the Royal Academy of Music for its seal of approval. No letters came back, but they were so content with what they had achieved that they felt no great pressure until David became more frail. He wanted urgently now to get the endeavor moving. Concerts for the two of them in the correctly humidified cellar weren't, finally, the point. The ache where his leg had been got worse. He missed Georgia even when she went shopping, though he was not a man to play emotional blackmail.

One day Georgia came back from hunting for blackberries. Her father shifted in his chair. "I thought you'd never get back this afternoon. I've been upstairs and downstairs getting tea for the droppers-in," he said.

"Who came?"

"To tell the truth, it was only the usual Vicar, from Corbridge, but he counts as a lot. He wanted to talk about his sermon for next Sunday. Something about elephants. A revision from his time with the church in In-


"Well, it's another brand-new day. What do you say to getting up and looking the damn thing straight in the eye?"



dia. He feels that elephants stand for the pedestrians of the world, being easily fatigued, and that 'we motorcars' should yield to them."

"You think he's bonkers?"

"Well, that isn't always material. Your mother became bonkers, but the girl she used to be is quite someone to miss."

Georgia took off the rubber gloves she was wearing and washed the blackberry stains off her wrists in her father's hand-painted bowl. "Mama gave you that, didn't she?" she said. For some reason she was reminded of her father's phantom leg. "Is it there today?"

He thwacked the gap with his cane. "Daily. The imagination tells the truth in reams. Doughty. Goes on and on, like a poor dream. I had a dream last night about the Spanish Civil War that bored me so much I woke up, and then I went to sleep again and stayed there in an enthralling dream about our venture. The beauty of that instrument restored to common practice! Think of it."

"You did."

THEN the local social worker called. She was a rather shy woman, though blustery, giving counsel always as if she were on the verge of leaving. Politically, she had once told Georgia, she stood with Cromwell.

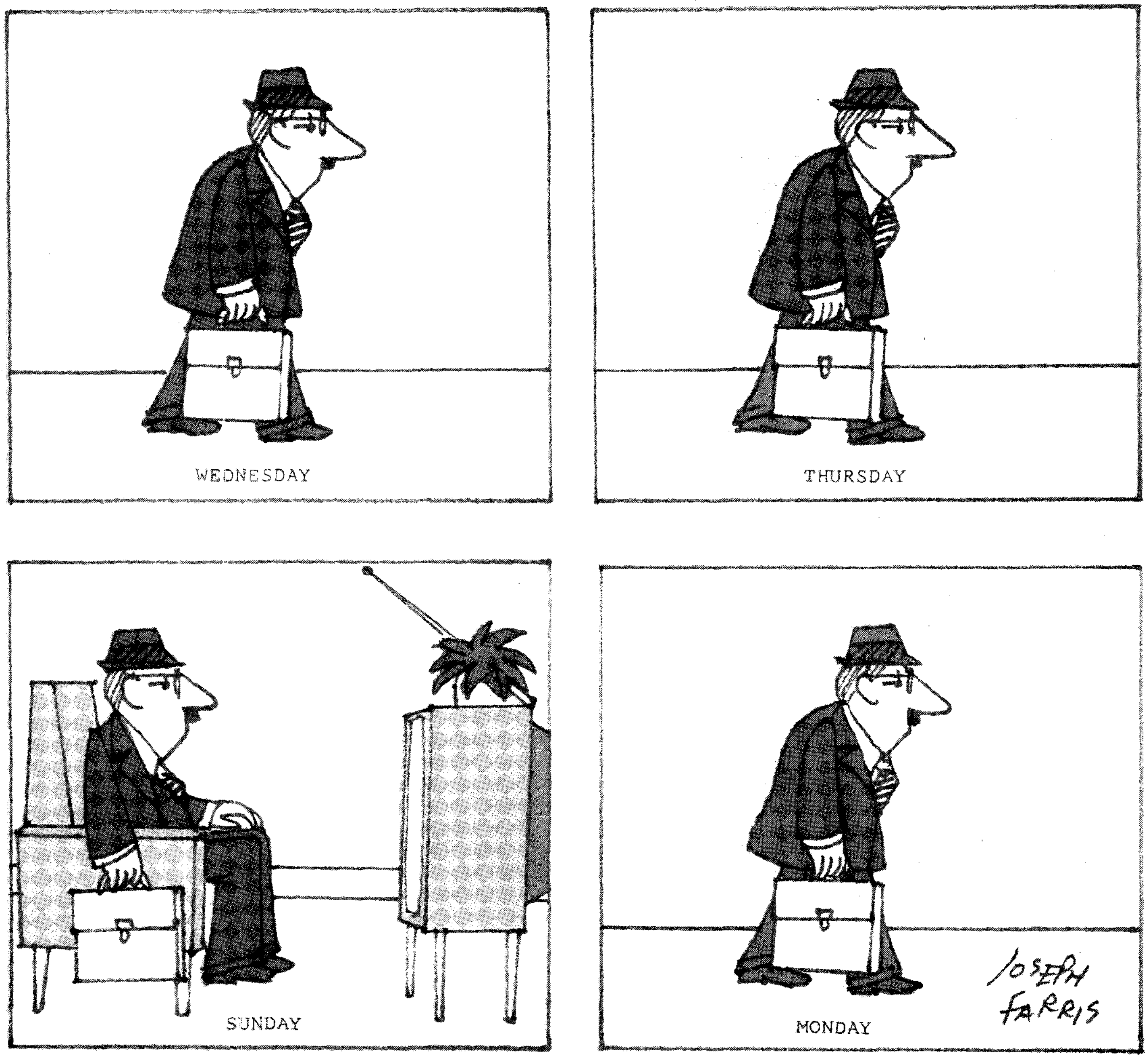
"Georgia, I'm concerned about your not getting out and about," she said now.

"We've got the BBC World Service. The trouble is it keeps changing wavelengths. Do you know how to manage it? Apparently we gave away a crucial wavelength to Bulgaria. A nice enough gesture in itself. But then at three in the morning the announcer suddenly talks about megahertz."

"I haven't the time to sit up listening to the radio at three in the morning."

"No. The Megahertz sound like a royal house, don't they? The papers say that little Prince William has a growth of red down on his head."

"I'm glad to hear that a member of the Royal Family has read anything."



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Georgia said, "The Queen's Parliamentary red boxes would be equal to all Tolstoy in a night to most people." She thought that rude of herself and offered an Allen & Hanburys pastille.

The social worker pursued her task. "Have you had any visitors today, dear?"

"The Vicar. To see my father. I'm expecting the Inland Revenue. They sent a card."

"Coming when?"

"They don't tell you, like the men who read the electricity meter. They say we haven't paid tax."

"Never?"

"No."

"Lord-a-muck. You see the threat. Your father's pension for his leg, and your clavichord business sprouting. Have you got a patent?"

"Recognition's expected. My father hasn't declared his leg, because we're certified as being below the poverty line. For the moment, that is. I've thought about things moving onward, but first the recognition, then the clavichord kits in the shops, *then* all the forms and the taxpaying and so on."

"Oh, my dear, I'm aghast," said the social worker, picking up her bag in a hurry for her next visit.

"*Inland* Revenue," said Georgia as the social worker stood. "Are their rights restricted to what they say? Would they have powers out of inland? Beyond our shores? Would one be better off if one followed the map of fishing rights? Were outside those boundaries?" But against the possibility of moving, there was the pressure of her father's well-being.

"It's you I'm worried about," said the social worker, opening the door as she spoke and talking fast over her shoulder. "Not seeing people of your own age. You're too fond of him. Where will you be when he passes away?"

"Without him."

THE social worker said to Georgia when her father died suddenly, a month later, "You should go to a shop and see whether you couldn't be a complaints-department head. You've got obvious administra-

HIS FIRST LOVE SPEAKS

Do you remember, chick, my chickadee,
the silky day that rose, an otter swimming
toward winter, sleek and sure, the vanished slipper
of marriage—heel gone—in its faithful mouth?
So cold, the humping caterpillar house!
Cash churned the knocking boiler's burnt old heart,
the wheezing heat turned down to stoke the bank.
Gone sweetheart, darling, your lone, lumbering
sharp tongue—there's nothing I've forgotten.
Strike one, strike two: the autumn's caldron hissed
and singed the years' dark pelts until they charred.
Beneath the floor, the antiquated ducts
were partway closed; sloe eyes, they watched
us hunt for candles when the lights blew out.

—Cynthia Zarin

• •

tive capacities." She put a rubber band round her notes. "You're so attentive. I've noticed. Think about it. I must rush."

Georgia kept her father's place as it was. She was now forty-eight. She stayed; there seemed nothing else. Stalemated for a year, she stuck it out.

"An unfortunate age," said the Vicar when she got to forty-nine. "Shall we have a cup of dear old tea?" She made it for him, murmuring, "And dear old espresso," but not bothering with it for herself.

"You should go out. Forty-nine is just the age," he said.

"Is there any particular age for going out?" A silence, until she said, "I'm sorry there are no crumpets. Going where?"

The Vicar said, "Going to shop, for example."

"Or dancing, or playing the piano, or disentangling tangled string marionettes, or leaving here, or helping to teach people to read in Cuba?" She waited, and then asked, "Shopping, Vicar? It takes twenty minutes a week at most now. For one, plus something for droppers-in." She leaned forward, a habit she had. As usual, her face expressed eagerness to know more. "Shopping isn't much of an aspiration, is it?" She leaned forward further, wanting his answer, but he leaned back and put the points of his fingers together.

"Do you read?"

"Most of the night."

"Is that healthy?"

"Isn't it?" She treated all questions as though they were key, so his lack of an answer was dismaying; but he didn't notice.

"Sense of stasis, that's what you've got," he said. "Elephants get it in captivity."

"What do they do about it?"

Again he didn't reply, but said, getting up, "Thought of the Mothers' Union? It doesn't matter at all that you're forty-nine. We've got women, two women, of *fifty*. Wonderful with babies."

So.

SHE went to acting school in Newcastle. Some link with learning about performance, some rope to her father.

The head of the acting school, called Stubert—Mr. Stubert—sat in a chair in the middle of the front row. He had come in his twenties from Russia but found the North of England biting cold. Rather famous but not celebrated, he clung to a past more and more imagined. He dwelt in tales of Olga Knipper and the Moscow Art Theatre, conducting with his present pupils a scholarly regime that amounted to regimen. In his famous theatre, attended only by students, he agreed to put Georgia into his classes. She was, like the others, to improvise. And without words, a lack she minded. And alone, which gave her stagefright.

After six months, in dead of winter, he arrived at class for her ninth improvisation. She was to be Chinese, meditating, in great heat. She was to wear a tunic, no tights, no shoes, and to hack her way after meditation to Manchuria for no reason in particular. Mr. Stubert sat in the stalls, muffled to the chin, wearing an overcoat.

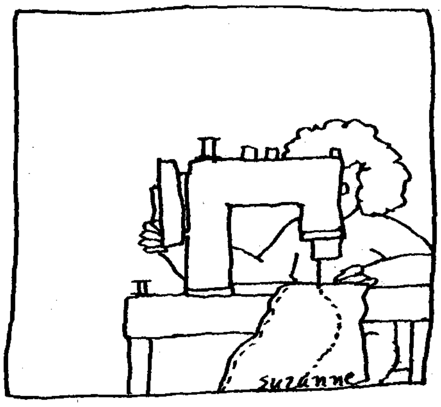
"I don't feel the heat," he said after she had meditated and hacked.

"Do you need a rug?" said Georgia.

"There's no heat coming from the stage. No aesthetically created heat."

Georgia put on a cardigan and said, "I still think you need a rug."

Mr. Stubert got up and left things to a young woman colleague, an imitator without Mr. Stubert's curious authority. She sat in his chair. "An improvisation," she said. "You are a Russian dancer, pre-Revolutionary. You are searching for a confidante. Imagine silvery woods, the brink of change, loss of the past, unspeakable ideals to be sought. No ballet shoes."



Georgia tried, barefoot anyway. She tried for twenty minutes, shivering. She stopped after hurting a toe on an unnailed plank.

"The dancing didn't communicate a great society in the midst of change. So why did you stop?" said the Stubert surrogate.

"My toe's broken, I think. The little toe. There's a plank sticking up."

"You may continue while sitting down. Think of czarism. Onward!"

"Czarism onward?" Georgia pondered this view of history and how to mime it.

"The shop carpenter, someone!" shouted the Stubert surrogate. Someone indeed found a man with a hammer. Mr. Stubert's surrogate left to take legal advice.

"You put your foot up," said the carpenter. Talk on that stage at last, praise be. "A little toe hurts more than a big one. You're not to dance, whatever she says. It's not necessary."

"Oh dear. I'd been looking for a necessity."

SHE went on going faithfully to the acting school and left the rest of the clavichord project—letter writing mostly, for the inventive practicalities were done—in the hands of friends drummed up by the social worker. The school was taking her for noth-

VEGETABLES
BABY VEGETABLES
D. Reilly

ing because Mr. Stubert had said she had "excellent diction." One day she caught his attention after a particularly taxing improvisation, in which she was called on to mime Manet thinking of grass, and said to him, "This diction. I can't be any good at it, can I, when I haven't got any lines? And I can't even respond, can I, when there aren't other people on the stage?"

"I never promised you such things. Those are crutches for a talent. They interfere with my ear for the inner truth."

She got on the bus and went home, speaking to the bus conductor. "What a relief."

"All right, hinny?" he said, giving her a ticket.

"It's just nice to speak."

"Now and then." He looked at her.

"They call it diction at the acting school I go to. Except that the scenes don't have words in them."

"You want to try Newcastle repertory. They've got words all over the road there."

The next time Georgia went to the school she got unconquerable stagefright and came home again at once. For two months she stayed at home, in the grip of nightly dread. When the sun came up, the dread abated. She had always hated going to sleep.

"The little death," she said to a doctor who called on her, at the behest, she discovered, of the Vicar.

He used a stethoscope. She gestured toward her foot. He used his patellar hammer.

"Circulation in good shape, but we've got some broken metatarsals."

"They'd be mended by now, wouldn't they?"

The doctor looked at her and decided to say, "I shouldn't expect so." He took off his stethoscope and said, "I hear you're an actress."

"I've been trying an acting school, but there aren't any words. Do you see the point of mime?"

"I've got a blank spot there. It's like ballet."

"Yes. Why don't they open their mouths, you say to yourself."

"This foot's on the mend, you know." He moved back in his chair. "What's the trouble?"

"Fear, I'm afraid."

"What's happened to the sunny little girl who was bridesmaid at my sister's wedding?" He showed her a photograph. Herself at Hexham Abbey, aged four.

"I think it's lack of people," she said.

"Your father," he said. "You mustn't dwell on it."

"No."

"In the case of your father, of course, he dwelt where he was put."

The doorbell rang. "There you are," said the doctor. Routine to the rescue.

"Another steamship, do you think?" said Georgia to the doctor softly.

"What?"

"They're supposed to give way, but they don't."

"Hopeful nonsense," said the doctor on his way out, not giving way to a National Insurance collector, a large woman with folders held to her chest like a breastplate. The collector wrote down Georgia's name, her father's name, and said, "I've come instead of the Inland Revenue. We work very closely." She looked around her and winced. "Not much here for us. We've decided to be lenient." She worked for a while with her calculator and said, "Tax, and National Insurance, including interest: that will be twenty thousand three hundred pounds odd, rounded up. You never paid a penny, our records tell us," she said, moving papers on her lap. "Assets since birth—"

"Whose?"

"Yours. Your father's assets will go to probate. We're not harsh. Again, a question of any undisclosed assets, mitigated by innocent negligence."

"Well," said Georgia, "the only things of value are the clavichords."

"Clavichords?"

"Yes."

"We'll forget about that. You realize that this room constitutes a vestibule." The collector repeated herself. "Constitutes a vestibule."

"It's where we read. Now where *I* read. My father died, as your records know."

"There's no door between this room and the bathroom door. Therefore this constitutes a vestibule. Not for living use. It can only be used for transit."

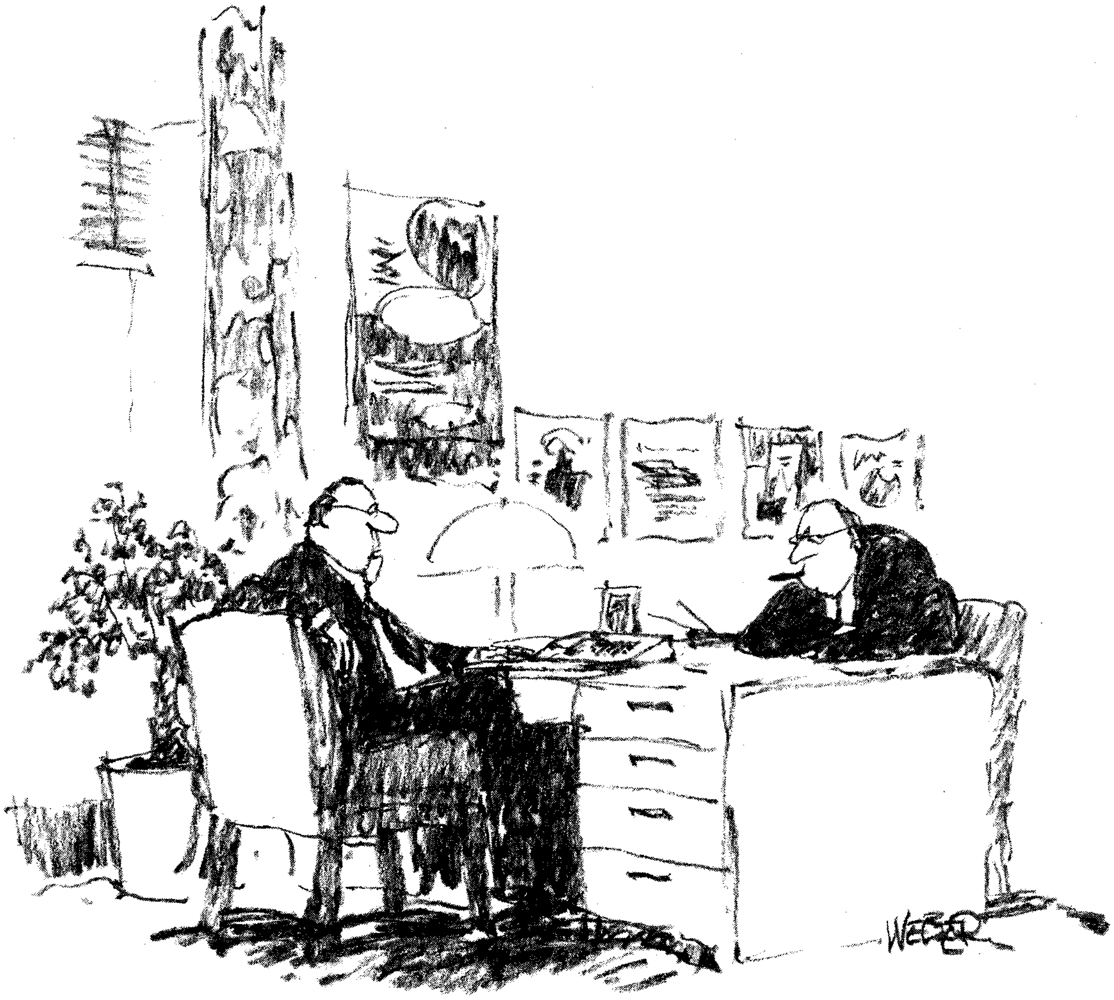
"There's nowhere to go," said Georgia, angered. "Transit means going somewhere."

The National Insurance collector left, depositing a buff-colored form addressed to David and saying tightly, "I can see there's nothing to collect."

SUDDENLY under attack from a mob of fears all new to her, which she lumped together under "blue funk" as a means of bringing them to heel, Georgia took herself to the library and read daily about shell shock in old collections of letters and medical papers about the Great War. The late-night librarian saw distress in Georgia's concentrated frame. She let her sleep for a while in the plastic-leather armchairs in the reading room.

Work on radio suggested itself as a way round stagefright. It was an escape from Stubert theory and bureaucracy's disconsolations. She offered some readings to the local station and they were accepted. The staff's sincerity buoyed her. And diction at last, and even a man to respond to: a producer on the opposite side of the mike, who nodded as she went. She grew a little known. She read Jane Austen aloud every night. That sense of moral order, that clear eye for matters in ratio. She began to get an unusually large number of letters. Stagefright and other frights conquered by radio? She put it down to the presence of the producer at the studio table. Her study of shell shock continued. She wrote about it, then spoke about it without notes into the microphone. She had found a tattered and very old red notebook of David's. The first page of the book was headed "To Remember If Necessary." It was about causing standstill by the dread of it. Then, after a space, a single line: "Violent dreams set in another country." When and where had her father felt an alien? To his one-legged frame? To combat? To his inborn and distinctive peace of mind?

She got a regular job in repertory theatre. The stagefright disappeared altogether. In the many plays she acted in she began to be recognized as a forceful theatrical presence. In a week's run or a long one, she would lean forward and listen to other actors' lines as though they had been said for the first time. No one forgot his lines when he was onstage with her. Producers from London came to watch her. Her eagerness to hear the improbably stiff dialogue made long-running detective stories seem characterized and believable. People in the



"I'm a pragmatist, Leon. Before I put a new product on the market, I ask myself, 'Will it sell?'"

audience commented on their way out as if about an event in their own lives.

"I'd never have known he was going to be the murderer. Not a butler."

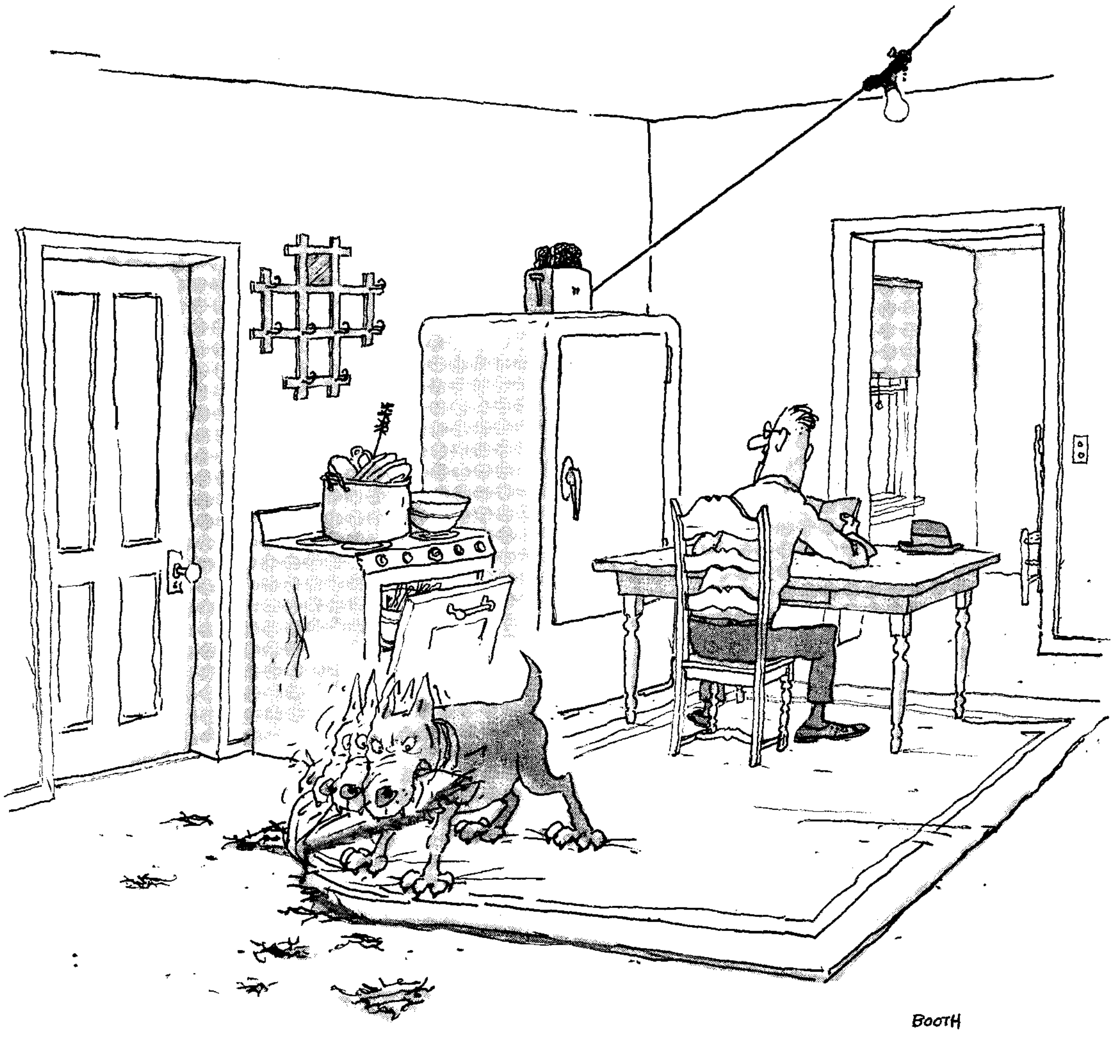
"You just had to watch her, working it out."

"She was the Sherlock Holmes, wasn't she?"

"Leaning forward like that all the time. You'd never have guessed that she must have known the way it would come out."

"You couldn't call her pretty, but you could see that she was game."

A producer starred her in a murder mystery in London that was the author's tenth long-run hit. It was about a bishop, a bishop's wife, a visiting American professor, supposed to be a Trotskyist, a young disk jockey and his wife, and a butler. The d.j.'s wife was the victim. Much could be heard from the audience at the end by Georgia, keeping her place onstage as the directions required, because the theatre had been designed without a curtain, for plays of quite another sort, and the playwright, for all his millionaire success, had not been able to think of an exit line for her.



"The Chaetodon capistratus, commonly known as the four-eyed butterfly fish, is monogamous."

• •

"I could have sworn the culprit would be the butler," said a middle-aged lady, finishing the last of her Black Magic chocolates and beginning the struggle with the armholes of her mink-dyed musquash coat.

"Why, dear? Did he remind you of the help? You never do get on with your help. Something criminal about his ears being set so low you said about this last one you're landed with."

"Well, it's a worry, but with the one in the play the ears were well set. My ex-husband on the bench always used to say that high-set ears were an infallible sign of integrity. I must be behind the times."

"Not at all, dear. The times just sometimes behave as though they're ahead of themselves. Putting a disk jockey into a play! For my money, he should have been the one to have done it. If I'd written it."

Near them, another couple spoke more scornfully. "It was deadly," said the husband. "Well, I didn't like to say so," said his wife, "but it *was* obvious, in my opinion. I don't agree with the playwright at all. Clearly the Trotskyist did it. I took against him at once and I thought the bishop was exceptionally polite to him."

What a wonder, thought Georgia, who had to wait onstage until the very last of the audience had gone, that theatregoers should take the parts played by actors so personally. As though the roles were friends of friends, put up in their own houses and open to comment as soon as they had taken their hot-water bottles up to bed.

The play went on year after year. The chintz covers in the set were dry-cleaned, hemlines on the costumes changed; the actors counted their blessings in being so endlessly employed that one of them, the American playing the professor, said that he felt he had tenure, though the bishop said that for his part he felt embalmed. Meanwhile, up North, steelworks and shipyards closing down and no work to be had, letters came from the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, the Royal College of Organists, and clavichord-making prospered. Many a bungled time can have a good echo. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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SNORTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SNORTED

[*Don Bauder in the San Diego Union*]

"Spelling could well come out of this deal with better than a quarter of a billion dollars of net worth and still have the same iron-clad control of his production firm that he had with a private company," snorted Norman G. Fosback of *New Issues*.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RAJNEESHPURAM—I

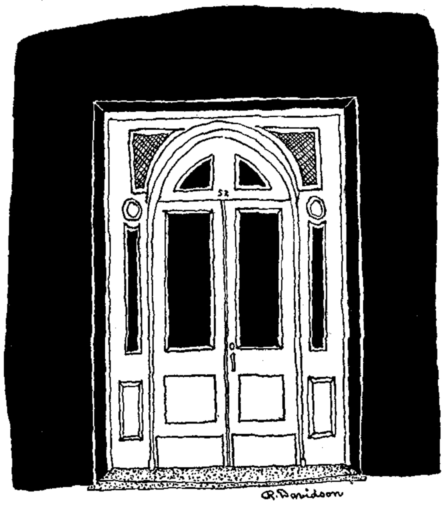
IN January of 1983, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, accompanied by armed disciples in an escort jeep, drove seventy miles southwest to Madras, Oregon, every afternoon in one of his Rolls-Royces. He would stop at a weigh station just outside town, and at the nearest supermarket his companion, a young woman with long dark hair and a china-white face, would get out and buy him a soda; then the convoy would turn around and drive back where it had come from. Every afternoon around the same time, the Reverend Mr. Mardo Jimenez, of the Madras Conservative Baptist Church, would look out of his office window and see the convoy turning at the weigh station. Finally, he could stand it no longer; he decided to demonstrate.

The first demonstration was not very big—just Jimenez and a handful of parishioners standing on the roadside opposite the weigh station praying and shouting such things as "Bhagwan Out of Madras!" and "Repent Your Sins!" and "America Will Be Free!" But Jimenez persisted, and day by day the knot of people around him grew bigger and the shouting louder. One day, a group of Rajneeshee disciples showed up in a bus; arriving at the weigh station ahead of their master, the young people stood in a semicircle singing Christmas carols to drown out the noise of the shouting across the way. In the days following, the double demonstration began to attract all kinds of people: curiosity seekers, families from other churches, and tough-looking guys in visored caps hitching up their bluejeans. Jimenez stood on the top of a car holding a Bible in one hand and in the other an American flag so big it threatened to drag him away in high winds. "I love you!" he called, wind tears streaming down his cheeks, and "Believe in Jesus!" Day by day, the numbers of Rajneeshee increased, until there were four busloads of them at the weigh station. Then truckers began stopping, the drivers tooting their horns and making V signs as they pulled their big rigs off to the Jimenez side of the road.

What a motorist coming over the hill on Route 97 into Madras from the north would have seen was this: a hundred-mile vista of Oregon rangeland flanked by the spectacular snow-covered peaks of the Cascade range; then, at the beginning of the first human settlement of any size he had seen in seventy miles, two groups of people standing on either side of the highway amid an assortment of vehicles. Passing by them, he would see on one side a group of people with banners reading "INS SAVE MADRAS" and "JESUS IS LORD" gathered around a car on which a preacher was holding down an American flag, like the figure on the Iwo Jima monument. On the other side he would see a crowd of young men and women all dressed in shades of red—red or orange or pink down jackets and red or orange or pink jeans or cords—playing guitars and singing. Through the car window he might hear a few bars of "Joy to the World" or "Love Is a Beautiful Feeling." Then he might continue through town into the open rangeland and see no other human being for the next twenty-five miles.

Actually, if the driver was from Oregon he would probably be able to interpret the sight he saw, for by January of 1983 most Oregonians had heard of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the Indian guru with red-clad followers and twenty-seven Rolls-Royces. A year and a half earlier, "the red people" had paid six million dollars for the Big Muddy Ranch, in Wasco and Jefferson Counties, which was one of the biggest ranches in Central Oregon: a hundred square miles of dry hills and canyons sloping down to the John Day River. They had come from Poona, India, via Montclair, New Jersey. At first, just a few of them had come to farm the land; then more and more had arrived. Now there were six hundred "red people" living on the Big Muddy Ranch; and the town they had incorporated, Rajneeshpuram, was the largest town in the area next to Madras (population 2,260). The Rajneeshee had also taken over the tiny town of Antelope, twenty miles west of them, buying most of the properties and electing a city council of their own people, and creating a good deal of ill feeling in the process. In addition, they had bought a hotel and a combined restaurant and night club in Portland. Many people thought they were some kind of sex cult, but this was not clear. The guru did not speak in public anymore. The ranch was run by a thirty-three-year-old Indian woman called Ma Anand Sheela, the guru's personal secretary, but most of the disciples were Westerners—Americans and Europeans—with a great deal of money and the best lawyers in the state.

I first heard of the Rajneeshee in March of 1983, while visiting at a university near Salem, in the Willamette Valley. Several of the professors were fascinated by them, and one had taken a bus trip, four hours out and four hours back, to visit the ranch. The Rajneeshee did not seem to fit any of the usual cult patterns; for instance, they gave guided tours. Moreover, they were not kids but adults, and many of them were well-educated professional people: accountants, doctors, lawyers, even professors. In the beginning, they were thought to be dirt farmers, but now they seemed to be building a model city for themselves out on the range. They were already farming some hundreds of acres with modern equipment, and they were building housing, roads, and an airstrip. The scale of the enterprise was extraordinary. The Rajneeshee said they had already put some thirty million dollars into the development—and, apparently, that was only the beginning. They had seriously alienated their neighbors, but that—in the professors' view—was perhaps inevitable, for there were a lot of fundamentalists in Central Oregon, who couldn't be expected to take to an Indian guru.



On the other hand, they seemed to go out of their way to create publicity and to make trouble for themselves. For example, they had given the press a photograph of twenty-one Rolls-Royces standing all in a row. Then, Sheela had given an invocation before the state legislature, and that, naturally, had stirred some people up. It was not at all clear why the Rajneeshee did such things.

Controversy, I later discovered, had surrounded the Rajneeshee ever since their arrival in the state. The main point of contention was Antelope. Just three months after they moved onto the ranch, 1000 Friends of Oregon, a public-interest group dedicated to maintaining the strict Oregon land-use laws, had told them they would fight any effort to construct buildings on agricultural land which were not intended for farm use. The Rajneeshee had responded by buying properties in the nearest township—or "city," in Oregon law—for residential and commercial purposes. The forty residents of Antelope, most of them retired people, had refused to give permits for commercial development. Sued by the Rajneeshee, they had tried to disincorporate the town, but the Rajneeshee had outmaneuvered them by bringing in enough of their own people to outvote them in an election. The disputes continued until, in the next election, in November of 1982, the Rajneeshee voted most of the older residents off the city council and replaced them with their own people. The Rajneeshee had acted legally—they were well within their rights—but what many people in the area saw was a large and powerful group imposing its will on a few elderly people who lacked the money and the legal sophistication to fight back.

"It's nothing, really, Mr. Phelps. I had just never heard of a place called the Prussian Tea Room before."

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The drama had not ended there. Since taking over Antelope, the Rajneeshee had been engaged in a new series of legal struggles. Wasco County had given them permission to incorporate a "city" on the ranch, but the local ranchers and 1000 Friends were now challenging the incorporation, on the ground that the county had not submitted it to state land-use-planning scrutiny. If the Rajneeshee lost, they might have to tear their city down. Then, in late December of 1982, the Portland office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service had issued orders denying Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh permanent-resident status, and his disciples were now fighting his deportation to India. In addition, they were preparing their response to a suit, visible on the horizon, on the issue of whether the municipal status of their commune violated the religious-establishment clause of the Constitution. By mid-May, the Rajneeshee, for their part, were suing two of their neighbors for defamation and the former Antelope city council for discrimination. All in all, there were fifteen lawsuits in process.

After Antelope, too, the Rajneeshee had become a major political issue in the state. In another state—New York or California, say—even six hundred red-clad people might disappear into the variegated human landscape, and the fate of forty householders might be a day's story. But Oregon, though it covers ninety-seven thousand square miles, has a population of only three million; and it has a very well-developed sense of its own identity. Public-spirited and relatively homogeneous, Oregonians behave in many ways like the citizens of a single town—or two towns, really: one in the Willamette Valley, with its green fields and its string of universities, and the other in the dry wheat fields and rangeland east of the Cascades. In the spring of 1983, every state legislator had to have a position on the Rajneeshee. They had many defenders, particularly in the universities, but their Antelope victory had turned many people against them. In the Willamette Valley, they provoked interest and concern, but in Wasco and Jefferson Counties they were fighting the nearest thing to a range war.

Strangely, in spite of all this contro-

"Let the minutes show that Mr. Langster took umbrage."

• •

versy the Rajneeshee remained quite mysterious to Oregonians. When I returned to Oregon to visit the ranch, in May of 1983, the press was running two or three stories a week on them. And when the stories were put together they yielded rather little information about the nature of the group or the substance of Rajneeshee beliefs. The guru apparently had many followers all over the world. (Ma Anand Sheela gave figures ranging between two and three hundred thousand.) In India, he had had an ashram, but not a conventional one. A documentary film about it distributed in Oregon showed orange-robed figures around the feet of the guru behaving like a lot of highly charged Pentecostals. It also showed groups of naked Westerners in "therapy" sessions, shaking uncontrollably, hitting one another, and engaging in various forms of group sex. When the film first appeared in Oregon theatres, journalists had quoted Sheela as saying that these therapies were not practiced anymore. Apparently, no one had asked what these therapies had to do with Hinduism, or any other kind of Indian religion. "Bhagwan" meant "God" or "the Blessed One," depending on the translation. All the disciples had Hindi or Sanskrit names, but the ranch settlement was called a commune, not an ashram: the Rajneesh Neo-Sannyas International Commune. The Rajneeshee said that it was a "Buddhafield," in which a special energy flowed. Since the day the guru arrived in Oregon, the only thing he had said for publication was that a nuclear war would break out in the nineteen-nineties, and that only the commune would survive, its members finding shelter in caves in the hills.

Talking to journalists, politicians, and officials in Portland and Salem, I found that there were not just two views of the Rajneeshee but an extraordinary variety of opinions, crisscrossing political lines. Not only did the fundamentalists view the Rajneeshee with hostility but there were liberals who thought them a powerful and dangerous group, who would stop at nothing to achieve their own, possibly sinister ends. At the other end of the spectrum were people who saw the Rajneeshee as spiritual pioneers attempting to create a model coöperative society, and running afoul of religious bigotry. Between these extremes were liberals and conservatives who thought of the Rajneeshee as an original and interesting group with something to contribute to Oregon, and others who saw them as a laughable gathering of aging sixties dropouts who were making themselves a pain in the neck. Even those people who had visited the ranch (and by now quite a few had) could not agree on the nature of the enterprise—or even, sometimes, on what they had seen. Two agricultural experts, for instance, had visited the ranch on separate occasions, and one had seen a productive farm and a model of environmental planning, while the other had seen a farm that would never pay for itself and a potential threat to the ecology of the region. Most journalists now visited it as they might visit a Chinese commune, hesitating, weighing one thing against another, reporting the information given to them by their guides, and then expressing some skepticism. All in all, it was as if the state had swallowed a large foreign body and were ruminating on it, wondering whether it would be digestible or not.

Of course, in the context of Central Oregon Rajneeshpuram was somewhat outlandish. Even the name was outlandish, since Madras, pronounced "*Mad*-ris," had lost whatever association it once had with the Indian city. Then, too, the settlement lay in cowboy country and the landscape of Hollywood Westerns. Ninety miles south of the Columbia River, the foothills of the Blue Mountains rear up out of the wheatland, and from there on it is open range, where deer and elk, and even antelope, roam. Rivers cutting their way through soft volcanic rock have left dramatic, towering cliffs, buttes, and tabletops. The dry hills are covered with sage and juniper, and the slanting afternoon light turns them purple and blue. The ranchers irrigate the land along the rivers, but it takes perhaps a hundred acres to feed a single head of cattle in the hills. On the main road through this country are signs for Shaniko, Antelope, Fossil, and Horse Heaven—towns that flourished during the gold rush and the short, ill-fated period of homesteading that followed. In the nineteenth century, the ranchers used to ride an hour and a half in to their feed stores, general stores, and blacksmith shops. Now that the ranchers can drive an hour and a half to the supermarkets and trucking depots of Madras, these towns are ghost towns, or almost ghost towns.

Antelope, I discovered, lay fifty miles northeast of Madras, in a small oasis of green trees. It was just two streets of frame houses with lawns in front, two churches, a school, and a café. A horse in a back pasture might be switching its tail against the flies, and cattle might be moving slowly over a far hillside. Otherwise, there wasn't much activity. The café, a low white frame building with an ancient gas pump beside it, looked like a study in Western realism except that it had a sign over the window reading "RAJNEESH ZORBA THE BUDDHA RESTAURANT." Inside were hanging plants and little handmade lacquered wooden tables around the old café bar; on the walls were shelves of herbal teas and organic preserves, shelves of mystical literature, and pictures of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, a man with large, liquid eyes and a long white beard. When I went in to ask directions for Rajneeshpuram, a young woman in a pink sweatsuit was standing behind the counter making an avocado-and-alfalfa-sprout sandwich while another young woman, in red denims, waited on tables. Both had long strings of wooden beads around their necks with wooden-framed pictures of the guru hanging from them. Two brawny men in jeans and work shirts were sitting rather uncomfortably at one of the little tables talking in low voices; they had come, I guessed, because there wasn't another café for twenty-five miles. When I asked for directions, one of the young women walked outside with me and pointed out a road winding up the hillside across the valley: "Four miles up there on the macadam, then take the dirt road to your right—you'll see the sign. Then go ten miles and make a left and keep on that road." She paused, and then said darkly, "The signs have bullet holes in them."

RAJNEESHPURAM turned out to be a full forty minutes' drive from Antelope, across a three-thousand-foot range of hills, four miles on macadam and fifteen on dirt roads. There were,

"Hate your tie!
Love your shoes!
See you Tuesday."

Perhaps
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sought after, and shamelessly imitated
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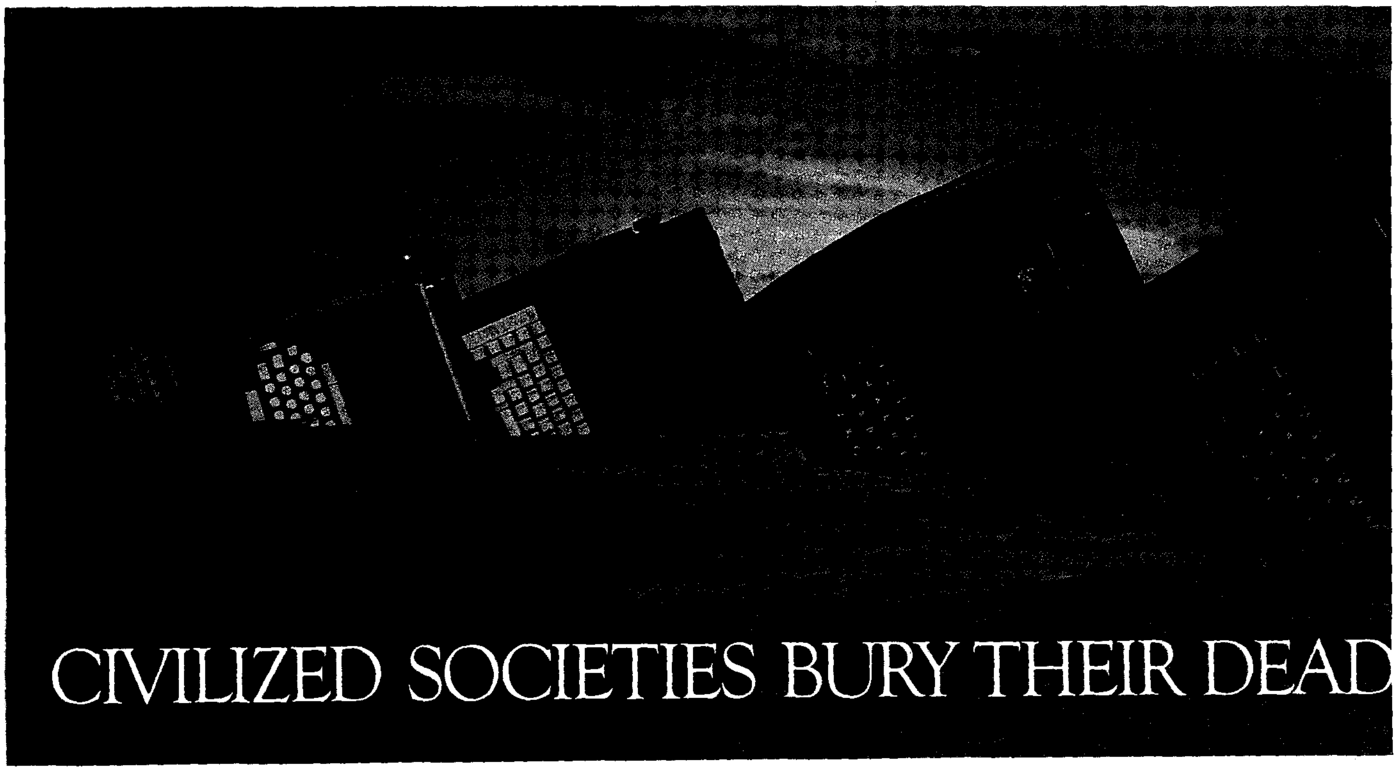
I noticed, no bullet holes in the signs for Rajneeshpuram but plenty in the stop signs, where they usually are in this part of the country. At the crest of the range were two pillars with inscriptions on them, one in English, the other in Sanskrit. The English inscription read:

I go to the feet of the Awakened One
I go to the feet of the Commune of the Awakened One
I go to the feet of the Ultimate Truth of the Awakened One

A little farther on was a sign reading "Welcome to Rancho Rajneesh—Visitors Welcome." Above it, two flags flew, one American and one Rajneeshee—two doves on a red-and-white background. A young man in a pink police uniform waved me on past a flatbed truck carrying a Caterpillar tractor. The road wound down the hill under a series of remarkable volcanic-rock formations—thin pillars of lava with heavy overhangs that looked like mushrooms sliced in half. The road narrowed, and another sign read "Essentially a One-Lane Road." Circumnavigating a man-made lake, it came at last to the head of a large canyon—a valley, really—completely hidden away in the hills.

The valley was an astonishing sight in the midst of that empty rangeland. From some slight elevation above it, I could see two big Caterpillar bulldozers and a backhoe at work, and, beyond them, a line of traffic—yellow school buses, trucks, and automobiles—moving around a system of roads. Driving down the canyon, I passed a dirt airstrip with a hangar and five aircraft sitting out in front of it: a DC-3, a Mitsubishi executive jet, and three light propeller planes. Beyond that was a machine shop, and next to it was a small factory under a shed roof, with a big pile of lumber beside it. Red-clad figures were carrying lumber, stacking wooden platforms, and lifting what looked like a small A-frame house onto the back of a flatbed truck. The roads converged on an old farmhouse and two big gray barns—clearly the original ranch buildings. The barns now fronted on what looked like the main street of a gold-rush town. There were people everywhere and a near traffic jam of vehicles, their transmissions straining, plowing their way through viscous mud. Bearded men in red denims, along with women in red jeans and parkas, were rocking one of the trucks out of a rut. Down the street, past some trailers, were new wooden buildings in various stages of construction. There more red-clad people were pouring concrete for the floor of a building; others were putting up roof beams or nailing shingles onto a roof.

I stopped at a trailer marked "Mirdad—Information," and found Veena, a sun-frosted blonde with big blue eyes and a soft English voice. I had talked with Veena on the phone before coming, and she had sent me a press packet with slickly printed brochures and copies of newspaper articles favorable to the Rajneeshee. She and four or five other attractive young women, known as Twinkies, dealt with the press and the stream of visitors coming to the ranch. She offered to take me on a tour—her fourth of the day, it turned out. Before me, there had been two busloads of senior citizens and a busload of college students doing "in-depth" studies on the Rajneeshee. She had a phone call, and I waited while she told a journalist on the other end of the line that Bhagwan had never said there would be ten thousand people on the ranch by 1990; he did not speak, she said, so there was no way he could have said that.



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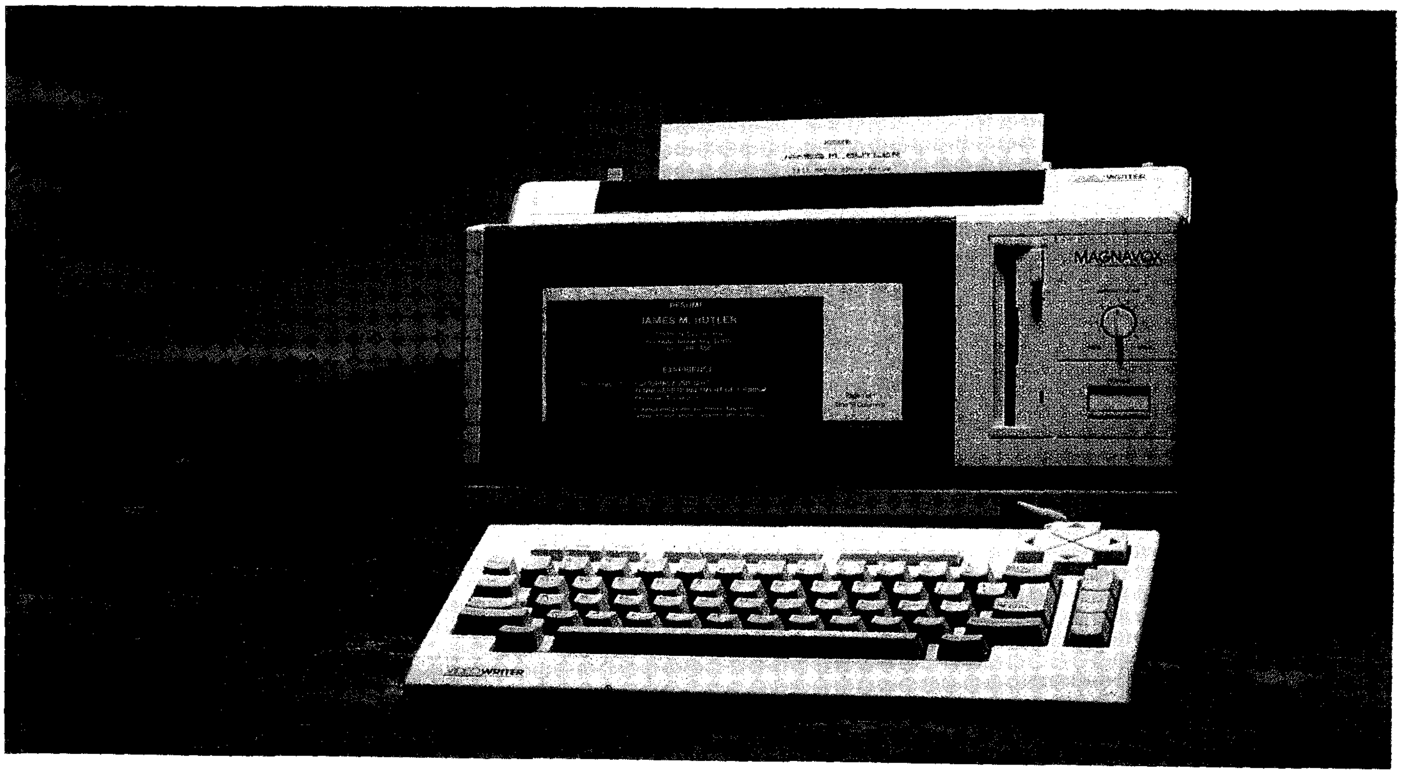
She repeated this patiently four times.

"This is Jesus Grove," Veena said, negotiating her big Blazer jeep through the crowds on the main street. "Each part of the ranch is named after a saint. There's Buddha Grove, the Magdalena, Siddhartha, Zarathustra Drive, Alan Watts, and here's Walt Whitman Grove. We had some trouble finding an American saint." She explained that the old ranch house was a vegetarian restaurant for visitors and disciples—or sannyasins, as she called them, using the Hindi name. The settlement had begun just around it, with trailers and mobile homes. By now there were eight hundred sannyasins on the ranch, and more to come shortly. They were building out into adjacent canyons—on nonarable land within the city limits. "Most of the building you see going on here now is for the Master's Day Festival," she said. "We're expecting fifteen thousand people for Bhagwan's darshan in the first week of July."

Veena pointed out a post office and trailers housing a planning office and a city hall. At the end of the main street, another canyon opened up, its entire floor covered with construction. Four long wooden buildings were near completion, and foundations were being laid for two more; beyond them, a tent city was going up for the festival visitors. Sannyasins, perhaps a hundred of them, were laying out platforms for the tents, digging postholes, pouring concrete, and fitting windows. Most of them appeared to be in their thirties, but there were a few in their twenties and some older people as well—all of them dressed in various shades of red, with malas, or wooden prayer beads, around their necks. The men were bronzed and bearded, the women rosy-cheeked, with their hair flying. Handsome and healthy-looking, they appeared to work in a kind of good-humored chaos. Couples here and there were hugging each other and joking; a woman ran across the road and leaped, laughing, into the arms of a man there. "There's one of the architects," Veena said, pointing out a bearded man in jeans who was pounding a nail into the roof of one of the unfinished buildings. "We've got a lot of extraordinary people here. That one"—she indicated a man carrying boards over his shoulder—"was a professor of literature. And that one over there, with the notebook, makes the most beautiful dulcimers."

Veena's tour of the ranch proper began with the water-conservation projects. The lake I had seen on the way down turned out to be a forty-five-acre reservoir held by a four-hundred-foot earth dam. In the summer, Veena said, the lake would be used for swimming and boating—there was so much water around. Up in a nearby canyon was a series of open pits built as a natural sewage-treatment plant. The canyon lay in Jefferson County, however, and the county officials would permit them to use the plant only for the festival, and not the year round. "Bureaucratic snarls," Veena said. "So stupid. It would allow us to save hundreds of thousands of gallons of water for irrigation." Looking up from one of the pits, she waved her hand at a distant hilltop. "Over there we'll put our crematorium. Wasco County has just given us permission to build it."

We drove down the main canyon alongside a creek, Veena pointing out check dams that had been built to slow the course of the water, and juniper cuttings that had been put in to fortify the eroded banks. In many places, the banks were now thick with vegetation. "You'd be amazed how much greener



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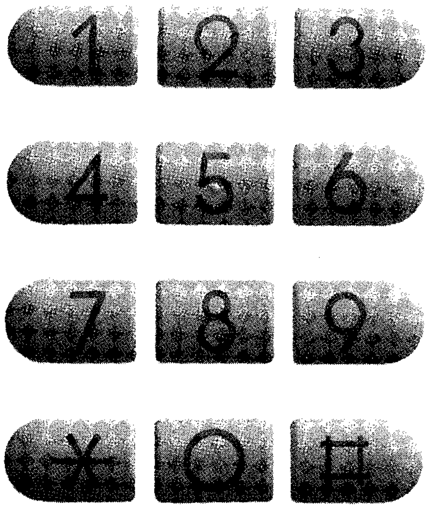
it's got in two years," Veena said. Past the center of Rajneeshpuram, the canyon opened out into an expanse of irrigated fields along the John Day River. We passed several greenhouses and stopped at a dairy, where a row of sleek Holsteins stood in a concrete-floored milking shed. Across the road was a poultry farm with the same expensive, well-cared-for look. A large, airy shed housed two thousand Rhode Island Reds, and in A-frame chicken coops beside it were a variety of exotic fowl, including several peacocks and two emus. The emus, Veena explained, were used to keep off the coyotes. Down the road, on the riverbank, was a fifty-acre market garden, with neatly plowed furrows. Like the dairy and the poultry farm, it resembled something conceived and maintained by an agricultural school. In the distance I could see several sannyasins working with a truck and a tractor; nearby, where the rows were already green with lettuce and spinach, several more were raking and weeding. "Work is our worship," Veena said. "We sannyasins work twelve to sixteen hours a day. But it doesn't seem like work. It's our meditation. And Bhagwan taught us that work is play."

Veena did not speak about the spiritual aspect of the ranch very often on our trip—possibly because visitors found the material achievements easier to assimilate, and certainly because water and land use were now the main issues for the commune in state politics. Most of her remarks, I later discovered, fitted into the Rajneeshee counterargument against charges from the local ranchers and 1000 Friends of Oregon. Veena did, however, point out where the guru lived; it was a compound with several buildings in a grove of juniper and newly planted deciduous trees. "We've built an indoor swimming pool for him, so he can exercise his back," she said. "He has asthma and allergies and a disk problem, and we try to keep him comfortable." In front of the compound was a long, low aluminum building with its doors closed and locked: the garage for the Rolls-Royces.

Our next stop was one of the new housing developments for the sannyasins—a group of small A-frames set into the hillsides of a subsidiary canyon. With space for just two single beds, each A-frame was neatly made, with a window, a heater, air-conditioning, and carpeting on the floor. The structures, Veena explained, were



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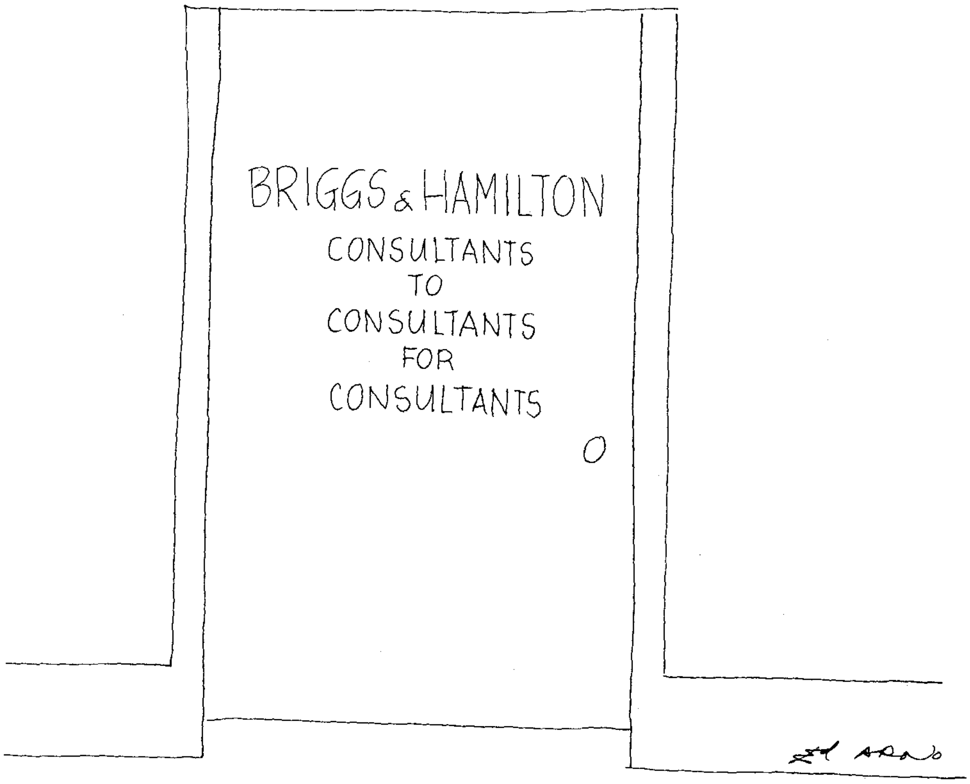
an invention of a Rajneeshee designer. After the previous summer's festival, the Rajneeshee had hundreds of tent platforms but no housing for the new permanent residents, and someone had figured out a way to put three tent platforms together to make a house. In this complex, the A-frames had electricity but no water, so there were bath and toilet facilities in a central building at the mouth of the canyon. In the newer complexes, the designers had put four A-frames together on a single platform and added two bathrooms in the middle to serve the four.

We went next to the Magdalena, a big building, on the main street, that housed a communal kitchen and dining room for those who worked on the ranch. Commune members took all three meals there, coming in from their sleeping places or workplaces in the yellow school buses, which plied regular routes around the ranch. When we arrived, twenty-odd sannyasin cooks were setting out the evening meal: ratatouille, meatless lasagna, fresh asparagus, tofu, cheese, homemade bread, and a variety of salads. The head cook, an ebullient young woman with a mass of curly blond hair, said that the asparagus had been bought from a local supplier but all the other vegetables were homegrown. She showed us around the kitchen, pointing out a creamery and a professional baker's oven. "We make everything," she said. "Brioches, croissants, cheesecake—you name it." Opening the oven, she showed us dozens of loaves of bread—nut bread, oatmeal bread, whole-wheat bread, and one particularly good-looking loaf that had a ticket on it marked "Bhagwan." As we left, the sannyasins were just beginning to come in for dinner. Leaving their coats and shoes in a mudroom outside, they joined the chow line and then took their plastic trays to long Formica refectory tables in the dining room. A young woman served three kinds of draft beer, and against one wall were containers of coffee, tea, and fruit juice. On another wall was a shelf with a few dog-eared magazines, and a bulletin board with recent newspaper clippings on Rajneeshpuram. There was also something that looked like a suggestion box but was, Veena explained, a mailbox where sannyasins could drop their letters for the guru. I asked if they got answers. Yes, she said, often they did.

Back on the main street, we went into a new building with a wood-panelled interior. One side of it was occupied by a boutique selling fashionable and fairly expensive sports clothes—jumpsuits, jogging suits, parkas, sundresses, and so on, all of them, of course, in shades of red. "Sannyasins love to dress well," Veena said, fingering a delicate little jersey. Now that she mentioned it, I remembered that quite a few of the sannyasins had been wearing designer jeans. Just outside the boutique was a gift shop with postcards of the ranch and trinkets of various kinds, most of them decorated with the Rajneeshee symbol—two doves—or pictures of the guru. "We call him Bhagwan, not *the* Bhagwan," Veena said. There were also many books for sale—almost all of them books by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. On the other side of the building was a large, handsomely appointed room with a bar and a dance floor. In the daytime, it served as a lounge and a snack bar; at night, it was a discothèque. "Visitors always ask me what we do for entertainment up here," Veena said. "They mostly want to know what we do without television. I tell them that we don't have any leisure time—and it's true. If you work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, all you want to do is go to bed. But now that we have this disco, it's full almost every night. Sannyasins love to dance, and there's a lot of energy here. You can just feel it."

At that moment, only two people were using the room: a man and a woman drinking Perrier and laying out tarot cards.

IN the next ten days, I commuted between Rajneeshpuram and Madras, talking both with the Rajneeshee and with their neighbors in Central Oregon. The state of hostilities between the two was now such that driving between them was like commuting across Belfast. The faceoff between the Rajneeshee and the Jimenez group had not ended in violence, but, according to Michael C. Sullivan, the district attorney of Jefferson County, it had come very close to doing so. For four days, the police had watched the truckers gather and the pickup-truck cowboys stalk about spoiling for a fight. Finally, the Rajneeshee leaders had come to Sullivan for help, and he had negotiated a settlement: the Conservative Baptists would stop demonstrating if Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh would stop driving to the weigh station every afternoon. Sullivan, a graduate of Washington University, in St. Louis, and a man of unusual intellectual detachment, could find no humor in the situation, even now. The Jimenez group, he said, did not speak for most people in Madras. A Methodist minister and a Catholic monsignor had spoken out against violence and religious intolerance while the trouble was going on. All the same, the demonstrations testified to the degree of emotion in the two counties. Since then, there had been no incidents,



but the opposition had taken shape politically. Three separate citizens' committees had formed to organize against the Rajneeshee, and one had brought a thousand people to a protest meeting. Most of the local politicians had turned against the Rajneeshee, and in Jefferson County, smaller and more rural than Wasco County, Sullivan was now the only elected official who kept the lines of communication open with them, always in the hope of averting trouble.

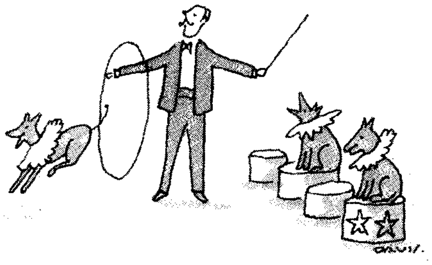
The Rajneeshee explained this welling up of hostility toward them as "mere bigotry," and there was no doubt that religious intolerance played a part in it. One of the citizens' groups was circulating a petition for a ballot initiative asking state officials to drive this "alien cult" out of Oregon. The Reverend Mr. Mardo Jimenez, when I went to see him, told me he thought that the guru was possessed by the Devil. Jimenez, a Honduran by birth, who had come to Oregon in 1978 to minister to Hispanic migrant workers and just the year before had gained citizenship—the status so much desired by the guru—said, however, that this was a purely theological formulation, which he did not expect everyone to accept. He had other objections. In the first place, he said, the Rajneeshee were immoral people, who engaged in orgies and wanted to destroy the institution of marriage; in the second place, they were cultists, who surrendered their personalities and mental powers to a man they called God; third, they had political and territorial ambitions in the two counties, and perhaps in the state.

Like Jimenez, other people in the area had more than religious objections to the Rajneeshee. The Rajneeshpuram city plan now projected a population of three thousand seven hundred by 1995. That was a lot of people, given the fact that there were only twelve thousand people in all of Jefferson County and twenty-two thousand in Wasco County. The ranchers would have objected to the creation of any settlement that size: water was scarce in the rangeland, and they liked the country the way it was. But with the Rajneeshee there were political problems as well. Almost all the disciples were of voting age, and in the last election the three hundred Rajneeshee voters had voted en bloc for all candidates. With three thousand-odd voters, they could influence, if not dictate, the result of any election in one or, perhaps, two counties.

A number of the ranchers told me that they couldn't care less what the Rajneeshee believed in, but that now, after two years, they did not trust them and did not like them. In the beginning, the Rajneeshee had said that they were a rural commune and all they wanted was to farm the land. Then they had said they would not move their people into Antelope. Then they had said they had no interest in staying there. Now you had to wonder whether they did not want to bring more than three thousand seven hundred people to live at the Big Muddy Ranch. There were a lot of broken promises, and, beyond that, the Rajneeshee had treated the Antelope people badly, insulting them—they called them "rednecks" and "ignorant old people"—and harassing them in all kinds of ways. They had photographed them, videotaped their meetings, taken down the license number of every car that came into town. They had said these were precautions against election fraud, but you wouldn't treat older people like that unless you meant to drive them away.

Mike Sullivan told me that he got along very well with the Rajneeshee he had met, and would defend their rights to the end, but that he did not approve of their tactics. He had advised them not to sue their neighbors for libel, and he had advised them to make some gesture of good will toward the community, but they had not followed his advice. Instead, he said, they kept making aggressive demands and acting like big-city people and getting everyone's back up. "Their style is to come in and bang on the table and say, 'If you don't do what we want, we'll sue you.' Well, the county judges here are in their seventies. They're tough old birds who've been through the Second World War, and their attitude is 'So perhaps you confuse me with someone who cares.' "

A few days later, in a Madras restaurant, I ran into Helmer Wallan, one of the judges Sullivan had talked about. A big man, he had powerful arms, which hung at some distance from his torso. One of his hands was bandaged, and there were small unbandaged wounds on his arms and face. A propane-gas tank on his mobile home had blown up the other day, and he had simply walked away from the explosion. Of the Rajneeshee, he said, "They think they can do anything, and so far they have. But we'll find a way to beat them, don't worry." It seemed reasonable to believe him.



The brochures Veena had sent me about Rajneeshpuram were quite specific on certain subjects, such as agricultural production, and quite vague on others, such as the purpose of the whole enterprise. In one of them, Ma Anand Sheela had written:

> Rajneeshpuram is our attempt to give expression to the religious vision of our beloved Master, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. It is our offering to Him, and also a reflection of the love and wisdom which He showers on us.
>
> . . . The work that we are doing here is a united effort by those who love Him to create a beautiful oasis—both material and spiritual—where anyone can come and drink from the fountain of His love, and quench their thirst forever.

The brochure also quoted the guru as saying:

> The idea of the commune is beautiful: people living together in a non-possessive way, neither possessing things nor possessing persons; people living together, creating together, celebrating together, and still allowing each one his own space; people creating a certain climate of meditativeness, of love, of living in that climate.

The prose reared up like the bright wall of a glacier without a single handhold. The only two suggestive details were Sheela's capitalization of "Him" and "His" and the guru's Californian use of the word "space." When Veena had tried to explain the commune, steering her jeep between potholes or picking her way through the mud by the dairy barn, her words were a reflecting glass. "The ranch is a Buddhafield," she had said. "You can just feel the energy here." And "He teaches us to be conscious, to be aware. How do we feel about Him? Well, it's like falling in love with someone, only more so." When I asked her how decisions were made on the ranch, she said, "There's no system, really. We work together and things happen spontaneously."

The odd thing about it was that Veena was otherwise wholly articulate and down to earth. Furthermore, the ranch was anything but a spaced-out-flower-child operation. The Rajneeshee had achieved an extraordinary amount in less than two years—and with very little outside labor. They had begun with sixty-four thousand acres and some federal land, most of it of very poor quality; overgrazed by sheep in decades past, the ranch had not been worked profitably for twenty years. (For the past ten years, it had belonged to a real-estate trust.) Since July of 1981, the Rajneeshee had cleared three thousand acres and, they said, had planted winter wheat, sunflowers, vegetables, vines, and fruit trees. They had built a three-hundred-and-fifty-million-gallon reservoir, fourteen irrigation systems, with underground pipes taking the water to the fields, and several artesian wells for drinking water. Their truck farm now provided ninety per cent of all the vegetables consumed on the ranch; their poultry farm and dairy produced all the necessary milk and eggs. The infrastructure for the city now included a ten-megawatt electrical substation, an urban-use sewer system, a telephone and computer communications center, and eighty-five school buses—or the fourth-largest public-transportation system in the state of Oregon. They had started with a single farmhouse, and now had a quarter of a million square feet of buildings. With thirty-eight new residential quadriplexes, they could house a thousand people over the coming winter. The tent city they were building would accommodate fifteen thousand people for the week of the Master's Day Festival.

For all the speed of this development, the Rajneeshee had clearly done a good deal of careful environmental planning. One of the main worries of the local ranchers was that the Rajneeshee would use up so much water they would lower the water table throughout the region. According to the Oregon State Water Resources Department, however, the ranch had its own aquifer—independent of those of the neighboring ranches—and the Rajneeshee had done enough water-conservation work that it would be adequate to their needs for the foreseeable future. In addition to the big dam, the Rajneeshee had constructed a hundred and forty small check dams on the major creeks and had built up the creeks' eroded banks so that vegetation and wildlife were returning to the canyons. On their farm, the Rajneeshee were experimenting with crop rotation to minimize the use of chemical fertilizers; they had acquired eight new types of legumes from the University of Idaho College of Agricul-

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ture to rotate with winter wheat. On their truck farm, they were alternating rows of vegetables and flowers to reduce the need for pesticides. They had also put a good deal of effort into waste disposal. Every day, teams collected bottles, aluminum cans, paper, and other waste materials from all the buildings and took them to the ranch recycling plant. And, in spite of the fact that all the construction made the city alternately a mud hole and a dust bowl, the Rajneeshee kept all the buildings and the equipment remarkably clean. In the first year, the buildings had been makeshift and the housing crowded and uncomfortable, but now the Rajneeshee were giving more attention to the amenities: the new buildings were carpeted, and varnished wood panelling gave them the look of ski-lodge condos.

According to the Rajneeshee, the total cost of their operations in Oregon now hovered somewhere around fifty million dollars. Where all this money came from was, of course, the question. Ma Prem Savita, the head accountant for the ranch, told me that the Rajneeshee had a financial structure consisting of three major elements: the Rajneesh Foundation International, or "church," of which Sheela was the president; the Rajneesh Investment Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of the foundation, run by Sheela's husband, Jayananda, the former John Shelfer, of New Jersey; and the Rajneesh Neo-Sannyas International Commune, whose officers were all commune members. According to Savita, only the foundation was tax-exempt, but it had few assets; its main economic activity was the sale of Rajneeshee books and tapes. From this it had grossed a million dollars in the past year. The Investment Corporation owned all the long-term assets, including the Portland hotel and restaurant and the ranch, and paid taxes on them. The commune was a uniquely American coöperative structure of a type that had been created initially for the Shakers and subsequently used by groups whose members did not receive wages and did not make profits. Though not-for-profit at the corporate level, it was taxable through its members—something like a partnership. The commune ran all the businesses, on and off the ranch, and paid the running expenses, including the lease of the ranch from the Investment Corporation. The commune was now bringing in some money, Savita said, but most of the

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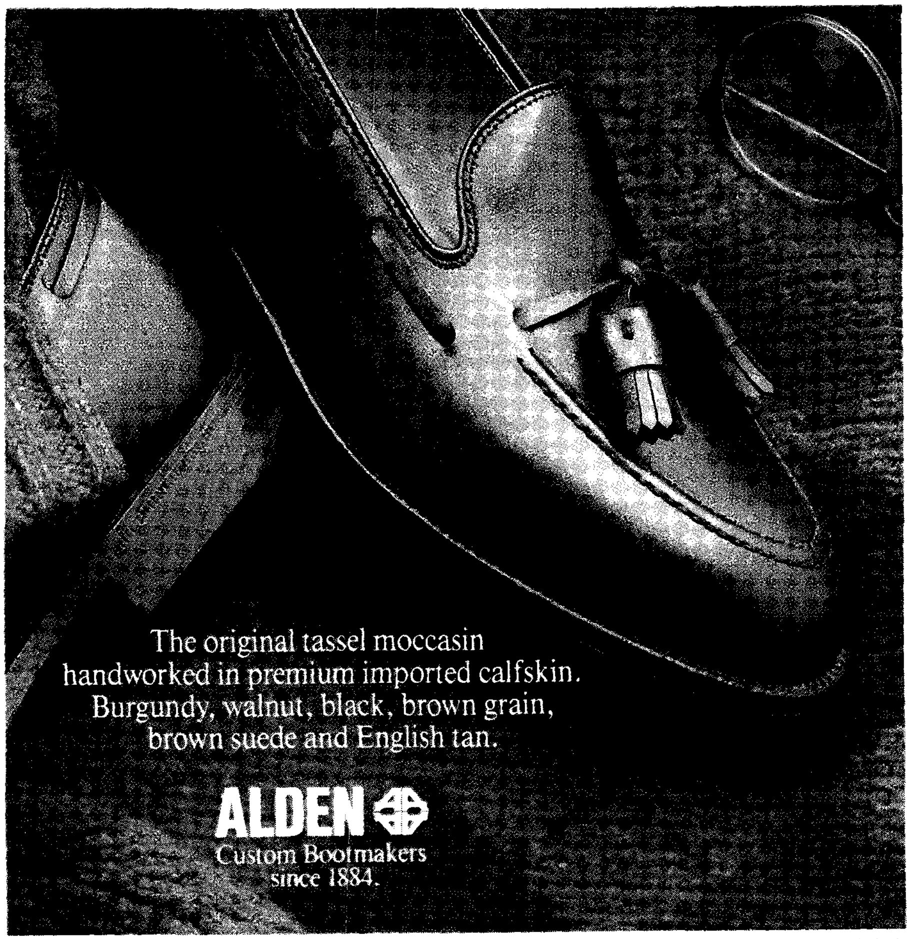
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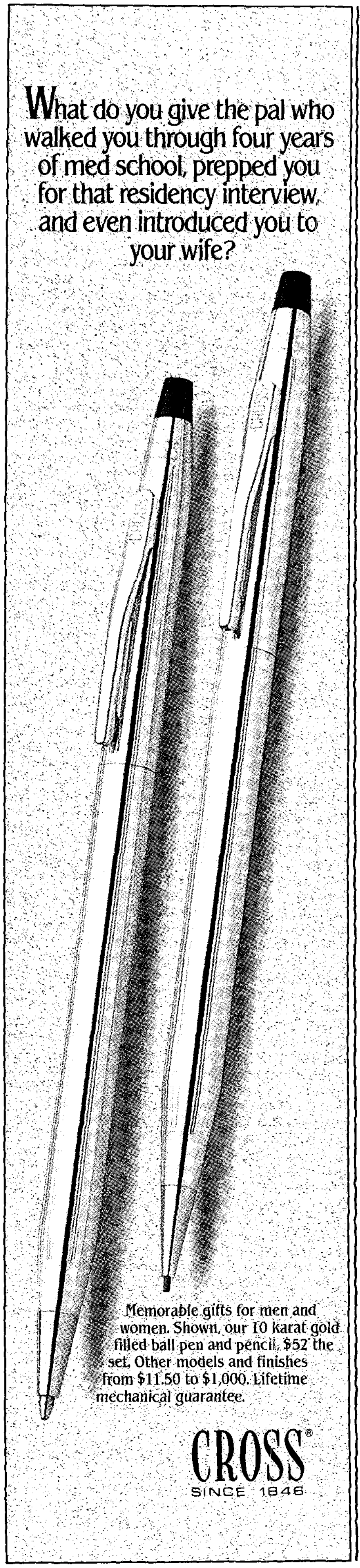
fifty million had come from non-tax-exempt loans to the Investment Corporation and donations to the foundation and the commune. The donations, she said, were usually between five dollars and twenty-five thousand dollars, but some were much larger.

Savita, who had created this rather elegant structure, was an accountant by training. Most of the Rajneeshee managers were professionals in their fields. For example, the city planner, Swami Deva Wadud, had been a successful practicing psychic for six years before coming to the ranch, but before that he had been a city planner in San Mateo and San Luis Obispo, California. He had a B.A. from the architecture school of the University of Michigan and an M.A. from the Harvard Graduate School of Design. The farm coördinator, Neehar, was an Australian with a Ph.D. in linguistic philosophy. He had run a farm in Australia for a number of years and, along the way, had picked up a working knowledge of plant biology and riparian ecology. The head of the dairy farm was a former dairy farmer from Wales, and the head of the kitchen was a professional nutritionist. The coördinator of the water systems, Swami Anand Videh, told me he was strictly an amateur at what he did—he had had to learn on the ranch what he knew about sewer systems. But he had a degree from Harvard in visual and environmental studies, and his office was staffed by professional geologists and engineers. The head of the personnel department and president of the commune, Ma Yoga Vidya, was a former systems analyst for I.B.M. and Univac. A South African, she had graduated from the University of South Africa with honors in math and then had studied computer science at the University of London.

The other departments on the ranch—legal, publications, and so on—were staffed with people of equally impressive credentials. Swami Prem Niren, who headed the legal team, had been a partner of the influential California firm of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Tunney, in Los Angeles. He was thirty-seven years old, charming and intelligent, and was teaching himself constitutional law. His wife, Ma Prem Isabel, who ran public relations, might, most journalists agreed, have done P.R. for any large corporation. A Chilean of French extraction, she had gone to college and then worked her way around the world, spending two years with the Polynesian tourist bu-

Paul Stuart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reau in Tahiti. The chief lobbyist for the group, Ma Mary Catherine, was an Oregonian with a Ph.D. from Yale and a decade of experience in Portland city politics.

That the Rajneeshee were a fairly rarefied group of people might have been deduced by any visitor from the sign "ESSENTIALLY A ONE-LANE ROAD." Just how rarefied they were the mayor of Rajneeshpuram, Krishna Deva, gave me to understand the first time I talked with him. A tall, handsome man in his mid-thirties, with a trimmed black beard, Krishna Deva, known as K.D., was the former David Knapp, of Santa Monica, California. He was, he told me, a clinical psychologist by training; he had an M.A. from Lone Mountain College, in San Francisco, and had worked with handicapped students at Santa Monica City College. For his Ph.D. dissertation, at the Fielding Institute, in Santa Barbara, he had done a study on three hundred American Rajneesh disciples in Poona. "There are various myths about us," K.D. said. "People think that a master-disciple relationship is like a master-slave relationship. They think we are dependent types, avoiding life, avoiding stress and decisions. But I studied three hundred sannyasins, using Abraham Maslow's criteria for the self-actualizing person, and the group rated very high on the independence scale. By and large, the people here on the ranch are people who have had success in worldly terms, and who see themselves as successes. When they came to Bhagwan, they were people in transition. There was some change involved—some openness happened. But they're not dropouts. They're what I call drop-ups."

K.D. went on to explain that this was only natural. "Bhagwan says, 'Religion is a luxury.' That means that your stomach must be full and you must have a sense of self-worth and self-esteem before you can be a truly religious person. Otherwise, prayer is only a plea. To Bhagwan, Mother Teresa is a hoax. The priests and the politicians create the poor."

K.D. did not exaggerate the "success in worldly terms" of the sannyasins. While I was at the ranch, two psychologists from the University of Oregon were completing a survey preparatory to a study they would be doing on the Rajneeshee in Oregon. The results of their survey matched the results of the survey K.D. had done three years before. Then the average age of the disciples was just over thirty; now it was about thirty-four. According to the surveys, eighty per cent of the disciples came from middle-class or upper-middle-class backgrounds; their fathers were, overwhelmingly, professionals or businessmen. Some eighty-three per cent of the Rajneeshee had attended college; two-thirds had bachelor's degrees, and twelve per cent had doctorates. Before coming to Rajneeshpuram, their median income had been twenty thousand dollars. (The sum would have been greater if the survey had excluded those who were working without pay for the guru in Poona.) In addition, K.D.'s survey showed that, by background, a quarter of the American sannyasins were Jewish, a quarter were Catholic, and the rest Protestant. Almost all of them were white, and two-thirds of them had been living on the West Coast.

Making my own informal survey during my first week on the ranch, I gathered that the Rajneeshee included a few former businessmen—notably Sheela's husband, Jayananda—but proportionately fewer of them than one might find on, say, the Los Angeles–San Francisco shuttle. There seemed, on the other hand, to be a fair number of professional people—doctors, lawyers, architects, and the like. One doctor I met was a specialist in pediatric allergies who had taught at the Stanford Medical School. When I asked Veena to introduce me to someone who had recently joined the Rajneeshee, she found me a lawyer who had just quit the William Morris Agency. A lot of people seemed to have come from the so-called caring professions—social work, psychotherapy, and so on. The mayor of Antelope, Ma Prem Karuna, had a Ph.D. in adult education from Boston University. The Rajneeshee included a number of musicians (there were a rock band and a country-and-Western band on the ranch), some dancers, some theatre people, and a good many craftsmen—potters, weavers, silversmiths. An editor of the *Rajneesh Times* was a former Fleet Street journalist, and one of his officemates was a professor of literature from Brandeis. But it seemed to me that there were fewer literary people than visual artists and designers. One afternoon, in the wake of the guru's daily drive through the city, a woman came up and introduced herself as the former art director of the magazine *Ramparts*. Then, there was, I discovered, a large contingent from the world of fashion. One of the few black Americans on the ranch was a young man of striking height and beauty who had been a successful model in New York.

WHILE the backgrounds of the sannyasins went some way toward accounting for the calibre of Rajneeshee operations, they only magnified the larger question of what these people were doing in the wilds of Oregon with a silent guru who had twenty-seven Rolls-Royces. In fact, the sannyasins never saw the guru except when he sallied forth from his house in one of the Rolls-Royces for a drive, as he did punctually at 2 P.M. For these passbys, the sannyasins would line up along the roads and greet him with a namaste, a Hindu greeting that looks like prayer, palms pressed together and beatific expressions on their faces. During my first few days on the ranch, I met parents of three sannyasins who were visiting the ranch and clearly wondering the same thing I was.

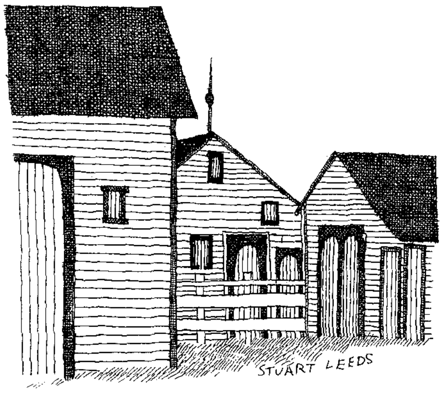
One couple, whom I met while they and I were touring the ranch in a jeep with Ma Prem Isabel and their son, were on their way back home to Westchester after a trip to China. The man wore a form-fitting white shirt, white slacks, and natty white shoes. A retired businessman, he asked Isabel a good many questions requiring numbers for answers: the cost of the farming operations, the yield of the dairy cows, and so on. Isabel gave him the numbers, and he fell silent. His wife said nothing. Finally, he made a remark about China, but when no one took it up he lapsed into silence again. Isabel, undaunted, rattled on about water tables and the way so many parents complained about their children's gaining weight on vegetarian food. The son, aged twenty or so, looked like a prospective yeshiva student; squinched down in the back seat and sweaty with embarrassment, he said nothing for the entire trip.

The second couple I met in the parking lot in front of the information trailer; they had just taken the tour and were on their way to dinner at the ranch's Zorba the Buddha restaurant. They were from Cleveland; the man was a banker—very Wasp, very old-school-tie. Their son was the water coördinator, Videh, who had joined the Rajneeshee just after graduating from Harvard. They talked with nervous enthusiasm about what they had seen on the ranch: Wasn't it amazing what they'd done in so short a time? The woman showed me a pretty purple stole she had bought at the boutique "just so I'll fit in a little bit better." But they seemed not at all anxious to leave the only other person on the ranch who was not wearing pink or red or purple head to toe.

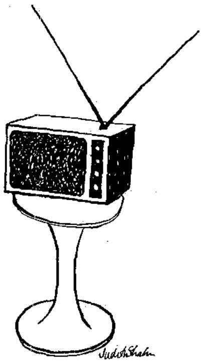
The other parent I talked with was the chairman of the board of a large metropolitan newspaper; she came and went, rather tight-lipped, with a member of the board of 1000 Friends of Oregon.

It was the indefatigable Veena, my first guide at the ranch, who began to make some sense of the Rajneeshee for me. Veena told me the story of her life, just as she told it to all journalists and tourists who asked her about it. Born in England, she had been brought up in South Africa by her divorced mother in Church of England Sunday-school style. She had worked her way through college as a fashion model and then left for England, where she worked on and off as a teacher and an educational psychologist for disturbed kids. That was in the late sixties, and she had hung around with rock groups and fashion people and smoked some dope. "Actually, I was always a little rebel," she said. "There were always a lot of boys, a lot of parties. But otherwise I kept the lid on tight. Finally, I just quit." A boyfriend asked her to go to India with him, so she packed her jeans and went; she dropped him somewhere along the way and hitchhiked through Afghanistan by herself. She didn't much like India (there were so many poor people, so many beggars), but she found another boyfriend and stayed. While she was sitting on a beach in Goa—her hair now down to her waist—an Italian film crew came by and asked her to be in a film about hippies in India. "I could have told them about hippies," she said. "They didn't know very much." One of the women in the crew wore a mala around her neck, and Veena found her extremely nice. "She told me about this extraordinary guru," Veena said. "I didn't pay much attention, because India seemed full of weird gurus and Westerners on strange trips of one sort or another. But sometime later my boyfriend and I were in Bombay on our way back to London with an afternoon off, and he persuaded me to go and see this one. I didn't especially want to go. We went to this high-rise apartment, and I thought, Gurus don't live in high rises. But then there he was—the most fascinating, the most compelling man I'd ever met."

The guru asked Veena to come to a meditation camp he would be holding in a hill station above Bombay within a few weeks. She debated the offer and said no. But later, on the train to New Delhi with her boyfriend, she reconsidered and turned back. Initially, she didn't like the meditation camp. "There were about two hundred Indians there and about thirty white people, and in the meditations people were dancing around and doing all this shouting," she said. She was on her way to the train station when the guru sent a messenger after her asking her to come back. She went back and tried again, but it was no good. Again she tried to leave, and again the guru sent a messenger after her. He talked to her, and urged her to take sannyas—to accept disciplehood. She resisted, but he was compelling, and he offered her a new name—Veena, or "the instrument the gods play on." She had never liked her own name, Sheila Fisher, so eventually she accepted. That was in January of 1972. In March, she went back to England, at the guru's request, to set up a Rajneeshee meditation center. She had worked for him ever since.



Veena's story recalled a time and place far removed from the Oregon rangeland in 1983. In the late sixties, an Afghan rifleman standing on the heights above the Khyber Pass would have seen the beginning of a decade-long procession of Westerners on their way to the East. The hippies came first, hitchhiking and backpacking their way to the hills of Nepal, where the sacred monkeys played around the stupas, and pungent herbs grew within the sound of temple bells. Having passed through Tibetan Buddhist realms, they turned in a caravan south to the subcontinent, where yogis sat naked on hillsides, and smoke from the funeral pyres by the rivers blew around monks chanting the Vedas. Behind the hippies came the photographers and the models, the designers and the rock stars, the filmmakers, the priests and the psychoanalysts, and, behind them, the whole parade of middle-class drifters and luftmenschen, losing or finding themselves in the dense, luxuriant exotica. Americans, Germans, Italians, Australians turned up in dhotis and wearing flowers in their long hair. These magical-mystery tourists discovered sitar music, yogic asanas, and Zen koans; they learned sutras, mantras, and the Upanishads; they developed a taste for mandalas and cultivated the Third Eye. The subcontinent was a vast spiritual marketplace; with its thousands upon thousands of gods, saints, and holy men, it had something for everyone. Austere Freudian analysts found ashrams where they could fast, remain celibate, and sit still for six hours at a time. Jungians found shamans exorcising Technicolor demons from women writhing on the floors of temples. Arica graduates found Sufi masters, neo-Reichians found the Tantra, and hippies found blind holy men with begging bowls. A *Time-Life* photographer found a descendant of Sai Baba, the bhakti mystic, to materialize a roll of color film unavailable in India. The tour was largely unmapped, and for all practical purposes endless, but there were some well-marked stations along the way: the beaches of Goa, the American Express offices, hospitals that specialized in intestinal disorders, and several large, famous ashrams.



The new Western invasion of India was remarkable both for its duration and for the size of its forces. In the mid-seventies, the French consul in New Delhi estimated the number of French in India at a quarter of a million; the consulate, so the Anglo-Indian writer Gita Mehta reported in her book "Karma Cola," had a permanent staff of doctors and psychiatrists to pick up the casualties and fly them back to France. How many Americans went could be calculated roughly by the booty they returned with: the joss sticks, the wind chimes, the chakra diagrams, the vegetable curries, and the books of occult lore. Of course, whole sectors of American society remain quite innocent of even the hatha-yoga asanas. Karmic calculations are rarely made in Rotary Clubs, the Council on Foreign Relations, or the Southern Baptist Conference. But "Kundalini" and "zazen" are common parlance elsewhere, and to most college students the Bhagavad Gita is more familiar than Beowulf.

What was puzzling about the Rajneeshee—what made them so difficult to place—was that their commune bore no resemblance to a monastery or an ashram. American adepts of Eastern religions tend to be particular about the authenticity of their appearance and their practices. In Zen centers, for instance, loose-robed figures pad about, their eyes downcast, their legs slightly bowed from long hours in the lotus position. But the Rajneeshee all had the rugged, healthy allure of California skiers. True, they all wore shades of red and pink and orange —"sunset colors," they called them— but their down coats, jumpsuits, and velour sweatshirts could have walked out of any Marin County boutique: there was a kind of high-touch sensuality about the clothing. Then, instead of meditating in any formal sense they were building—and building, among other things, data-processing systems and discothèques.

The work schedule at the ranch was a rigorous one. Sannyasins went to breakfast at the Magdalena between six and seven in the morning; they then went to their workplaces, returning for lunch at midday and for dinner at seven in the evening. In addition to the meal breaks, there were tea breaks, morning and afternoon, during which tea, juice, fruit, and cake were served in tents near the work sites. At two in the afternoon, the sannyasins would line up along the roadside to watch the guru drive by in one of his Rolls-Royces. Apart from that, they worked all day long, and there were no holidays in the week—Sunday being the day for meetings. The system was that each person had a job to do, and the commune took care of the rest. A kitchen staff prepared the meals each day, and there were people assigned to clean the A-frames and the trailers, and people who washed and ironed clothes. A farm worker or a posthole digger could thus come back each night to a clean room with clean clothes—and no errands. Toothpaste, soap, and other toiletries were provided; so, I was told, was clothing—jeans, T-shirts, and so on —for those who needed it. Those who went off the ranch on business could pick out clothes from a special public-relations wardrobe and could take a commune car.

The fact that each sannyasin had only one job made the work schedule somewhat less onerous than it sounded. Still, sannyasins had very little time to themselves, and because the number of people moving in always seemed to run ahead of the housing available most of them had little privacy. The commune had movies every week or so, and, during the year, a variety of other kinds of entertainment. But there was no television on the ranch and, as yet, no library. Sannyasins could order newspapers, magazines, and books by mail, but most of them read very little, if at all. Apart from Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the most popular author on the ranch was Louis L'Amour.

In the beginning, virtually all the commune members had done manual labor on the farm or on construction sites. Now that the commune was larger and its functions were more diverse, a number practiced the professions they had been trained for: lawyers worked as lawyers, art editors as art editors. But because there were rather more professors than, say, plumbers among the sannyasins, many people still had to do jobs they had not done before. Another psychic—Wadud's wife—was air-traffic controller for the ranch, and an acupuncturist was coördinating the truck depot. The ranch now had a riding stable with a dozen horses for rent to visitors. The wrangler, who sat his horse as well as any local cowboy, told me that he had been a martial-arts instructor and, before that, a novitiate at a Catholic seminary in New York state, having spent an intermediate year studying philosophy and literature at the Sorbonne. Another New Yorker I met, a former Marxist historian, now spent most of his time on the ranch operating one or another of the earth-moving machines. He preferred that, he said, to teaching school—his first assignment at Rajneeshpuram—and was getting pretty good at it. So were his six women colleagues, one of whom also worked as a belly dancer in the Portland night club.

While most sannyasins picked up their new tasks quickly, a few of them

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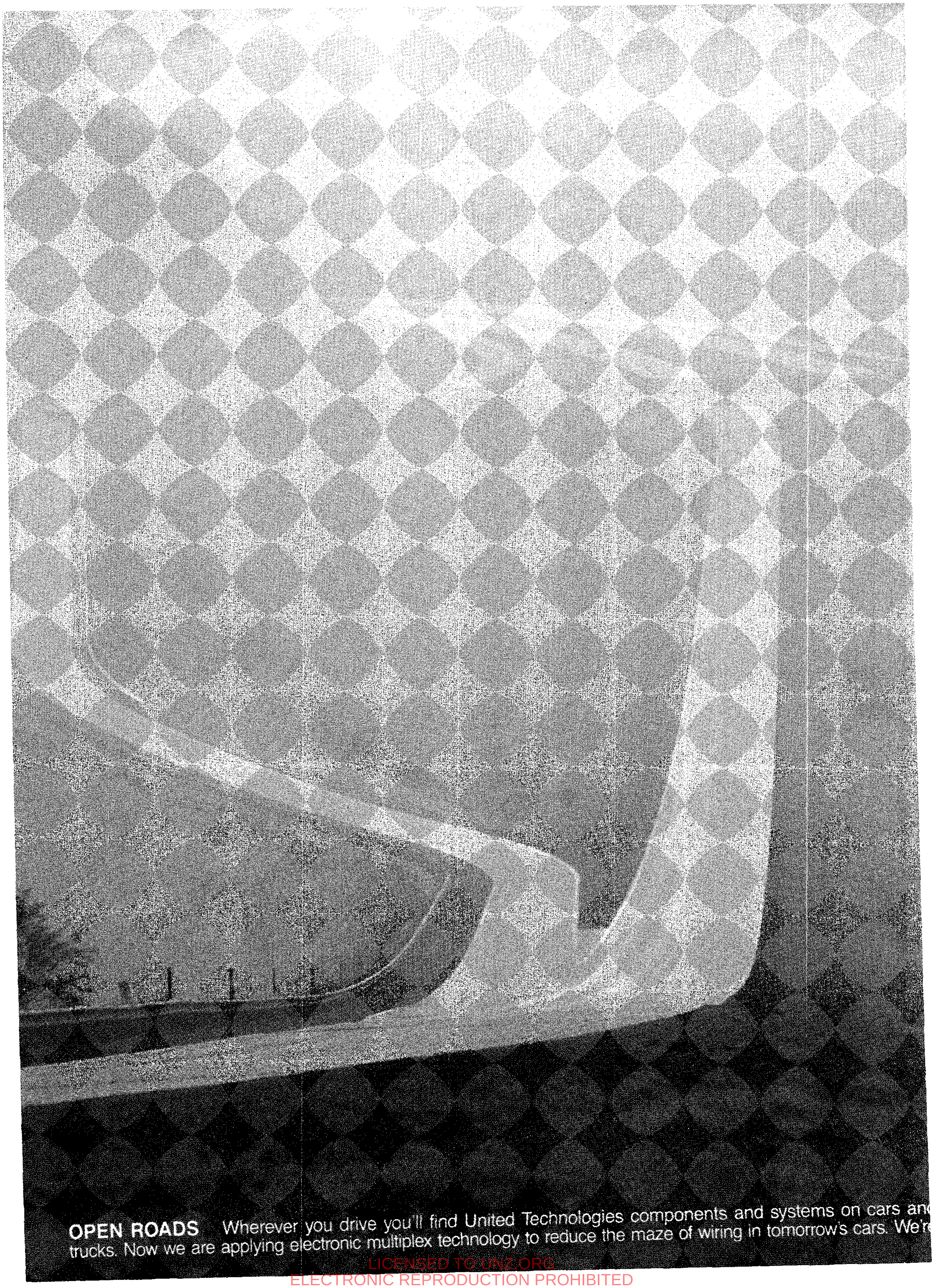

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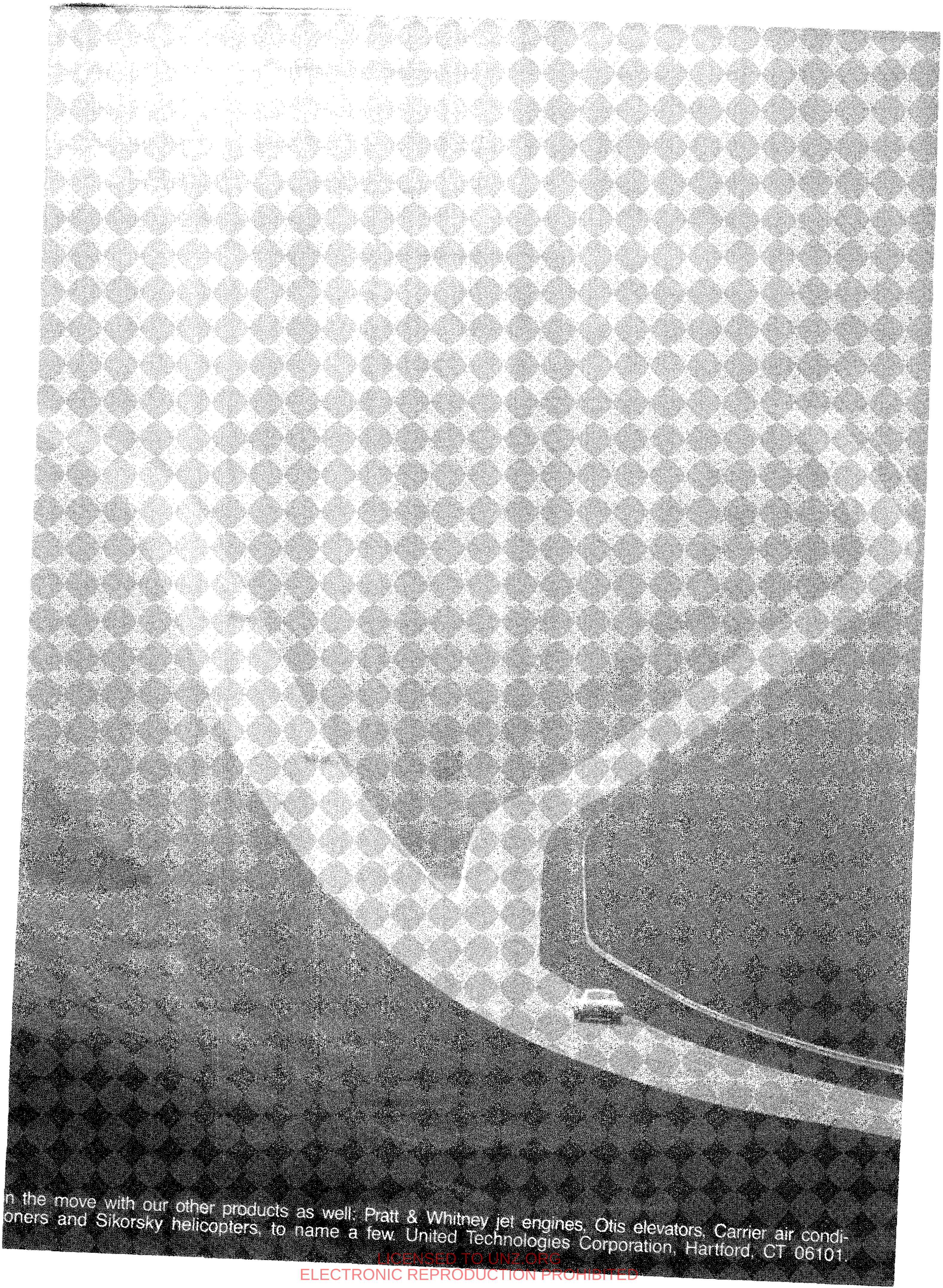

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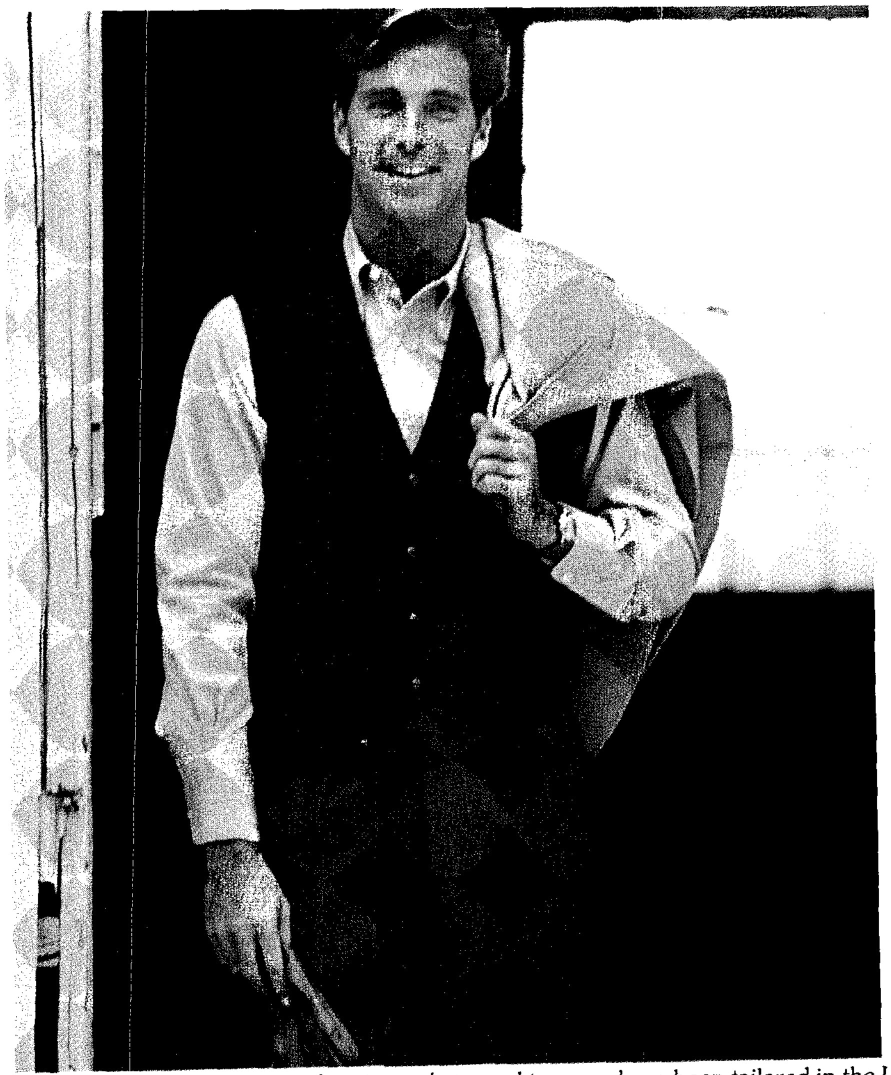

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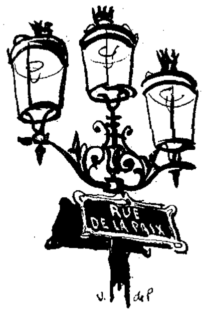
had to go to some lengths to learn the skills required by the commune-city. When it was decided that a police force was needed to protect the ranch, six men and four women went for a ten-month training course at the Oregon Police Academy. All the recruits graduated in the top ten per cent of their class, and one of them, a droll young man named Swami Deva Sangeet, was picked as the best of seven hundred Oregon police trainees. Rajneeshpuram now had a police force—or a Peace Force, as it was known—sporting police revolvers and pink uniforms.

One thing that surprised me, given the apparent egalitarianism of the commune, was that there was no system of job rotation. Dishwashing was the sole exception: sannyasins took turns washing dishes according to a monthly schedule. Sannyasins did change jobs, and now that the commune had indoor as well as outdoor work many changed jobs temporarily; office workers, for example, would spend one day a week cutting junipers or would fill in at a construction site for a week or two. But there was no question of right involved, and no democratic practice. The personnel department, headed by Ma Yoga Vidya, assigned the jobs, and sannyasins took what they got. When I asked Isabel whether people assigned to menial jobs—cleaning, say—did not get bored and resentful after a bit, she laughed, and said, "Of course not. Here all work is play and all work is meditation." She went on to explain that having a cleaning job in the commune was not like having the same job outside, since one's job—one's worship—had nothing to do with money or status. When I persisted, she introduced me to two women in their thirties, both of whom had been cleaners for eight years, first in Poona and then here. One of them, a South American married to another sannyasin, was ironing a jacket for Krishna Deva when I met her. She told me she loved her work, and there was no doubting her, for as she went about the trailer picking up clothes she seemed to glow with a deep and serene enthusiasm. The other woman, formerly a dancer, had just left her cleaning job—after eight years—to join Veena and Isabel in the public-relations department. But she, too, said she had loved her work: "When I was cleaning a room, or clothes, I felt I was cleaning myself as well." She laughed. "It could be that I got a bit too attached to my cleaning. It will probably be good for me to do something quite different."

Changing jobs, or doing a job other than that for which one was trained, had, I gathered, a spiritual or psychological value for the individual (in addition to whatever practical value it had for the commune). Before going to the ranch, I had visited the Rajneeshee hotel in Portland; formerly the Martha Washington residential hotel for women, it had been renamed the Hotel Rajneesh. The manager, a sleek young man in wide-wale corduroys, a button-down shirt, and a tie, could have been the manager of any hanging-plant restaurant in the city, even with his mala on. He turned out to be a former student at the Union Theological Seminary, in New York, and a massage therapist who for a period in the seventies had practiced the Alexander technique out of the Chelsea Hotel. He had worked, he said, at many different jobs in the ashram, and all of them had been "great opportunities" for him. "My main concern now is getting rid of this Y.M.C.A. furniture and finding something a little less tacky," he said. By the bye, he told me that a former architect was working in the kitchen of the hotel, "because he needed it." The architect had not been consulted on his current project.



Later, Swami Anand Subhuti, the editor of the *Rajneesh Times*, explained this concept of "need" to me. "Awareness requires spiritual detachment," he said, paraphrasing the guru. "The attachments of the ego to role, status, and achievement must be dropped, for, like all other kinds of programming, they stand in the way; they are obstacles." At one point, he said, he himself had become too attached to his own creation—the *Rajneesh Times*. "I had a powerful claim on it, and my possessiveness became apparent. So someone came to me and said, 'Do A-frames for a bit. So we are going to have an untogether paper for a while. So what?' So I did A-frames for a week." Apparently, a week had sufficed to detach him, for he was back on the job. How long it took the architect to get out of the kitchen I did not discover. But it took a long time, I was told, for some people to drop their programming.

The doctrine of nonpossessiveness, I discovered, also applied to love and marriage in Rajneeshpuram. The guru, Subhuti said, did not object to marriage per se—though the press would never understand this—but only to marriages that were institutional structures without meaning, that were the product of social conditioning alone. In practice, many sannyasins were married (Subhuti was one of them), but the idea was that if one partner was not happy the marriage should be ended. A lot of marriages, so the guru said, involved only guilt, pretense, and neurotic dependency; thus, faithfulness was not a virtue to be cultivated for its own sake. The one who was left might feel miserable or jealous, and should not suppress those feelings but, rather, watch them and come to detach himself or herself from them. As for sex, there were no fixed rules about it. There were certainly no rules about celibacy, but Bhagwan believed that the truly detached might transcend sex, and that enforced celibacy led only to frustration and obsessive thoughts of sex rather than to detachment and awareness.

What these doctrines meant as a matter of practice was difficult to tell, for the Rajneeshee were making a deliberate effort to rebut charges by Jimenez and others that they were a "sex commune." The doctrines, however, had their own intrinsic interest. Communes, and particularly religious communes, tend to have rather strict rules about sex and marriage. But here the doctrines were entirely permissive in matters of behavior—so permissive that they might have been invented to accommodate people of the Rajneeshee's age and background all over the country. They were matters of attitude, principally, and as such they seemed to provide a psychological solution to the problems so many people were apparently having with "relationships." The idea, it seemed, was to reduce the coefficient of emotional friction between people by an act of transcendence, a detachment from self.

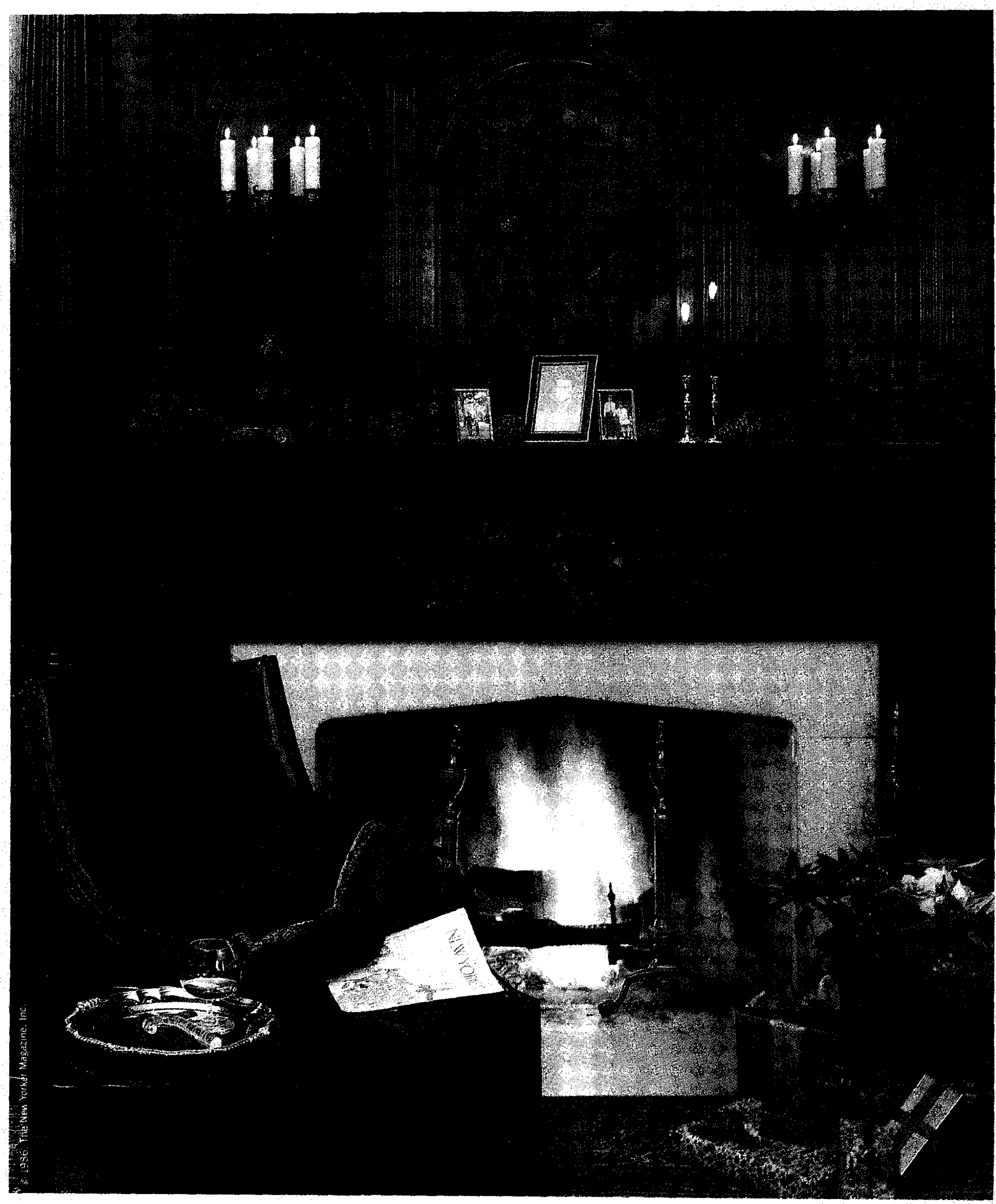
Among the various suspicions harbored by the local ranchers was that the commune separated children from their parents. This suspicion was justified to some degree, for in respect to children the commune operated much like a traditional kibbutz. The babies lived with their parents, but children over five—or so I was told—lived with other children in the same housing complex as their parents. The ranch had a day-care center, where some of the mothers worked, and a school, kindergarten through twelfth grade. The children spent half of each day in school and the other half playing or working in different parts of the commune. In the afternoon, the smallest kids would help feed the cows and the chickens; the eight- and nine-year-olds would run messages, paint signs, or help on the construction sites. The older children would spend somewhat more time with the working adults, helping out and learning carpentry, accounting, or whatever interested them. They would also do an hour a day of dance, theatre, or mime. They would see their parents at mealtimes, and after dinner before bed. The children I met were a pink-cheeked, rambunctious lot, not at all shy of adults. The only strange thing about them was how few of them there were: only fifty children among eight hundred or a thousand adults. Given the average age of the sannyasins, the number seemed to testify to an almost Shakerite restraint or, since this was not the case, to an anti-procreation policy, such as the nineteenth-century Oneida Community, in upstate New York, had for its first twenty years. The Rajneeshee, however, said that there was no such policy.

What the Rajneeshee were teaching their children seemed to me an important question. But on visiting the school I found that they had not put very much thought into it. Anabodhi, the sweet and slightly diffident woman who taught the younger children (she had taught adult education and worked with disturbed children in Los Angeles), told me that she and the other teachers were following the guidelines laid down by Bhagwan. These guidelines were remarks the guru had made on the subject in the course of his lectures to sannyasins in India, and most of them were rather general observations about "education" in the largest sense of the word. More specifically, he had once said that universal education was criminal and undemocratic, since not all children wanted academic training: some wanted to be carpenters or fishermen. He had advocated education in practical things, and he had quoted Ivan Illich, without attribution, to the effect that "man can be saved only if society is de-schooled." The sole curricular guidance he had given was that children should learn math and languages but not history, since "history is meaningless bunk" (no attribution to Henry Ford). The schoolteachers were thus working out a curriculum on their own, and for the moment it was an informal one. Using commercial textbooks, they were teaching the younger children basic skills; and they were teaching the older children science, environmental studies, math, and social studies—the last with an emphasis on comparative cultures. They were also tutoring one older boy to pass his S.A.T.s for college and looking for books to put another teen-ager (there were only a few of them) through a business-English course. What made their system of education different, they said, was the opportunity children had to work on the ranch with the adults, learning sculpture or computer programming by apprenticeship. The following year, when Rajneeshpuram joined the public-school system, they would, they said, set up a formal curriculum in accordance with state guidelines and incorporate the work-study program into it.

The Rajneeshee education program struck me as surprisingly unintellectual, given the number of Ph.D.s in the community. (Later, one professor told me he saw no reason his children should go to college—they had so many accomplished people on the ranch to learn from.) It also seemed relatively undoctrinaire. But the same was true of the Rajneeshee approach to urban planning and agriculture. With all the efforts in the direction of environmentalism, Rajneeshpuram was no Findhorn: the cabbages were manured, not talked to. On the question of pesticides, Neehar, the farm coördinator, told a wildlife biologist, "I have no philosophical problem with the killing of millions of aphids, but we want what's here to live in harmony. We want to find out where the balance lies." Videh, the young water-systems coördinator, told me that a rough balance existed on the commune between those who worried about the detrimental effects of technology and those who thought about economics and practicality. The technology was eclectic as a result: the ranch had a natural sand-filter sewage-treatment plant, but it also had a big electric-power substation. Videh told me about the efforts he was making to determine what effect the detergent the Rajneeshee were using had on the streams. Then he said, "But, you know, a lot of New Age technology-ecology people are a bit neurotic. We're more interested in consciousness than in those kinds of priorities."

Rajneeshee spokesmen and Rajneeshee literature proclaimed "love, lightness, and laughter" to be the theme of the commune. To the local ranchers, this self-advertisement struck a discordant note, but any short-term visitor to Rajneeshpuram would notice a remarkably high level of good humor among the sannyasins. On the streets, people called out to each other gaily and walked with their arms about one another's shoulders. In offices, you might find one staff member teasing another and the whole group howling with laughter. Also, a great deal of hugging went on. Tourists looking out of the smoky windows of their buses would see people embracing in the tea tents, in the vegetable garden, and behind the trash mashers, and wonder what was going on. In the three weeks I spent in Rajneeshpuram, I heard very few cross words exchanged, and very few downbeat remarks. People tended to be positive about everything, including the unpredictable weather, and, hard as they were working, they made the work look like fun.

The most obvious explanation for all this good humor was that work on the ranch was fun; it was play in the ordinary sense of the word. Where else, after all, could a professor (or a belly dancer, for that matter) get to tool around on a bulldozer and build a road? Where else could a young architect design a housing project and then get to bang in the nails? Picking lettuce and digging postholes had undeniable satisfactions if you weren't doing it for a living and if you were doing it with a lot of attractive people your own age. The work was hard, but there were no bills, no phone calls, and no child-care responsibilities. "It's like a second childhood," the pediatric allergist from Stanford told me. "It's like a big game. Even treating patients



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is like that, since you're treating the people you live with. I never used to see my patients. Here it's much more flowing. Plus you can be alone with yourself when you want to be. All the old connections just aren't here." What was more, the commune did not have to subsist on what it could grow. If a bulldozer broke down, there was money enough for another one; if the tomato crop failed, tomatoes would be bought. And where else could you find such a high concentration of attractive, well-educated young adults with an ideology of nonpossessiveness and sexual laissez-faire? Guru or no guru, the ranch was a year-round summer camp for young urban professionals.

But it was also something else. Visitors to the ranch did notice a good deal of hugging, but what they would notice if they stared was that there were two kinds of hugs in Rajneeshpuram. One was of the spontaneous, affectionate sort and the other a long, studied embrace followed by deep eye contact —the "growth movement" hug. Isabel and her colleagues did not mention this aspect of the commune in their briefings, and, indeed, they rather steered visitors away from it, but the ranch was awash in the human-potential movement. Walking about, I found, after a week or so, former Gestalt therapists working tractors, Laingians in the kitchen crew, Reichians digging ditches, and post-Reichians in the A-frame factory. According to the University of Oregon survey, eleven per cent of the commune members had graduate degrees in psychology or psychiatry and another eleven per cent had B.A.s in the field. But, with all the years of academic training represented, there was not, as far as I could determine, a single straight Freudian or behaviorist on the ranch. The sannyasin psychologists had done their university work and then gone off to study with such people as Fritz Perls, Alexander Lowen, and Carl Rogers. In addition to the qualified psychologists, there were a number of other people on the ranch who practiced growth-movement therapies: rolfing, primal screaming, bioenergetics, and encounter therapies. Added to these were practitioners of every kind of New Age specialty, from shiatsu, through acupuncture, to past-life readings.

A number of the therapists were now giving courses at the Rajneesh Institute for Therapy and the Rajneesh Institute for Meditation and Inner Growth. These institutes were

No. 3

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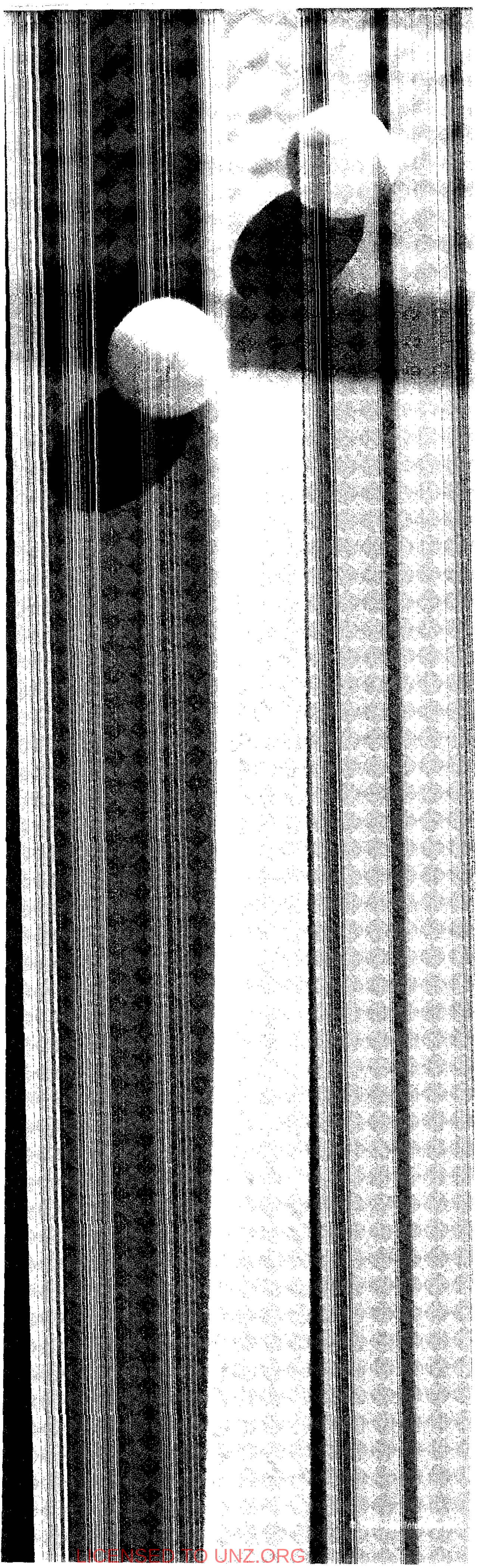
new to the ranch; in May, a new building was just going up to house them, in time for the influx of summer visitors. The catalogue distributed to Rajneeshee centers around the world advertised such therapies as Rajneesh Bodywork ("This one-month intensive emphasizes enhanced aliveness and awareness of the body and includes intuitive body work, sensory awareness, work with breath and bio-energy, movement, dance and touch"); Rajneesh Energywork ("an exploration of our unrealized potential for consciousness"); and Rajneesh Dehypnotherapy ("ways of opening up the unconscious part of our minds to see and then drop patterns which were formed in childhood and which restrict our development in the present"). The institutes also offered instruction in various forms of meditation—from Kundalini to zazen—and such practical courses as Buddhafield Construction and Buddhafield Businesses.

These courses were not for the Rajneeshee living and working on the ranch; they were money-making programs designed for visitors. Growth-movement therapies, however, played a fairly central role in the life of the group. The ashram in Poona had offered all kinds of therapies, and virtually all the sannyasins on the ranch had been through at least one of them—there or at Rajneeshee centers elsewhere. Now that the guru was no longer speaking, and no longer giving sannyas himself, the Rajneeshee required all prospective sannyasins to go through courses of therapy and meditation before joining the group. On the ranch, most sannyasins continued to practice growth-movement techniques among themselves. Each workplace, for example, was also an informal group where people helped one another work out their problems. If someone came to work in the morning depressed over a love affair, or just depressed, his or her co-workers would try to get to the source of the depression by whatever means was at hand: head massages, psychic healing, or simply talk. If two people in a department did not get along, they would, with the help of others, try to figure out why not. One woman told me that while working in the laundry she had helped one co-worker get over a bad love affair and had been helped by another, who "mirrored me and showed me how to drop my garbage and programming." (The two had apparently fought.) The Rajneeshee



I am a very gracious loser.

My wife won our match two sets to love. And I trotted right up to the net and shook her hand as if she were the club champion.

Tonight, I'll treat her to an outrageous dinner at the Maile Terrace. I even told her to treat herself to a massage back at the clubhouse. Then she jumped over the net, blew me a kiss and was off to her lesson with the pro.

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were thus not just having a good time but working at it.

Curious about these therapies and how they fitted into the spiritual enterprise of the ranch, I went to see Swami Prem Siddha, a senior therapist at the Institute for Therapy. Siddha told me that he was a graduate of the U.C.L.A. School of Medicine and the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute. He had had a private practice and had done consulting work for a number of organizations, including the American Dental Association and the National Institute of Mental Health. In the sixties, he had become involved with the growth movement and had studied Gestalt with Fritz Perls, bioenergetics with Alexander Lowen, and rolfing with Ida Rolf. "I feel as if I live in the maddest city in the world," he said when I asked him about the therapies. "It's mad because it supports joy and happiness. You have to work at being unhappy here—and that's the reverse of the way the rest of the world is. It's a mad city in that people bow down to earth twice a day in the name of truth, and to each other in recognition of a common interest in learning the art of living, in learning that life is beautiful." Siddha, under his given name, Leonard Zunin, had written a pop-psychology book called "Contact: The First Four Minutes," on how to meet people. He went on, "It's a mad city because people bow down every day to the Enlightened One—to a self-realized being. It's mad because people work twelve to eighteen hours a day for someone they love, and they call their work worship and meditation." He had met the guru when he went to India to learn about Tibetan Buddhism. "It's a mad city because people are letting go of their conditioned beliefs, all their programming about right and wrong, all their conditioning about how the world should be. They're helping each other experience life. They're learning how to *be*, not how to become."

Siddha might have puzzled the people of Antelope, but he would have been an altogether recognizable type in Los Angeles. "I'm flashing on something," he said at one point.

When I asked him whether he was not bothered by the élite nature of the enterprise, and its withdrawal from the larger society, he responded, as Krishna Deva had, by quoting the guru: "Rich people are seekers. The poor are merely survivors. True religion is a luxury which can come only after one's survival needs are met."

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Then he said, "We're a community of seekers, not of enlightened beings. We have to learn—to go to school. Society doesn't consider school a waste of time, but when someone takes the time to find himself, to find the true nature of joy—*that* they find a waste of time."

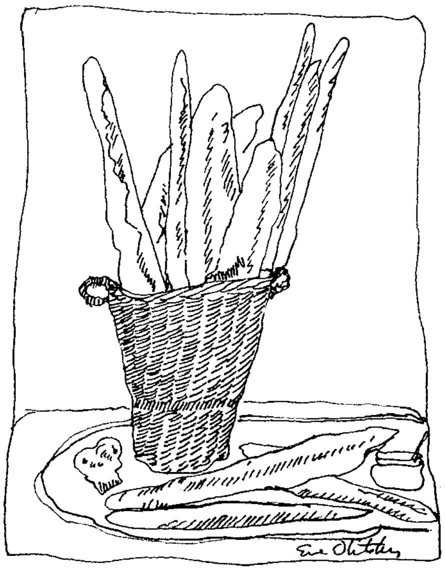
CLEARLY, I thought after leaving Siddha, the ranch was some form of hybrid between an Indian ashram and the Esalen Institute. It was—to put the matter bluntly—a place where the privileged few could work on enlightenment and their relationships without at the same time giving up any of the ordinary pleasures of life. It was the ultimate Me Generation boarding school, and, in addition, a rather exclusive bomb shelter, where the chosen few would survive the holocaust to come. This I thought until I met Wadud, the city planner.

"People say we change our minds every six months," Wadud said when I asked him why the Rajneeshee had first represented themselves as building a rural commune. "And that's pretty much the case. When we came here, Sheela didn't know what she wanted of this place. That fall, we hadn't even thought of a religious festival. If we'd said we wanted eight hundred people when we came here, people would have freaked. Anyway, the whole argument is irrelevant. There's a perception that we deceived people in the beginning, but the fact is that we simply grew much faster than even we could imagine. Now we have a comprehensive plan quite as detailed as the plan for Portland—and we put it together in three months."

Wadud had come to the ranch a year earlier, with his wife and their two-year-old daughter, giving up a successful New Age center of his own in Berkeley and leaving the house with the hot tub and the Mercedes-Benz. Now he was wholly engaged in his new work, and was full of enthusiasm. Lean and wiry, he spoke quickly and with a hint of impatience, as though he were already two or three thoughts ahead. "There's the plan, over there," he said, pointing to three large paperback volumes. "What it says is that we'll have a population of three thousand seven hundred sometime between now and 1995. We could grow faster, of course, but then we'd have to amend it. The major economic development will be in resort and education facilities, but there will be some light industries—mostly crafts. Right now, we're planning a hotel and a university for religious education and education in general."

Wadud drove me up into the hills to the proposed site of the hotel and the university; it was near the entrance to the ranch, at a height of three thousand feet, with an extraordinary view of three ranges of hills. He described in some detail what he had planned—luxurious materials, low buildings following the contours of the land. When I asked whether the hotel would be for Rajneeshee disciples only, he said, "No, I suspect many others will be coming. Some will come for the education, others will come as tourists because of the unique social experiment going on here. One of our purposes is to be studied—already, two professors from the University of Oregon are doing a study on us. Eventually, this city should become something like the new Disneyland in Florida. Epcot is a model of the technological future; this will be a model of humankind's social potential. We're perceived as being self-centered, but our concern is to create an alternative model of society for mankind."

This, I thought, would come as yet another shock to the local ranchers. Most of them had read Wadud's plan and knew the projected population figures. But they assumed that the Rajneeshee were building a town for themselves; the notion that they might be constructing a type of Disneyland out there on the range had not occurred to them. What occurred to me was the reaction a friend of mine had when he read in his tenth-anniversary Harvard yearbook that a classmate had joined the Jesus people and was speaking in tongues. "There's a Harvard man for you," he said. "He joins the group one day, and the next day he's in the front row with glossolalia."



Even after I had spent ten days at the ranch, however, the nature of the Rajneeshee social experiment remained somewhat mysterious to me. To ask how the ranch was organized was to elicit answers having to do with spontaneity and awareness. When I asked Videh, the water coördinator, how decisions were made in his department, he said, "Technical decisions are made by technical people and whoever else is concerned. It's a personal thing. It's how it feels to you. If you're clear about something, you're usually right. It's a matter of intuition. Here a tone is set, a flavor, that affects the work we do. There are no rules or rituals. From time to time, we get pep talks to remind us of why we're here—to remind us again that we're a family. Yesterday, for example, someone on the pipe crew accidentally cut through a major phone line. So we had a meeting, and he was criticized—but in good spirit, the point being that we can all screw up. We all have to watch for carelessness and be aware of what we're doing." How policy disputes were resolved and whether the rank-and-file sannyasins had any say in them were not questions that Videh or any of the other managers answered with any clarity.

What they did say was that Ma Anand Sheela was the "mother" of their family and made the major policy decisions in consultation with Bhagwan. So much was clear. Sheela was—observably—the queen of Rajneeshpuram. She and her husband, Jayananda (he was her second husband), lived at the very center of the commune, in a luxurious prefab house that served as the ranch headquarters. All day long, a procession of sannyasins would file through her house; ranch managers, lawyers, and so on would come to discuss their work and ask her advice while a young male sannyasin served meals or prepared fresh fruit juices and tea. Sheela, dressed in a pink or red velours sweatsuit, would curl up on the couch like a cat, shake the bangles on her wrist prettily, and laugh and laugh. "It's no good to be serious," she would say, making a seductive moue. Over the couch was a map of the world with innumerable red and white pins stuck into it. "They're the Rajneeshee centers around the world," she said once of the pins. "I put them there in a housewifely way, but then I never finished. I have no idea how many there are." Sheela preferred flippancy to "dreary" discussions about numbers, and she liked to create impromptu little dramas centering on herself.

The second time I met her, she told me a bit about her background. She was born in Baroda, in Gujarat province, she said, and had been brought up there and on the family farm in Madhya Pradesh; her father belonged to one of the great industrial families of the region and, as a young man, had been a close supporter of Mahatma Gandhi. At Gandhi's suggestion, he had gone to Oxford, and had returned to make a fortune in cotton ginning and real estate. This, I later discovered, was not quite the case: her father was a relatively small businessman and a farmer (he had managed the farm in Madhya Pradesh); as a young man, he had fought for Indian independence and had travelled to England, but had then returned to live quietly in Baroda. Sheela was the youngest of six children and, she said, "the spoiled child of the family." Two of her older brothers and a sister emigrated to the United States, and in 1967, at the age of seventeen, Sheela followed them. She enrolled in Montclair State College, in New Jersey, and there met and married an American. (He died some years later, of Hodgkin's disease.) On a trip home in late 1972, she was taken by her father—an admirer of the Indian religious philosopher Krishnamurti and of the poet Kahlil Gibran—to see Rajneesh, and a month or so later she became a sannyasin. Her husband followed her to India, and both of them joined the ashram in early 1973. Gradually, she rose to positions of more and more responsibility there, but she continued to visit the United States, and in 1975 she incorporated a Rajneeshee meditation center in Montclair. In June of 1981, she accompanied the guru to the United States as his secretary, putting him up at the Chidvilas Center, in Montclair; a month later, she made a down payment of a million and a half dollars on the ranch in Oregon.

"I looked in many different states—Arizona, Texas," Sheela told me. "I was looking for somewhere dry, for Bhagwan's health, and I came on this by chance. Once I saw it, I knew it was right. I just knew." Sheela believed in her own woman's intuition; she also believed in the stars. "Just by chance, I found it a year to the day after my husband's death. And then, quite by chance, I signed the lease on the day of his birth." In addition, Sheela believed in acting on impulse. She would give a sudden gift, delay an airplane others were waiting for, change her mind about a project, express her anger on national television. "I think you need to shut up for a while," she told the former mayor of Antelope, Margaret Hill, on ABC's "Nightline." Only thirty-three years old when I talked with her, she seemed an unlikely sort of person to be running a commune full of psychotherapists and Ph.D.s.

The commune, I gathered, had no formal hierarchy, but it had, along with the department heads, a group of people called coördinators, who met with Sheela once a week and made the major decisions for the commune. These coördinators then passed the decisions along through departmental meetings. Anyone could criticize or object, but no votes were taken at any meeting. Within the departments, the coördinators acted as personnel managers in a rather extended sense: their charge was to see not only that their departments were properly staffed but also that people worked well, individually and as a group. If someone was unhappy or careless or if two people fought over turf, the coördinator would try to work out the problem—often by group criticism sessions. Most of the coördinators were women, apparently because the guru thought that women were more intuitive than men and less attached to roles, status, and their own ideas. In a commune where such values were paramount, the difference between the coördinators and the department heads seemed to be analogous to that of "red" and "expert" in Mao's China.

The system, as it was described to me, seemed very original and high tech: Maslovian management several generations beyond the original. But how it actually worked for the individual and where final authority lay I found difficult to pin down. The head coördinator, Ma Yoga Vidya, told me that she had just taken over the legal department, because two lawyers were not communicating. "We advised them to do something about it," she said. "But finally they seemed to need a stronger person, so I moved in. One of the lawyers blew up at the other, saying that something was his idea and he hadn't been given credit. I said, 'Who cares whose idea it is?' It's been O.K. since then." A tall blonde of striking good looks, Vidya seemed to me a very strong person—someone you would hesitate to cross. "I work by intuition," she said. "Sometimes I roam around the commune. I look at faces, and I can see when someone's unhappy. I saw a young woman last night looking very down, so I asked her coördinator what the trouble was. She'd had a fight with her boyfriend. Occasionally, people get very caught up in themselves." In certain cases, Vidya said, she would ask people to change the kind of worship they did, or recommend meditation and therapy courses. No one had ever refused—they were always grateful in the end—and she had never thrown anyone out of the commune. "We just ask people if they really fit in, and people are honest," she said. This was worrying to me. Previously, I had asked Wadud whether coördinators could be criticized, and he had said they could—and they were always grateful in the end. But neither he nor Vidya could or would describe what would happen if they were not. "We're always watching for factions and cronyism, and trying to stop them—or, rather, to unlearn those old patterns," Wadud had said. "We're developing a very loving and beautiful way of dealing with each other. This is the Buddhafield, and one of its qualities is that we don't become ingrown and institutionalized."

WATCHING the guru drive through the ranch, with his sannyasins lined up on the roadside greeting him with a namaste, I supposed that one of the keys to the Rajneeshee social experiment lay in the philosophical connection between the guru and the growth movement. Siddha, along with the other therapists I met, convinced me, however, that there was no way they could explain this syncretism analytically. There was yogic "energy" and growth-movement "energy;" the two notions were vague to begin with, and in Rajneeshee philosophy they seemed to have melted and fused beyond recovery (and the same went for "consciousness" and "awareness"). The only solution, therefore, seemed to be to trace the historical connection between the two and to discover what the therapists and the guru had had in mind when they met.

Siddha had been one of the first

therapists to meet Rajneesh, but the very first was Teertha, an Englishman with a Birmingham accent, now the head therapist on the ranch. Tall, gray-haired, and slightly stooped, Teertha spoke slowly and would fall into silence when he felt that a question was too alien. When I asked him about the guru's prediction of nuclear war, he said that the planet earth was working off its karma, but that in the end it would surely be saved by immaterial beings from another planet. He had, he said, no academic training in psychology; he had studied at Warwickshire University and had worked at a variety of jobs, one of them in photo advertising. On a trip to the United States, he had wound up, somewhat by accident, at the Esalen Institute, at Big Sur—then the center of the growth movement. He spent a year there and then returned to London to set up his own growth center, the first in England, at the request of the Esalen directors. His center had flourished, but after a while, he said, his therapists had "ceilinged and got stuck." They had tried meditation but found most of the Eastern techniques unsuitable, since people just couldn't sit still that long. Then, one day, in the process of looking for a new acupuncturist, he ran across an Indian who told him about a system of "dynamic meditation" taught by a man who called himself Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Shortly afterward, in the spring of 1972, Teertha—then Paul Graham Lowe—went to Bombay to see Rajneesh. He found the guru's dynamic meditation, which involved a great deal of physical activity before the sitting, well suited to his purposes. But beyond that he found an enlightened master. He became a disciple and went back to London to turn his center into a Rajneeshee meditation center. A year later, he moved his entire center to Bombay.

After Paul Lowe came Leonard Zunin and then Michael Barnett, another English therapist and the author of a book called "People Not Psychiatry;" and after them a steady flow of growth-movement therapists found their way to Rajneesh. Because of Teertha's connections with Esalen, a lot of Californians came, and from Esalen the word spread to various other movement circles: to the Reichians, to the group around R. D. Laing, and so on. Then, as the growth movement itself spread from England to the Continent, the talk about Rajneesh followed it. Eventu-

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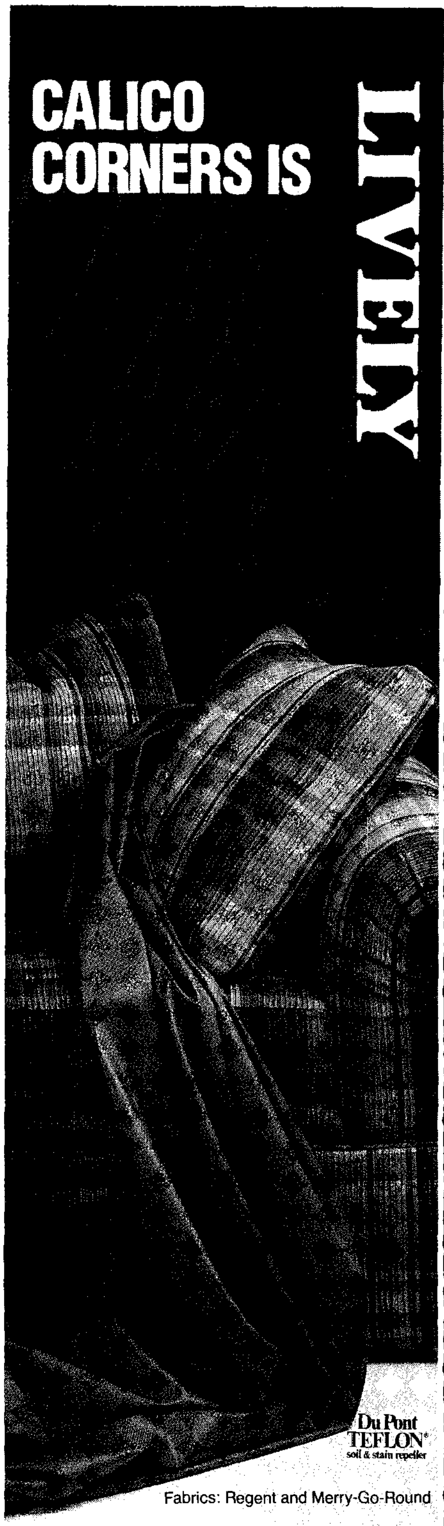
ally, hundreds of therapists and other growth-movement enthusiasts came, many of them to go home in red clothes and malas, with new names and new identities. Others stayed permanently with Rajneesh, or later went home at his request to found Rajneeshee centers, giving up their independent practices and putting into the movement the money they made.

In a sense, this rush of therapists to Rajneesh was not difficult to account for. In the nineteen-seventies, Esalen and the other big growth-movement centers were periodically swept by enthusiasm for one or another exotic religion or technique. One year it was Sufi dancing, another year Soviet experiments in parapsychology; one year it was Arica, a mind-control system invented in Chile, and another year it was Tibetan Buddhism. Why not, then, one year Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh? In a different sense, however, the attraction of the therapists to the guru required some explanation—as did their attraction to Arica, tarot cards, and the like. Psychology was, after all, a scientific discipline, and Freudian psychology, the tradition from which they came, harbored the most thoroughgoing suspicions of such enthusiasms. While psychotherapists as a group might be no less spiritually inclined than, say, lawyers or architects, their profession gave them solid grounds for skepticism about any system that demanded the shedding of identity and the surrender of the ego to someone else. The growth-movement therapists were, however, a special case; the spiritual ferment at Esalen merely reflected what had been a tendency in the movement since its inception.

In the nineteen-forties and fifties, a number of psychologists in the United States broke with both Freudian and behavioral psychology to form what they called humanistic, or third-force, psychology. They were rather a mixed group of people, ranging from Gestalt psychologists, through "sensitivity trainers," to neo-Reichians, and the awkward names they took betrayed the awkwardness of gathering them all together under one rubric. But the name "human-potential movement" did identify the belief they held in common: the belief that psychology had the potential not just for curing the sick but for improving humankind. Freud, they complained, saw all human beings as more or less neurotic and more or less hoist with the petard of their—inevitably—neurotic civilization. Such pessimism about the perfectibility of human nature was unacceptable to these psychologists. It was intuitively alien, and they did not so much reject it as brush it off. Idealists and romantics, they had something in common with Rousseau, for they could imagine man outside the context of any particular civilization. They believed that by stripping off the repressions layered upon him man would come to his full flowering in something like the state of nature. Social institutions did not much concern them—that was not their field. But then, rather than intellectuals, they were, in the main, practitioners—hands-on people, uninterested in theory. What they did was to create a series of powerful techniques and approaches that had immediate, observable results. What the observable results meant was not clear at all, for, typically, the psychologists were people in a hurry. (One of the things that drove them to invention was their impatience with the slow, archeological methods of Freudian analysis.) Thus, few of them bothered to give their techniques a theoretical foundation. The books written by such people as Arthur Janov (father of primal-scream therapy) or Alexander Lowen (creator of bioenergetics) were more or less pop psychology, marked by carelessness and lack of concern for the scientific method. This lack of concern, however, lurked in the very nature of the enterprise, for in their view "humanistic psychology" stood in opposition to "scientific psychology." But if psychology was not a science—or was not based on scientific method—what was it? The question went unanswered.

The difficulty is most readily apparent in the works of Abraham Maslow, the only one to make any sustained attempt to define "humanistic psychology." A research psychologist rather than a therapist, Maslow found in the course of writing a book on abnormal psychology that what interested him was not the sick but the very healthy—not mental illness but mental health. His idea was to study people who were exceptionally healthy—people who made "the full use of their talents, capacities, and potentialities," or, in his phrase, "self-actualized people." His method was this: He made a list of people he considered self-actualizing, among them Jefferson, Schweitzer, and Spinoza (but not, for some reason, Washington, Goethe, and



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Bach). He then made a list of the characteristics he thought these people had in common, among them courage, humility, creativity, and altruism. After that, he constructed a series of tests to determine who among the living were "self-actualizing" and who were not. He started first with students at Brandeis University, since that was where he taught. Among his tests was one K.D. used on the sannyasins—a test for "inner-directedness." The enterprise was rather less scientific than many party games, and the results were predictably solipsistic: the "self-actualizing person" was someone Maslow happened to think highly of, for one reason or another. His next enterprise was a "theory of basic needs." His theory proposed a hierarchy of "needs," beginning (at the bottom) with physiological needs, such as food and shelter, and ending (at the top) with "growth needs," such as truth, beauty, and "meaningfulness." According to his theory, the human being had generally to satisfy each level of needs before graduating to the next one; that is, one had to fulfill, say, "belongingness needs" before one could graduate to "esteem needs" and, above that, "growth needs." Now much quoted in business-management texts, this theory would, among other things, rule out the possibility that someone could be a fine mathematician, or, for that matter, an interior decorator, without a healthy love relationship and high self-esteem. K.D.'s statement that only the rich could be truly religious was a quotation from Rajneesh, but it was also pure Maslow.

Such vagaries went largely unnoticed. The academic psychologists and the members of the great analytic institutes found these growth-movement musings too far beneath their intellectual dignity to criticize. And the growth-movement people weren't interested. One result was that practice ran so far ahead of theory as to become quite independent of it. Another was that, as the movement grew, it split and went off in different directions. Some of its practitioners moved into mainstream psychotherapy; others went into business management; still others went into pop psychology, spreading the language and adapting the therapies so that entrepreneurs like Werner Erhard could package and mass-market them. The purists—those around Esalen and the newer growth centers—continued to experiment, venturing along the paths indicated by the first generation. These people, the real inheritors of the movement, were distressed by the popularizers and the accommodationists. Idealists, they came into the movement not to learn more sophisticated forms of life adjustment but to seek higher forms of consciousness. They were radicals, but radicals of a different sort from their neighbors in Berkeley. While the political radicals denounced "élitism," distrusted all forms of authority, and paralyzed themselves trying to make their organizations perfectly democratic, the growth-movement radicals looked for teachers and sought an élite of "the self-actualizing." They went to sit at the feet of Fritz Perls, Carl Rogers, Ida Rolf, and the other star therapists. (They had to; since there was no theory, they had to watch.) They became disciples, but in the end they were always disappointed.

Swami Anand Rajen, the most reflective and articulate of the Rajneeshee therapists I talked to, described the general trajectory of these therapists in talking about his own experiences. An Englishman, Rajen

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had begun his career by working as a schoolteacher. He had moved on to do experimental psychology at Oxford. But Oxford psychology had frustrated him, "because it was not about human beings." Having read a book by Carl Rogers, he went off to a growth center in La Jolla, California, and found what he was looking for. He returned to London to join a growth center called Community, where Michael Barnett, among others, taught. "Like many therapists, I was into doing my own thing," Rajen said. "But all of us were in some sense looking for masters—for people more aware, more loving, and more open than we were. From Carl Rogers what I got was a recognition that I wasn't my personality—that I could slip out of it. In groups, I had glimpses of a way of living that was not so constricted by what we want and what we're afraid of. And the therapists seemed to be more willing to live in those spaces than the rest of us. But all therapists have their limitations. There is always a discrepancy between their demonstration of how to be in groups and how they are in their private lives."

As Rajen suggested, the problem was not just that the therapists went home from their "loving spaces of being" and snapped at the dog and the children but that in the end they were only therapists, only human. And their disciples were looking not for therapists but for personifications of whatever they meant by "authenticity" and "awareness;" they were looking to get high on "peak experience" and stay there.

Even at Esalen, the growth-movement solutions proved inadequate. "A lot of people felt there was something missing," Richard Price, one of the directors of Esalen, told me. "Alan Watts introduced us to Buddhism in the mid-sixties, and it seemed to put what we were doing into a more inclusive framework. After that, Esalen was a mix of therapy and interest in Buddhism."

In fact, it was Alan Watts who constructed what would be the intellectual bridge between the therapists and Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. In his "Psychotherapy East and West," published in 1961, Watts proposed common ground between the therapists and the sangha, or Buddhist clergy. His opening paragraph read, "If we look deeply into such ways of life as Buddhism and Taoism, Vedanta and Yoga, we do not find either philosophy or religion as these are under-

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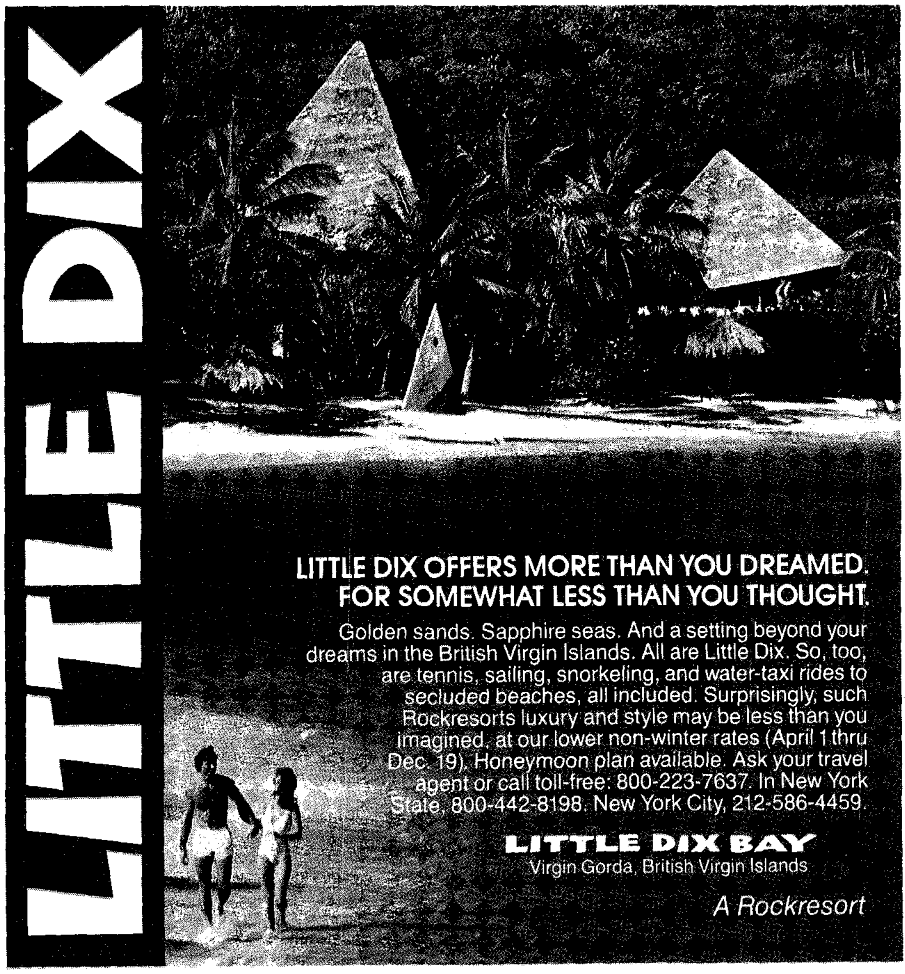
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stood in the West. We find something more nearly resembling psychotherapy." On this extraordinary reduction the therapists proceeded: they travelled to India and went from ashram to monastery in the hope of finding what Watts had seen. But again they were almost always disappointed, for in addition to meditation the ashrams and monasteries taught religion and philosophy, much as these were understood in the West, and, on top of that, exotic systems of rites and rituals and a social morality—in fact, a whole civilization—and all this did not suit the therapists a bit. What was more, many groups put a very high threshold in front of the higher consciousness. The Tibetan Buddhists, for example, required Sanskrit and memorization of the five thises, the thirty-four thats, and the ninety-six qualities of something else. The priests of the Vedanta were equally demanding; moreover, they were, in the eyes of the therapists, male chauvinists, and they believed that celibacy helped. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh turned out to be the exception. He spoke perfect English; he demanded nothing except surrender and trust in him. Like Krishnamurti, he was a modernizer and an iconoclast, and yet he was, so he said, an Enlightened Master willing to take responsibility for the surrender of his disciples. In India, he was something of a paradox. He was, as one Anglo-Indian writer later christened him, "the Progressive Guru."

In 1972, when Teertha and Veena first met the guru, Rajneesh was living in an apartment in Bombay and conducting meditation camps outside the city. According to his biographer, an Indian-born disciple named Vasant Joshi, he was just beginning to move into the third stage of his career. Born in 1931 in a small town in Madhya Pradesh, he came from a family of cloth merchants of the Jain religion. His full name was Chandra Mohan Jain, but his family called him Raja or Rajneesh. As a child, he was bright, rebellious, and something of a loner; he did well in school, but often got into trouble for leading his classmates in all kinds of pranks. During the struggle for national independence, he joined the youth branch of the Indian National Army and became a socialist and an atheist. He read a great deal and became a formidable debater. Graduating from high school in 1951, he went to college in Jabalpur to study philosophy; according to Joshi's biography, his propensity for debate so annoyed his professors that they threw him out in mid-career. After being admitted to another college, he went through what Westerners would probably call a nervous breakdown. Depressed, full of fears, and suffering from headaches that his family doctor told him were psychosomatic, he ran ten to sixteen miles a day and meditated for hours at a time—sometimes to the point of unconsciousness. At the end of this period—or so he announced twenty years later—he became enlightened, after meditating one night in a Jabalpur garden, under a maulshree tree.

Rajneesh graduated from college in 1955, took an M.A. in philosophy, and was given a teaching position at the Raipur Sanskrit College in 1957; three years later, he was appointed assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Jabalpur. In 1960, he began to give public lectures in which he took and defended various controversial positions: he criticized Gandhi, criticized socialism, and tore into orthodox Hinduism. Many years later, he said that he had had no stake in any of these positions, "but when the entire population of the country was absorbed in these tensions . . . there seemed, even if just for fun, a necessity to create controversies." For him, it was "just like the acting of an actor." But his polemics brought him attention, and his audiences grew. In 1966, he was able to quit his university job and support himself by lecturing around the country. The positions he took marked him: apparently by force of defending them, he adopted most of them permanently. Gandhi, he argued, was a reactionary and a man who worshipped poverty; he was worshipped, in turn, because, like all politicians, he followed "the Indian mob" instead of leading it. India, Rajneesh argued, needed capitalism, science, advanced technology, and birth control, for without them it would be doomed to poverty and backwardness. In 1968, he gave a series of lectures on love and sex, in which he maintained that the primal energy of sex was divine, and that sexual feelings should be not repressed but gratefully acknowledged. Only by acknowledging his real nature could man be free. In the same vein, he attacked religions that preached withdrawal from life; true religion, he said "is an art that shows how to enjoy life to its utmost."

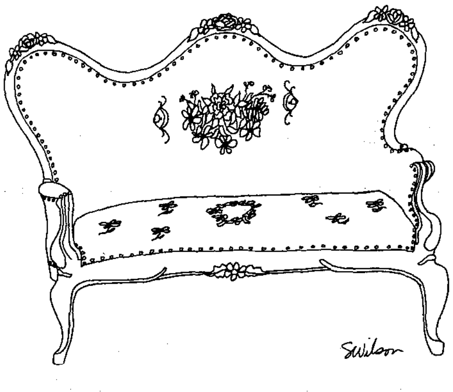
Rajneesh's views shocked and repelled many people, but they attracted others—principally groups of wealthy and progressive businessmen in Bombay. In 1964, he had begun to hold meditation camps for these men and their families in mountain resort towns. His first real disciple, a woman who took the name Ma Yoga Laxmi, came from one of these families. Her father, a wealthy Jain businessman, had been an important supporter of the Indian National Congress Party during the struggle for independence, and had close ties to many political leaders—Gandhi, Nehru, and Morarji Desai. Laxmi had gone into social work and politics; in her late twenties and unmarried, she was the secretary of the Bombay branch of the All-India Women's Conference when she met Rajneesh, in the mid-sixties. After attending two of his meditation camps, she adopted Rajneesh as her master and began to travel around with him, making the practical arrangements for his trips. In 1970, she became his secretary and raised the money that permitted him to stop his travels and settle into the Bombay apartment, where people could come to him. From 1970 to 1981, when Rajneesh left for the United States, Laxmi handled all the practical affairs of the guru, raising money, administering the ashram, and running political interference.

Rajneesh's biography accounts for the new phase in Rajneesh's career in spiritual and esoteric terms: the Master moved from the rajas guna, the active and passionate quality in human nature, to the sattva, the quality of serenity and wisdom. A Westerner reading his biography might imagine that Rajneesh Chandra Mohan at this point went through a rather abrupt change of career. Until 1970, he had been a philosopher lecturing on politics, sex, and society; now he was a religious man teaching spiritual disciples. But in India such distinctions are not so absolute. Rajneesh had been teaching meditation for some time. He continued to do this, but instead of lecturing he gave a regular evening discourse on spiritual and other matters to those who came to his apartment. Nevertheless, his approach had changed. That spring, at a meditation camp, he introduced a new technique he called “dynamic meditation.” Instead of simply sitting, the participants would begin by jumping about and shouting whatever came into their heads; they would then dance quietly for a few minutes and then hyperventilate by shouting “Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!” as loud as they could; after that, they would relax and watch their thoughts go. In the fall, he founded what he called the Neo-Sannyas International Movement and initiated six disciples as the first step in creating a spiritual awakening around the world. He gave his disciples new names and, at the request of Laxmi, a mala with a photograph of him on it. It was Laxmi’s inspiration that the disciples should wear the traditional orange robes of holy men. The next year, Rajneesh changed his own name as well. Until then, his supporters had called him acharya, or teacher: Acharya Rajneesh Chandra Mohan. Now he took the title “Bhagwan,” from a list drawn up by a disciple who knew Sanskrit, and called himself Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Eighteen months later, he revealed the fact and the circumstances of his enlightenment, twenty years before.

IN Bombay, Rajneesh began to attract some of the Westerners along the spiritual tourist routes. Given his views, it was extremely likely that he would. Here was a guru unencumbered by tradition, an Enlightened Master who could quote Heidegger and Sartre, and who, furthermore, believed in technology, capitalism, and sex. Rajneesh was unique along the ashram routes. And he liked Westerners. One of his first six disciples was a young American he had taken on to teach yoga classes; it was he who had found Rajneesh the name “Bhagwan.” In 1971, he took a young English woman, Christine Woolf, to live with him; this was the woman who drove in the Rolls-Royce with him into Madras, Oregon, in 1983, her name now Ma Yoga Vivek. By all accounts, he gave Westerners special attention, talking to them about their personal problems and aspirations, and encouraging them to take the plunge and become his disciples. He sent them back home—when they really had to go—with instructions to start Rajneeshee centers wherever they lived.

Rajneesh’s disciples did not question this attention; they considered it perfectly normal for a guru to surround himself with young Westerners—they considered it only their due. The fact was that many of the Westerners did not particularly like India. In Rajneeshpuram, not only Veena but almost all the other people I talked to told me how happy they were to have left India for this healthy, beautiful place. They had gone for the spiritual country, and in the real country they had seen only poverty, inefficiency, and underdevelopment. Rajneesh encouraged them in this view. When I asked Teertha why it was that Rajneesh had ended up with so many Western disciples, he said, “Bhagwan went all over India lecturing and couldn’t find enough people suitable for the Buddhafield. There were some beautiful Indians, of course, but not enough of them. Indians, you know, are still looking for prosperity, while Westerners have it and know that it’s not enough. Bhagwan used to tell Indians, ‘If you came face to face with God, you’d ask Him for a Chevrolet.’ ”

Rajneesh, though his disciples never knew it, learned a great deal from the Westerners he met in Bombay and in Poona. Teertha brought him his entire library, and many other sannyasins brought him books. Rajneesh was a voracious reader, and quite a good listener as well. His English became colloquial, and he learned how to do the more profound work of translation. When he explained his “dynamic meditation” to Indians, he spoke of waking the goddess Kundalini—the coiled female serpent that lies at the lowest chakra, at the base of the spine—and releasing her energies to rise to the highest chakra, the thousand-petalled lotus of the mind. When he explained the “dynamic” to Westerners, he would speak of removing the psychological blocks lodged in the body as physical blocks, and releasing this body energy to the brain. The conception was still Tantric, but in English it sounded like Wilhelm Reich. “I read his ‘Book of the Secrets,’ ” Price, the Esalen director, told me, referring to one of the guru’s early collections of published lectures, “and it fitted very well into the Gestalt framework. Rajneesh put Indian philosophy into a digestible form, so that it was available to a wide range of people. He reminded me a lot of Alan Watts.” That the guru might have read Watts did not seem to occur to Price.



According to Teertha, Rajneesh showed immediate interest in what the therapists were doing, and promised to incorporate some of their therapies into his own enterprise. Teertha took the promise for mere politeness at the time, but three years later Rajneesh did just that. The Westerners in his ashram first taught primal-scream and encounter-group therapies, and later, when there were more of them, branched out into Gestalt, bioenergetics, rolfing, and so on. What the guru made of these therapies is difficult to say even now. On occasion, he would relate them to the Tantric tradition: “These are not new experiments. These have been tried by seekers of Tantra for centuries. For ages, Sarahapa and Tilopa and Kanahpa tried it. For the first time, I am trying to give these experiments a scientific base. These experiments were conducted in secrecy for so long.” At other times, he would explain them on their own terms, but as the means to meditation: “They will help you to unburden the garbage that you have repressed within yourself. They will clean you, and only in a clear, clean heart is prayer possible.” At still other times, he would explain them in purely secular terms, as cures for Western neuroses. The Western therapists, for their part, had no interest in the question of how their therapies might fit into any Indian tradition. “I am not on any ancient path,” the Master told them. “I am the beginning of a tradition, not the end.”

In 1974, Laxmi moved Rajneesh from Bombay to Poona, a city in the hills. The guru’s health was bad: he had developed diabetes, asthma, and allergies to almost everything. The climate was better in Poona, and, besides, Rajneesh now had enough disciples to warrant an ashram. Establishing a foundation for him—the Rajneesh Foundation—Laxmi bought a villa with six acres of land and several outbuildings in a rich suburb of the city. The guru, who had formerly spent a good deal of time talking with individual disciples, now saw his flock only twice a day. In the morning, he would lecture, and in the evening he

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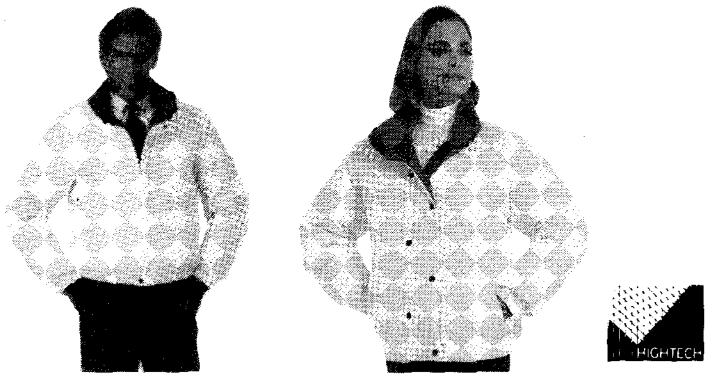

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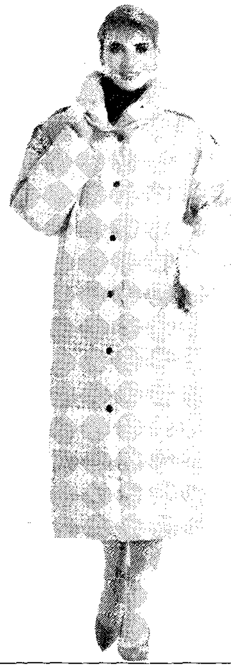

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would hold darshan, answering questions submitted to him, giving sannyas, and talking with those who had just arrived and those who were going away.

One month, Rajneesh would lecture in Hindi and the next in English, and his lectures became widely renowned. Sitting on a low platform in a white robe and sandals, he would speak for two hours without notes, his voice soft and sibilant, and he motionless except for an occasional gesture of his long, fine hands. His essential message was the central one of the Hindu-Buddhist tradition: that God was in all things, a living current of energy flowing through the temporary and illusory world of forms, and that the Buddhas were those who saw through the illusion of self and of time to the great Oneness and Suchness of existence. Like Krishnamurti, he admitted Christ, Lao-tzu, and the great mystics of other traditions into his panoply of Enlightened Beings. His early lectures were more or less thematic: he would do a series on the Upanishads or the Tantra or the New Testament. Later, he adopted a more personal, eclectic style, telling Zen parables, jokes, stories from the life of Buddha or the Sufi sages, and citing, for example, Gurdjieff, Socrates, and Bob Hope in a single lecture. When he joked, his expression would turn foxy or puckish, and his eyes would tease.

By 1976, the Shree Rajneesh Ashram had become one of the major stopping points along the guru route. In "Seeking the Master"—a kind of *Guide Michelin* to spiritual India, published in 1980—it rated the longest entry and the equivalent of at least three stars. Thousands of Westerners poured in—so many, in fact, that the ashram could not house them, and they had to find lodgings elsewhere in the city. Many, of course, came out of sheer curiosity, for Rajneesh's advocacy of sex as a means to divine transcendence made him the most controversial of the Indian masters. But, having come thus lightly, many stayed—if not for Bhagwan's lectures, then for all the other activities going on at the ashram. Under Laxmi's direction, the permanent workers and residents in the ashram (there were six hundred of them in the end) created an arts-and-crafts center that turned out clothing, jewelry, ceramics, and organic cosmetics (all for sale at the ashram boutique), and put on performances of music, theatre, and mime. The residents offered visitors at least nine types of meditation—dynamic to zazen—and classes in yoga, karate, T'ai Chi, acupuncture, Sufi dancing, and shiatsu massage. In 1975, the ashram offered two kinds of Western therapies; by 1979, it offered some sixty of them, including several invented at the ashram. Like an octopus, the ashram reached out and embraced everything that came its way; eventually, it included almost every booth in the entire holistic New Age marketplace.

Of those who stayed more than three or four days, many took sannyas, changing their jeans for ochre robes, putting on the guru's mala, and accepting the names he gave them. Most of them did so because the guru was quite insistent that they do—and there were no conditions attached. Just try it, Rajneesh told them, just trust me, take the risk and see. He explained that neo-sannyas was different from sannyas, in that it meant only the beginning of a search, only the readiness to try to become a new being. He also explained that though he gave sannyas to just about everyone who came to the ashram and just about everyone requesting the mala by mail, he did not give sannyas indiscriminately. He told a disciple:

> If you think that whenever someone comes to me I just give him *sannyas*, it is not so. I may say that I will give *sannyas* to anyone who comes, but this does not mean what it seems to mean. It may look as though I just give *sannyas* to anyone, but what is really happening is something quite different.

He went on to say that he could not explain everything in the beginning or all at once:

> Everything is meaningful, but it may not be obvious and it may not be possible to explain it to you. Many things will have to remain unexplained for a much longer time. The more receptive you become, the more I will be able to explain. The deeper your capacities to be sympathetic, the deeper the truth that can be revealed.
>
> The more rational the discussion, the less truth that can be revealed.

Many accounts exist of life in the Poona ashram, for the visitors included a number of writers, filmmakers, and journalists. The accounts of those who took sannyas and those who did not often differ quite sharply in certain respects, but they are consistent in describing a madhouse-carnival atmosphere. Each day, hundreds, sometimes thousands, of Westerners in ochre robes would flood through the ashram—and, incidentally, the city of Poona. The Westerners who had just changed, or were about to change, their names and their clothes lived in highly charged emotional states—their emotions enhanced by a good deal of discomfort and culture shock. Getting to Poona had been confusing enough. The trains from New Delhi and Bombay left at odd hours, and the times when one could buy tickets were unpredictable. At the stations, the crowds were enormous and the heat was intense. After you finally pushed your way through and got on the train, you would sit on a hard bench for four to eight hours with nothing to eat or drink (at least, nothing that was safe), looking out at thatched villages where men drove bullocks before wooden plows and women did their laundry in muddy streams. Poona was a modern city, but it, too, was crowded, hot, and greatly exotic. Getting into the ashram had its difficulties, for although many of the staff members were Westerners, they did not work by Western routines, and it was never quite clear who ran what or how decisions were made. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh was allergic to any form of perfume, so a guard at the gate would sniff you for scented soap or shampoo. If smells clung to you—or if the guard thought they did—you might not be able to get into the guru's lectures or darshans for days.

Instead, a staff member would shunt you off to "dynamic meditation," where hundreds of people would be screaming, singing, or moaning to themselves as they shook their bodies about; then, together, they would yell "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" at the top of their voices. "I'm going to bring your insanity out," Rajneesh had said. "Unless you become consciously insane, you can never become sane. When your insanity is pulled out, thrown to the wind, then sanity will happen to you." So there were therapy groups and meditations, though the distinctions between them were not always clear. In one meditation, you had to sit and answer the question "Who am I?" for two days or until something happened, and in some therapies people would end up gazing for hours at a picture of Rajneesh. People were experimenting a lot with Tantric sex, in and out of the therapy groups, either on general principles or in the hope of having some experience of the divine.

Just whom anyone was sleeping with seemed to have less importance than normally, for there were all kinds of love and energy going around. In some therapy groups, people holding hands in a circle would actually feel an electrical charge. Then, too, with a thousand people in ochre robes, who knew who anyone was? You or your friend might one day wake up Joanie and go to bed, say, Ma Prem Shakti. The problem was to lose your mind and be completely spontaneous—to live in the present, not the past or the future. Bhagwan thought chaos helped.

The ashram was not, of course, for everyone. It was certainly not for Hindu purists. A German visitor quoted in "Seeking the Master" said:

> I do not see the point of *Neo-sannyas*. Most Hindus wait for the best part of their lives before they feel able to take initiation and accept the holy robe. But here, many kids who don't even know the meaning of the word *sannyas*, are given the ego-inflating title of *Swami* this-and-that, and then freak the average Indian by going about arm in arm with hip chicks, while wearing renunciate's robes.

The ashram was also not for people who worried too much about what disciplehood and surrender might mean—or what the therapies did. Rajneesh said, "The ego has to drop. . . . The mind has to disappear for God to be. You have to disappear," and so on. An American bioenergetics therapist who spent three months with the guru in Bombay thought this unhelpful. "Rajneesh encouraged the letting go of one's own responsibility," he said. "And that's where I left. It's one thing to ask people to drop the obstructive chatter that goes on in the head and another to ask them to drop the process of discrimination. Bhagwan made no distinction between the two, and when I asked him why not he answered cryptically, 'Why do you care? What is it to you?' "

The therapist had taken part in the guru's "dynamic meditation" and was not impressed. "What I saw from the Esalen perspective was a series of cathartic techniques. I had become inured to them by then. So when I saw three or four hundred people doing the 'dynamic' I saw nothing happening but mass autosuggestion. There were people all around me in states of regression. They had become infantile and were relating to a father figure. People were attached to him as to a god. He himself disavowed it, but it was a simpleminded devotion as to a god. This doesn't happen with just Rajneesh. In my view, it's a problem inherent in Hinduism."

THE therapist's analysis would have infuriated the Hindu purists —but even more the Rajneeshee. Many of the guru's new disciples experienced this surrender differently. In September of 1983, on my second visit to Rajneeshpuram, I met Ma Satya Bharti, a woman in her early forties who had spent some years working in the Poona ashram and had written two books about her experiences there. In one book, she described taking sannyas as "a return to innocence and a liberation":

> To surrender to a master isn't to surrender anything that's real. On the contrary, it's to surrender, to give up, all the dreams, all the peripheral accumulations that the ego is made up of. We can't surrender anything that's real, Bhagwan says, because as we are we don't have anything that's real. Everything about us is false, borrowed, inauthentic.

Satya Bharti had taken up "dynamic meditation" in order to get rid of that madness—or that sanity. The first time she really got it, she wrote, she felt as if she were walking for the first time, and she wanted her mother there to watch her. In subsequent sessions, she had what the guru explained were past-life experiences: she became a baby kitten learning how to kill a mouse, and she saw her son—though it wasn't her real son, Billy—hanging with a rope around his neck. In the quiet part of the meditation, she would always feel floating and blissful.

After the "dynamic," Satya Bharti wrote, she would go to Bhagwan's lecture:

> I would sit silently on the floor in front of him. I would drink him. His hands danced their eloquent dance while he spoke, hypnotizing me, mesmerizing me. Sometimes, for no discernible reason, I would feel a flood of tears pouring down my face. . . .
>
> Bhagwan would glance at me for an instant while he spoke. Suddenly the energy would rise up in me like a violent storm, an earthquake. My body would begin shaking. Violent tremor after violent tremor. It was as if I were a riveting machine. . . . My body was doing its own thing, but another part of me stood outside the body, watching what was happening as if it had nothing to do with me.

Satya Bharti had become a sannyasin in the United States not long after getting divorced. She had married a New York stockbroker when she was in college, and had three children. Though she had been a math student in college, she had always wanted to

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be a writer, and while she was married she had written a market newsletter and, later, speeches for Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm. In the sixties, she had become "radicalized," she told me; she had gone back to college—to Sarah Lawrence—and had worked in politics and taken up yoga. Finally, she had rebelled against the conventional life she and her husband were leading, and against all his conventional views. She started doing meditation informally with some Rajneesh disciples in New York and took sannyas after that. She decided she had to go to India to live, even though it meant leaving her three young children with her ex-husband. In one book, she wrote of that decision:

> I had always wanted to save them from their father's world, and he had always wanted to save them from mine....
>
> To suddenly, willingly, hand the children over to their father's influence was hard. But it seemed inevitable.... How could I wish for them as I did, most of all, happiness, freedom and continual growth if I didn't allow myself to have it? How can you share with others what you yourself don't have?

The children, she wrote, had finally adjusted to her absence. "Life is a school," her son, Billy, said a few years later, when he was eleven years old. "I guess being without Mommy is one of the lessons I have to learn." She herself, she wrote, found the attachment more difficult to give up. At the ashram, she would rock back and forth crying, "I want my baby back, I want my baby back."

> The pain is incredible. I relive scores of past-life experiences, all connected with this same feeling of loss: my children dead, dying, killed; taken away from me in one way or another. A loss that's irretrievable, a pain that's unending. In this lifetime, no one has killed my children, no one has taken them away from me. I've done it myself; the choice was mine. The pain is no less real because of it.

Finally, she went to Bhagwan for help, and he said to her, "Why are you worrying about them? Everything is perfect with them. Everything is happening as it should. They're not your responsibility any more, I told you that before. They're my responsibility now; I'm taking care of them. They'll come here, don't worry. When the time is right, when they're ready to come." Satya Bharti left the darshan "feeling as though a weight had dropped from me." Bhagwan, she wrote, "had told me the same thing before, but I hadn't been able to trust him enough to believe it." She added, "I suppose trust grows. I trusted him enough now."

In Rajneeshpuram, talking to me, Satya Bharti brought up the subject of her children, now aged seventeen, twenty, and twenty-one. They had never come to the ashram, and they had not yet come to the ranch to see her. "They love me," she said, "but they feel that I'm copping out on life—that I've left the real world. But I'm quite sure that at some point they'll come to see me—just to visit, of course." Some months later, they did.

A slight, pretty woman, Satya Bharti was sitting in the outdoor café of the ranch wearing a pink tank-top jersey and pants when I met her. She looked younger than her age, and she spoke as rapidly as any New Yorker. She seemed happy.

Between my two visits to the ranch, I had asked the American bioenergetics therapist who had left Rajneesh what it was that happened between the disciple and the Master. He said, "For the disciple, there's something akin to a transference—on the theory that there's a spark of divinity in everyone and that spark can be projected onto a guru. It's like the transference onto a therapist, only it's far more powerful. If the guru acknowledges responsibility for it, he holds it for a while, as a therapist does, until the disciple moves on. It took me two years to resolve my transference on Bhagwan. I did it in dreams. I became him."

Rajen, whom I spoke with on my second visit, told me much the same thing, but in different terms and with a different ending. "There's an analogy between taking sannyas with Bhagwan and the growth groups," he said. "The guru mirrors back facets of our own personality—the series of masks we wear that are culturally acquired and conditioned. Taking sannyas confronted me with all my attachments. In the six and a half years I have been with him, it's been more and more fun to let go. I live in the here and now, and before I never could have accepted this simplicity. Once, I left the ashram in Poona. I was scared to stay on, and I ran away to do my own workshops in Europe. There was some residue of wanting to do my own thing. During that time, Bhagwan went into silence, and that caused a good deal of inner turmoil for some of us. I thought I had cut the cord, and I lived for a year with that, but it turned out not to be so. I realized that something had happened that wasn't under my control. I *wasn't* estranged from the energy of the Master. I couldn't think myself out of being open and imbibing what Bhagwan was all about."

I asked Rajen whether this would qualify as a transference.

"Yes," he said. "It's a transference, but a transference onto a master. The final attachment, Bhagwan says, is onto a master."

In Poona, Rajneesh had said that he would go into silence once his disciples had formed that attachment to him. "He said this so many times," Rajen said. " 'I am only entertaining you long enough for something to happen to you just by being in my presence.' Now we can see what he meant." The step was not without precedent. In India, it is customary for holy men to go into silence at some point in their lives. But in an ashram full of growth-movement therapists there was some small irony to this: by going silent, Rajneesh became the guru equivalent of an orthodox Freudian analyst.

Where Rajneesh differed from most other gurus was in his pragmatic approach to the question of spiritual disciplines and practices. The people of Buddha's time, he said, developed techniques of meditation that worked for them, but these traditional methods did not work for modern man. For twentieth-century people, new techniques had to be developed. By this reasoning, he turned the Poona ashram into a kind of spiritual garage for anyone with a method and, at the same time, into a laboratory for experimentation of all sorts. His test of legitimacy was merely what worked, or what seemed to work. The Western therapists thus came in with the growth-movement techniques they had learned, and, from there on, experimented, adapting their techniques to the particular purposes of the ashram. Some of the therapies they invented played a direct role in establishing the master-disciple transference; and in the case of certain individuals they may have played the deciding role. In one of her books, Satya Bharti quoted Karuna (now the mayor of Antelope) on this point. In the therapies, there was an "almost tangible sense of Bhagwan's presence," Karuna said, continuing,

> Teertha worked with that a lot in the encounter group. When he felt that someone was open and vulnerable, he would tell them to sit and look at a picture of Bhagwan. It was very powerful. Just by sitting and looking at Bhagwan's picture, I found that I could go beyond the point where I had always gotten stuck before when I was in groups. Bhagwan was there giving me the permission to go ahead, to transcend all boundaries.

Satya Bharti had asked Karuna to describe how the ashram therapies differed from the growth-movement therapies practiced in the West, and that was a part of her answer. The other part was this:

> There's a sense of total acceptability in the groups here. Nothing is condemned. There are no limitations, no restrictions; you can take things to the extreme. Group leaders in the West place limits on what happens in their groups because of their own limitations, their own fears. Their self-image is constantly at stake. Here the responsibility is Bhagwan's, so the therapist can allow things to happen; he or she can afford to take risks.

This freedom—or absolute dependency—was apparently what many of the therapists had been looking for all along. In their practice, a number of them took tremendous risks—only, the risks were not to them but, rather, to the people in their groups, whose mental health they had not tested and could not vouch for. The film "Ashram," made by the German filmmaker Wolfgang Dobrowolny in 1978, documents some of the risks they took with cathartic techniques, group groping, and so on, for at the time the Rajneeshee thought of these therapies as advertisements for the ashram. (They went as far as to stage some of them for the film.) Among the other boundaries some of the therapists "transcended," both on screen and off, were the usual strictures against sexual aggression and physical violence. This was only logical. The theory behind "dynamic meditation" was that people should give physical expression to their repressions and frustrations in order to get rid of their "emotional blocks." Teertha and Somendra—the English therapist Michael Barnett—merely extrapolated this notion in their groups; being rather literal people, they encouraged participants to act out all the emotions they felt (however briefly) for each other, including the desire to inflict grievous bodily harm. No one was actually killed in these encounters, but a number of people, naked and weaponless, gave a good deal of time and energy to the attempt. There were several cases of rape in the sessions; there were also a broken leg, several broken arms, and various other injuries. In 1977, Richard Price, the Esalen director and a Gestalt therapist, visited the ashram, observed one of Teertha's groups, and subsequently wrote a letter of protest to the ashram staff and to Rajneesh himself. In the letter, he said:

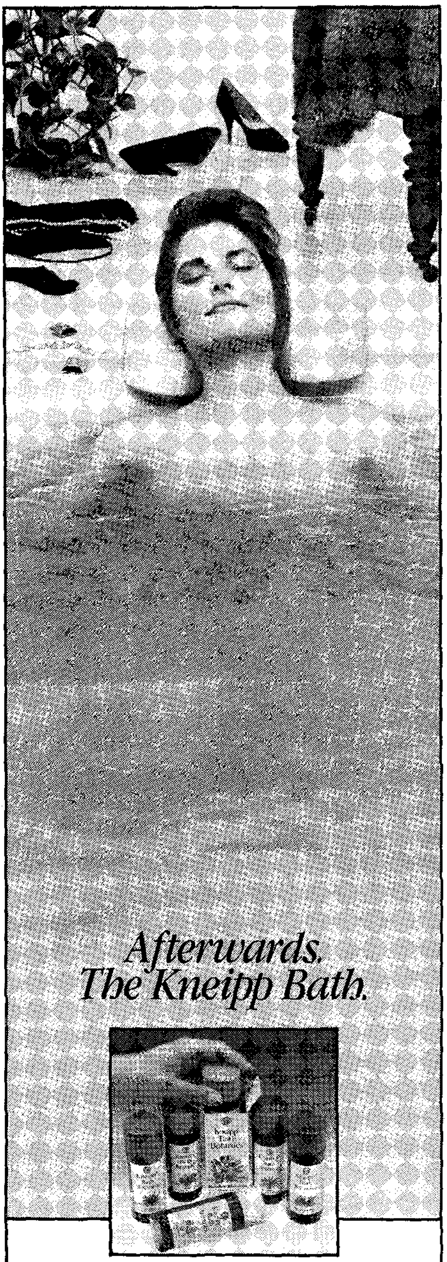
> My experience in my first two weeks at the ashram in the "meditation camp" was excellent. I felt a deepening, an enrichment, an attunement. During the last two weeks, my experience was quite the opposite. I had softened and opened only to be confronted with Teertha's autocratic, coercive, life-negating style of "leadership;" a style reinforcing violence and sexual acting-out of the most unfeeling kind; a style negating soft emotion and emerging sensitivity, and manipulating group pressure to force conformity. Is *this* what Bhagwan is about?

Price, who died in an accident in November of 1985, had more than the usual interest in the ashram therapies. Not only had the Esalen Institute given Teertha the only therapeutic training he had ever had but it had sent a great many people to Poona. Price himself had become a mail-order sannyasin two years before he visited the ashram, on the strength of his friendships and his reading of Rajneesh's books. He was thus personally and institutionally involved:

> Any decent, responsible leader knows how easy it is to protect against most injury—and *not* at the cost of suppressing the *genuine* expression of anger, sexuality or aggression—quite the opposite. Teertha actually works to *suppress* that expression. . . . It is as if the worst mistakes of some inexperienced Esalen group leaders of many years ago have been systematized and given the stamp of "God."

In 1983, Price told me much the same thing; he also said that eventually he had reluctantly come to the conclusion that "Rajneesh was in the karma of Esalen."

At the time, Rajneesh wrote a reply



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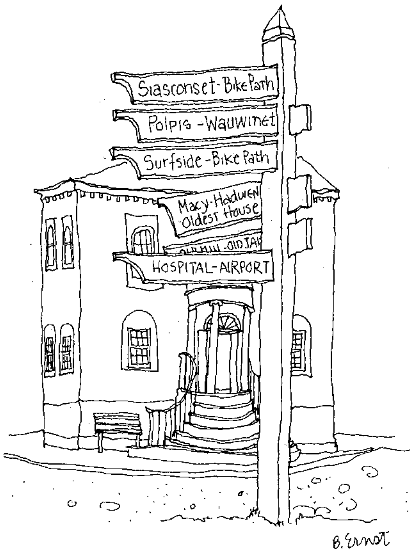
to Price's letter explaining, among other things, that it was only "objective compassion" to allow those obsessed by violence to get it out of their system. Laxmi apparently saw the matter in just this light. Gita Mehta, in "Karma Cola," describes "the matriarch of the ashram" talking "with only a hint of malice" about the visit from California of "the father of one of the most advanced touch therapies." She then quotes the matriarch as saying:

> We have a meditation in the ashram where the disciples beat each other. Hai ram, what simple pleasure they get from hitting and thrashing.
>
> I tell you only yesterday one boy had his wrist smashed, but he is happy and it is very beautiful. Today, poor chap, he is in the massage meditation, he is having oil rubbed over the broken parts.

Violence in the ashram therapies ended in January of 1979, a year after Price's intervention but only a short while after the Jonestown mass suicide. ("Jones was rather more influential than I was," Price said ironically.) A press release from the ashram explained that Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh believed that violence "had fulfilled its function within the overall context of the ashram as an evolving spiritual commune" (a phrase that any American foundation executive might have appreciated). In the same statement, Rajneesh announced that there would come a point in the development of the commune when therapy groups would be discontinued altogether. In the words of the press release, "He explained that it was a question of intelligence. Psychotherapies were needed only because the thousands of people coming to his ashram from the West were not yet intelligent enough to heal their own psychological wounds." This was a nasty jab at his disciples—underhanded, one might say. But perhaps it was only fair for Rajneesh to blame his disciples when the therapists were laying all the responsibility on him.

A similar confusion of responsibility was, it turned out, the main reason for the remarkable dearth of children among the Rajneeshee in Oregon. The guru was a great exponent of birth control for India. According to Laxmi, he had once met Indira Gandhi, and had taken the opportunity to tell her that she should assume dictatorial powers to enforce a program of sterilization so that no family in India had more than one child. (The advice, as it happened, fell on deaf ears, since Mrs. Gandhi had just lost the only election she ever lost, in part because of her sterilization program.) At the ashram, Westerners would come to Rajneesh and ask him whether or not they should have a child. The guru would—quite naturally—tell them that they should not if they had any question about it, and that they should look to their own growth first. What many Westerners heard him say, however, was that they should not have children. Possibly, this was what they wanted to hear, because they had come to Poona precisely to "work on their own growth." In any case, Teertha and his colleagues passed the guru's message on unadulterated to their groups. The result was a great many abortions and a good many sterilizations as well. The abortions continued at Rajneeshpuram, in part because of this legacy and in part because in the early stages of the commune Sheela and her associates wanted a work crew, and not a lot of pregnant women and babies. There was no law about babies, but if you had one it was far more difficult to get into or to stay in the commune.

By January of 1979, the Poona ashram had changed decisively in character. In the first two or three years of its existence, it had an Indian flavor. Westerners would meditate side by side with Indian sannyasins, and on Master's Day the gates of the ashram would open to a procession of men in white robes and women in colorful saris leading white heifers with garlands around their necks. Because ashrams in India tend to be for people with the leisure and the maturity to reflect, a lot of those who came were middle-aged and eminently respectable people from the business world in Poona. There were many ashrams in the city, and for the first few years the Shree Rajneesh ashram seemed not very different from the rest. As time went on, however, more and more Westerners came to the ashram, and fewer and fewer Indians. Finally, the balance tipped, and by 1981, when the guru left for the United States, there were four to six thousand Westerners in his audience every day, and only a few hundred Indians. The ashram was surrounded by long-haired Westerners walking arm in arm and blissing out or freaking out in the streets.



Rajneesh clearly bore some responsibility for this. Not only did he give Westerners special attention and appoint them to all but the top positions on the ashram staff; he also instituted the Western therapies and—despise them though he might—filled the ashram schedule with them for twenty-one days out of every month. And he barred Indians from the therapies. When Rajneesh was asked why he did not permit Indians to join the groups, he explained that Eastern psychology was different from Western psychology: Easterners were "introverts," who needed only to meditate, whereas Westerners were "extroverts," who needed to know how to relate. (Rajneesh had remarked in darshans that "a hundred per cent of their problems are relationship problems." He did not, however, say that if Westerners came face to face with God they would ask Him for a "meaningful relationship.") It was probably true that Indians did not need the therapies. But it was also true that the Westerners did not want Indians in their therapy groups; they did not want Indians unblocking their own sexual energies around them, and they told the management that. Rajneesh thus barred Indians from Sufi dancing as well. In any event, the very idea of the therapies shocked the respectable Indians who heard about them.

BY 1979, the ashram was having public-relations problems in India. The citizens of Poona objected to the crowds of young people holding hands and hugging in the streets. Years later, Laxmi berated herself for not having foreseen and forestalled this provocation. But the hugging was probably the least of it. Among the Westerners who came to the ashram, there were some borderline psychotics, and since the ashram provided no screening procedures for sanity, some of them went over the edge and ended in Poona hospitals on Thorazine.

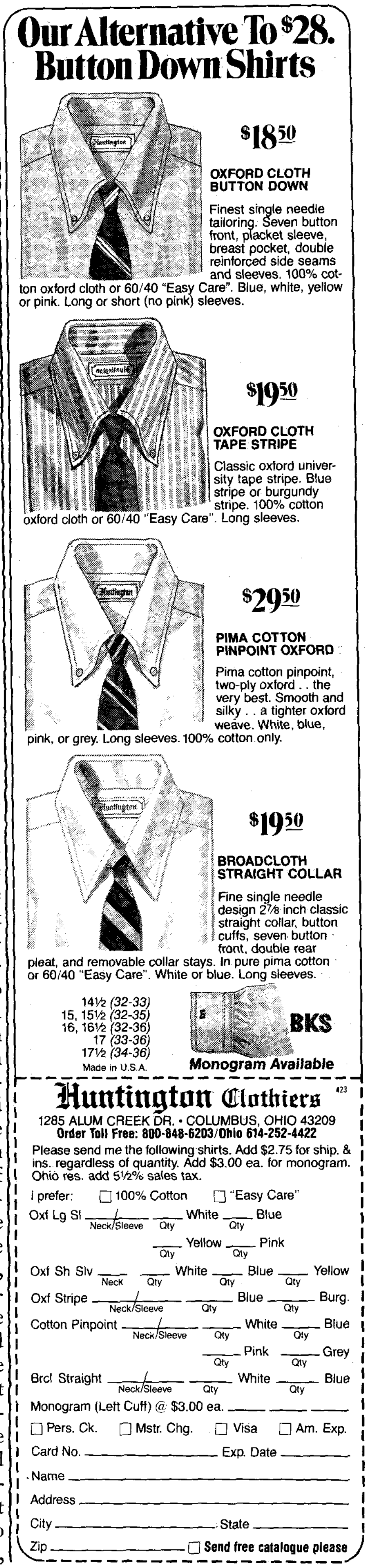
Then, too, some of the young Westerners were financing their sojourns at the ashram in unorthodox ways. A fair number were smuggling drugs—opium, hashish, and marijuana—to Europe, and a few young women were found to be working as free-lance prostitutes in Bombay. While ashram officials claimed ignorance of these activities, the drug smuggling, at least, was fairly common knowledge in Poona. Then, there were the rumors about the therapies. Finally, the guru himself was becoming a public-relations problem.

As the ashram's constituency changed, Rajneesh seemed to change with it. His lecture style altered. His lectures became less and less focussed, less and less thought through. By 1979, they were often little more than collections of quotations, jokes, and anecdotes combined with obiter dicta and attacks on political and religious figures. The jokes were now generally ethnic or scatological, and as vulgar as farmer's-daughter or travelling-salesman stories can get. His sannyasins furnished him with these and howled with laughter when he pronounced the vulgarities—like little boys hearing their first dirty joke. His attacks on people were mean-spirited and not at all inventive; in the end, they consisted in calling just about everyone a "Polack," beginning with Pope John Paul II. Then, as the quality of his lectures declined, the techniques he employed, or authorized, at the ashram became more and more extreme. After the violent therapies came "energy darshans," in which Rajneesh, touching the forehead of a young woman, would make her and the person she touched and the next six or eight people jump and twitch like galvanized frogs. The guru, apparently, could not shock his audience enough. His disciples wanted the most extreme forms of experience. Even those women who had been raped in "therapy" said they had found the experience valuable.

But while the disciples laughed and applauded, the guru's verbal abuse apparently did not sit well with a great many people in Poona—and outside it. The ashram began receiving threatening letters, and several sannyasins were assaulted in the streets. In May of 1980, a young Hindu stood up in the middle of one of Rajneesh's discourses and started running toward the guru, shouting a protest; before the ashram guards could reach him, he threw a knife in Rajneesh's direction. He was arrested, charged with attempted murder, and tried, but was eventually acquitted.

Though most sannyasins remained unconscious of it, the ashram was having not only public-relations problems but difficulties with the Indian government as well. The election of 1977 had brought a surprise defeat to Indira Gandhi and the Congress Party, and a victory to the Janata Party coalition, led by Morarji Desai. Laxmi, because of her background, had contacts at all levels of the Congress Party. She had introduced Rajneesh to Mrs. Gandhi and, according to *Der Spiegel*, had contributed large sums to her campaign. She had fewer contacts in the new coalition. Her father had been a close friend of Desai's, but the new Prime Minister was a Hindu conservative, and when she went to see him he told her that he disapproved of Rajneesh and his ashram. If there had been any hope of an accommodation, Rajneesh ended it by adding Desai to his list of "Polacks." The timing was unfortunate, because at that point the ashram stood in particular need of government coöperation.

As early as 1976, Rajneesh had talked about founding a "new commune" in the countryside, where ten thousand sannyasins could live. As the ashram became more and more crowded and the tensions between it and the city of Poona grew, the procurement of new quarters became, increasingly, a necessity. Laxmi took to the road. Looking for a large, isolated property, she found a prospect in northwestern Gujarat and two more in the mountains along the northern border of India. But each time she applied for the necessary permissions—in the first case to build on farmland, and in the others to move large numbers of people into military-security zones—the government turned her down. She next found an arid and barely adequate property just twenty miles from Poona, but then the Desai government removed the officials she knew in the state, and again the permissions did not come through. At around the same time, income-tax officials ruled that the ashram did not qualify as an educational institution or as a charitable or religious organization, and would therefore have to pay taxes on all donations—back taxes as well as current ones. The Rajneeshee took the case to court and believed they could win it,



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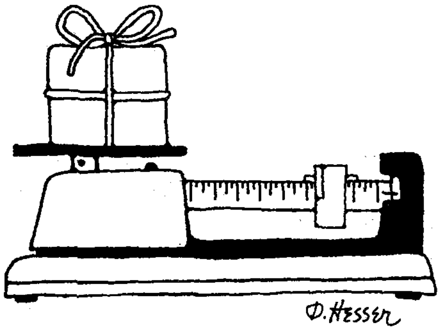
but they were threatened with a bill of several million dollars if they did not. When Mrs. Gandhi was returned to office, in January of 1980, Laxmi went to her for help with the national-security regulations. But by now the reputation of the ashram was such that the Prime Minister refused to intervene on its behalf.

On May 31, 1981, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh left abruptly for the United States with eighteen of his disciples; of the thousands of people in and around the ashram at the time, only a handful knew of his departure until after he had gone. In late March, his lectures had been cancelled—owing, it was said, to an outbreak of chicken pox in the ashram. Sannyasins had assumed that he would resume lecturing once the outbreak was contained, but in April Ma Anand Sheela, then Laxmi's first assistant, announced that Bhagwan had entered the ultimate stage of his work: he had gone into silence and would lecture no more. For the month of May, he sat with his disciples in silence for an hour out of every day. Then he left.

Just why the guru came to the United States became a matter of pressing interest to the Portland office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service six months later, when he applied for permanent residency. His Bombay application for a tourist visa stated that he required medical treatment in the United States. Laxmi had written the American consul that he required an operation on his back, and in conversation with the consul Sheela had stressed the emergency nature of the request: she said Rajneesh was about to die. It is true that Rajneesh had fallen ill in the spring of 1981. His allergies, his asthma, and his diabetes had worsened and sapped his energies; finally, persistent coughing began to affect an old back injury—a prolapsed disk—and this caused him severe pain. Indian doctors and one of the world's leading orthopedic surgeons, brought in from England to treat him, testified to his condition. On his arrival in the United States, however, Rajneesh did not go to the hospital or seek any outside medical treatment, and at no time was he seen by any but sannyasin doctors. Rajneeshee lawyers later explained this apparent discrepancy by saying that his doctors had determined that while there was a significant concern that he might require surgery—though it would be dangerous—*in the* United States his condition had improved so much that he did not. The I.N.S. contended, however, that the guru had a preconceived intent to remain in the United States, and that false statements had been made on his application.

Whether false statements had been made was the legal question at issue, and I.N.S. officials never proved their case. (In the end, they did not have to.) But they did have significant evidence that Rajneesh and his followers had a preconceived intent to remain in the United States. In the first place, Sheela had asked the American consul in Bombay about the guru's eligibility for permanent residency. In the second place, Rajneeshee envoys had begun to search for land in the United States in April, and by October—when the guru asked for, and received, an extension of his tourist visa—they had bought the ranch and sunk a good deal of money into it. In the third place, the Rajneeshee had begun to ship ashram property to the United States two weeks before the guru left India, and shortly after he left some thousands of sannyasins also left, many of them bound for the United States. Laxmi, whom I met in Woodstock, New York, living as a sannyasin but apart from the commune, inadvertently added to this evidence when I talked to her by blaming herself for the guru's removal to the United States. She said she had failed to find a property in India adequate to his needs, and thus, when the medical emergency came, the initiative had passed to Sheela. According to ex-sannyasins, Sheela, who had become Laxmi's first assistant in 1975 and director of the business arm of the ashram in 1978, had moved to center stage while Laxmi was away looking for a commune site. Having been married to an American for many years, and being a frequent traveller to the United States, she had proposed that the guru move to America. In April of 1981, her Chidvilas Center bought a castle, in Montclair, that served as the guru's first residence in the United States; around the same time, she took over from Laxmi as the guru's secretary.



Rajneeshee doctors and lawyers later testified that the guru had recovered slowly in the salubrious air of America. An ex-sannyasin who had accompanied him told the I.N.S., however, that the guru had insisted on taking a limousine rather than an ambulance from Kennedy Airport to Montclair, and that a week after his arrival he was walking around the garden at the Chidvilas Center and driving a Rolls-Royce. This testimony—combined with the fact that the guru never consulted an outside doctor in the United States—understandably caused I.N.S. officials to suspect that Rajneesh had never been as sick as he had said and was certainly not near death. To read Rajneesh's official biography was, however, to learn that there had been similar crises in the guru's life and other visits to death's door.

According to his biographer, Rajneesh thought a great deal about death, and had since he was seven years old. At seven, he had watched his beloved grandfather, with whom he lived, die a slow death next to him on a bullock cart as the family made the thirty-two-mile journey into town. Of that experience he told his biographer:

> When he died I felt that it would be a betrayal to eat. Now I didn't want to live. It was childish, but through it something very deep happened. For three days I remained lying down. I would not come out of bed. I said, "When he is dead, I do not want to live." I survived but these three days became a death experience.

At another time, he said:

> His death freed me forever from all relationships. His death became for me the death of all attachments. Thereafter I could not establish a bond of relationship with anyone. Whenever my relationship with anyone began to become intimate, that death stared at me.

The feelings of the little boy were the classic symptoms of survivor guilt. And these feelings, according to Rajneesh, did not go away. An astrologer had predicted that Rajneesh would face death every seven years, and would most probably die at age twenty-one. So at age fourteen he asked his school principal for a seven-day leave from school, saying that he was going to die. He spent seven days alone in the ruins of a temple near his village and had, he later reported, another experience of death and the sense of detachment that comes from contemplating it. But this was not a unique experience for him. He was reckless as a boy; he would jump from a seventy-foot bridge into the river by his village, according to his relatives and friends, and would dive into whirlpools, which would suck him under and expel him just when he had no breath left. His biographer wrote that he used the river to bring himself face to face with death. At age twenty-one, he went into a severe depression, and felt once again "the bottomless abyss." On March 21, 1953, at the end of a seven-day period of meditation, he had the experience he later called Enlightenment: he felt that he was exploding, going mad with bliss. "That night I died and was reborn," he said. "But the one that was reborn has nothing to do with that which died, it is a discontinuous thing. . . . The one who died, died totally; nothing of him has remained."

After that "death," Rajneesh entered into a period of great activity. His depression was gone, and his psychosomatic headaches vanished. But exactly twenty-one years later, in March of 1974 (his biographer reports this but does not seem to attach significance to it), Rajneesh announced that he was withdrawing from all activities, "just as the sun withdraws its rays in the evening, as the fisherman withdraws his fishing net." He moved to Poona on March 21st, suffering from allergies and acute asthma—illnesses often thought to be psychosomatic in origin. After giving a course of lectures on the Bhagavad Gita in Hindi, he went into almost complete silence and, to everyone's amazement, asked to be returned to Bombay. At the end of April, however, he recovered and began to stroll in the Poona gardens, seeming to like his new surroundings. But he stopped giving meditations in person and thereafter gave only lectures and darshans.

Rajneesh stopped speaking to his Poona audiences on March 24, 1981, precisely seven years after this last event (the coincidence again unremarked by his biographer). According to Laxmi, he had sat quite still in his room for months before that, not reading and paying no attention to her when she fussed around him, and emerging only for his public appearances. In March, four specialists pronounced him very ill with allergies, asthma, and the prolapsed disk. On May 31st, he left for the United States, and a week later he was walking around the gardens of the castle in Montclair. The authorities of the Immigration and Naturalization Service either did not notice this pattern or thought that it went beyond their jurisdiction.

Rajneesh had always said he would never leave India, because, although he disliked modern India, the very earth was sacred—so many Buddhas had walked upon it. Not long before leaving, however—at the beginning of March, just before he went into silence—he delivered himself of a bitter attack upon his country and his countrymen. India, he said, was "an old, ancient, rotten country" and "many rotten parts of this goddamned country have to be removed." Of his colleagues, he said, "Their hysterical experiences have been called samadhi. Their madness has been respected. . . . Fools have been worshipped, masochists have been thought to be ascetics, sadists have been thought to be great saints. Perversions of all kinds have been given a spiritual connotation. . . . This country is a country of pretenders, and I am hurting them. And I want to hurt them, because that is the only way to pull the pus out of their centuries-old wounds." Rajneesh also spoke of the "thousands of people writing against me, shouting against me," and of the threats on his life. But he said he would continue "to expose this whole lie of thousands of years," and added, "I have nothing to lose. At the most they can kill me."

Conceivably, Rajneesh was ready to leave India.

BEFORE Rajneesh went into silence, he spoke on a number of occasions about "the new commune" he would create. Man, he said, had outgrown the family; it had served its purpose but had exacted a heavy price in neurosis. The institution of marriage had been founded on a desire for security. Some marriages were spiritual ones, but, as love could not be legalized, most marriages were held together merely by guilt or fear or a sense of dependency. Families stunted children as well as adults, for children grew up obsessed by love or hate for their parents: men spent their lives looking for the image of their mother in women, while women searched endlessly for their fathers. Families demanded obedience from children and thus enforced mediocrity. They taught children to accept religious and political dogmas blindly, and they taught them aggression, competitiveness, and possessiveness. Private property and its attendant ills of jealousy and conflict

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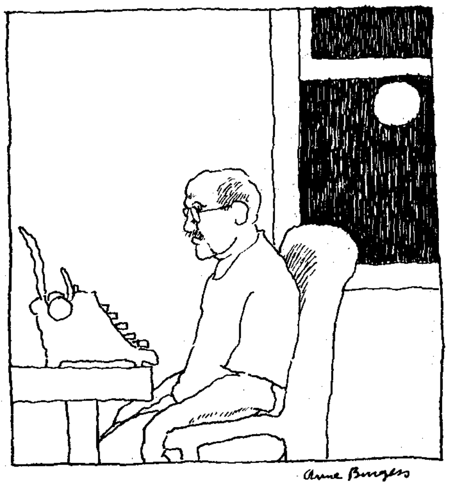
were the creation of the patriarchal family.

The "new commune" was therefore to be a "liquid family," where men and women would stay together only as long as they loved each other, and where children would belong to everyone. Children would have mothers, but they would not know who their fathers were. Women would run this commune, because they were more intuitive and down-to-earth than men, and less involved in their own egos. This commune would have no churches, no orthodoxies, and no rituals. People could discuss all forms of religion and philosophy, and children could learn from all this accumulated wisdom. The commune would give birth to a "new man," who would not need a high position or a big bank balance but could live joyfully, playfully, knowing how to dance and sing. He would be not a fixed "character" but an "authentic being" with a commitment to "the scripture of nature." He would love others and in consequence be honest and trusting. There would be no ambition and no politics in this commune. "Politics are neurotic and will disappear," Rajneesh said.

Rajneesh's proposals for the commune were widely read in Central Oregon, and widely presumed to describe Rajneeshpuram. For the Reverend Mr. Mardo Jimenez and others, they were proof that the Rajneeshee were "a foreign cult" out to destroy the American family. But the source of these proposals was hardly Indian. In Buddhist philosophy, man must live with institutions, just as he must live in the world of appearances: to "transcend" them is not to do without them but to see them for what they are. Rajneesh's "new commune" was, in fact, one of those mirrors the guru hung up before his Western disciples, for it reflected exclusively the ideals of the American counterculture and the human-potential movement. Rajneesh, after all, had learned everything he knew about communes from his Western sannyasins. In 1973, he had sent thirty-five Westerners off to a dirt-poor farm in central India without any instructions except to learn how to surrender. A South African disciple he put in charge of the farm had made up all the rest of it himself, including the idea of work as meditation—a notion he took from Gurdjieff. That commune did not last very long, but it was the prototype of the Poona ashram and the Oregon commune.

In Oregon, at the time of my first visit, the Western sannyasins had clearly been struggling with the problem of how to do away with all dogmas and rituals. The struggle was comical, philosophically speaking, for the more they talked about "spontaneity," "playfulness," and "authenticity," the more they etched the words into doctrine. In September of 1982, the Rajneeshpuram city council had passed an ordinance stating that a joke must be told at the start of every meeting; the ordinance might have been conceived in a spirit of playfulness, but the joke became a ritual formula and the laughter became expected behavior. A command to "spontaneity" could not, logically speaking, be obeyed. And the commune could not, practically speaking, do without rules. The only way out of this dilemma was self-deception—a state that many sannyasins seemed to have achieved.

Wadud, among others, had insisted that the Buddhafield would not become institutionalized; yet in Rajneeshpuram, as any newspaper reader in Oregon might have pointed out, institutions were growing up like thickets. There was a school, there were the institutes, there were the businesses on and off the ranch. There was a financial structure of some complexity; there were also two city governments and the police force, with the regulations to go with them. (In theory, the businesses and the governments were independent of the Rajneesh Foundation International and the Rajneesh Neo-Sannyas International Commune.) And there were a number of commune rules. Some of the rules had to do with fire prevention and safety; others had to do with cleanliness and dress. For example, sannyasins could not wear just anything they liked: a color chart drawn up by one of the designers showed them which purples, pinks, reds, and oranges went together and which did not. Then, too, for all the laughing and hugging that went on, the residents worked twelve hours a day by schedule and could not leave the ranch as they pleased. And the number of rules kept growing. In the wake of a nasty incident—a stranger who was possibly deranged, possibly an extortionist, brought a bomb into the Rajneeshee's Portland hotel and accidentally blew himself up—the commune instituted an elaborate security system. By the time of my second visit to the ranch, in September, uniformed guards checked everyone going on and off the ranch; visitors were body-searched and their cars sniffed by police dogs; residents and visitors alike had to wear plastic identification bracelets, and the Twinkies wore uniforms. These security procedures reduced by an important percentage the number of times the guides to the ranch spoke about playfulness and spontaneity.



That the commune had created certain institutions and adopted certain rules was hardly surprising—though the number and stringency of these rules seemed incompatible with the atmosphere the Rajneeshee wanted. More surprising was the fact that in certain fundamental ways the commune seemed to be evolving in a direction quite contrary to the countercultural model the guru had outlined. A new design was emerging, and at the time of my second visit that design was much clearer than it had been earlier.

In May, Wadud's building plans had seemed wildly ambitious, but by September his "resort and education facilities" had begun to take shape. Over the summer, the Rajneeshee had paved the streets in the center of town and had built three new restaurants and a shopping mall of boutiques. They had added a good many more A-frame housing units, and one complex of them was now a hotel for visitors. The building I had seen going up for the meditation and therapy institutes was now completed, with flagstone paths and a flower garden; it housed the Rajneesh International Meditation University. A structure that the Rajneeshee had apparently been building for a greenhouse was now a two-acre hall with a sound system and a speaker's platform—much like Rajneesh's hall in Poona. For visitors, the Rajneeshee had put swimming and boating platforms on the lake, and they had turned part of the lounge into a blackjack parlor, and had built a discothèque specially for children. Wadud told me that for the moment he had abandoned the idea of building on the mountain site but was starting construction on thirteen new buildings, including a theatre, a health spa, a factory to make prefab-building components, and a hundred-and-twenty-eight-room hotel. According to Savita, the head accountant, the Rajneeshee had now spent a total of about sixty million dollars in Oregon.

In May, the idea that the commune might one day pay for itself had seemed wholly fanciful to me. The restaurant–night club in Portland was no hot spot, and few non-Rajneeshee guests stayed at the Portland hotel. As for the ranch, it was a four-hour drive from Portland or Salem, and while tour buses did come there, the tourists paid three dollars for a guided tour and went away. But then in July the Oregon press had reported that fifteen thousand people had come to the ranch for the week of the Second Annual Rajneesh World Celebration. Most of them had come via the Portland airport, where Rajneeshee buses had picked them up and taken them to the ranch or the Portland hotel. Their travel had been arranged by the Rajneesh Travel Corporation, and in addition to travel costs each of these fifteen thousand people had paid five hundred dollars for the week in Rajneeshpuram. For that sum, a visitor had got meals and the space in a tent for a sleeping bag; all else was extra. Some thousands had stayed on longer, paying eleven hundred dollars apiece for three weeks or three thousand dollars for a three months' stay. Many of them had taken courses at the university, paying as little as a hundred and fifty dollars for a three-week program and as much as thirty-five hundred for a three-month course of therapy or meditation. In addition, the ranch had sold a good deal of beer, wine, and Perrier, a good many pink jumpsuits, and hundreds of books by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. The commune had even sold chances to win one of the Rajneesh Rolls-Royces, at twenty-five dollars a chance. (The winner had returned the car to the guru.) According to Savita, the commune was now breaking even: it would make the million dollars it needed to cover its running expenses for the year.

The great influx of sannyasins surprised Oregonians—even those who now considered themselves expert Rajneeshee-watchers—for there were not that many sannyasins in the United States. There were groups of them scattered across the country, but the major centers had always been in California. These centers had been thinned out in 1982 by recruitment for the Oregon commune, and they had been further thinned in 1983 when Rajneesh, in his second public statement since his arrival in Oregon, announced that there would be an earthquake along the San Andreas Fault that would devastate much of California but spare Rancho Rajneesh. The announcement had spread panic among California sannyasins, and a Rajneeshee discothèque in San Francisco had closed. Now the only large and visible center was in Laguna Beach, where a minister had turned his church into a Rajneeshee center and started a hullabaloo among his former parishioners, and an interesting court case over the church building was in the works. In other countries, however, the movement was much larger; there were sannyasins in Japan, Germany, Australia, and Canada, and elsewhere as well. In Europe—unbeknownst to most Oregonians—the movement had coalesced and flourished since the guru moved to Oregon. Later on, in a cover story of February, 1984, *Der Spiegel* reported that the Rajneeshee communes across Europe were developing a series of remarkably successful business enterprises. They had started a chain of discothèques and a chain of Zorba the Buddha restaurants, and were now planning a chain of hotels. The disco in Cologne was turning over three million Deutsche marks a year, and the businesses in Zurich four million Swiss francs. The Rajneeshee communes were financially independent of one another, and in each city the commune operated the local disco and restaurant on what amounted to a franchise. Most of the communes had meditation and therapy centers, also franchised, and a variety of other businesses as well: natural-food stores, health clubs, cleaning and catering services—even a company manufacturing plate-glass windows. The communes did whatever their members were good at doing, and generally they had a reputation for giving clean, courteous, and efficient service. (An American journalist in Paris ran

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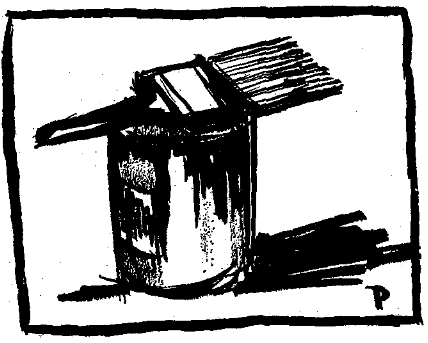
into two prostitutes wearing sunset colors who said they were Rajneeshee and were happy with their work.) The starting capital for these enterprises came from their memberships, and the income they made went into their communal expenses—or into the Oregon commune. Rajneesh Services International, with branches in London and Zurich, sold bonds for the ranch and provided a conduit for gifts and other moneys coming from Europe. In addition, the communes reserved some of their funds to send their members to Oregon for the festival.

Thus, Rajneeshpuram was not, as the Rajneeshee had first described it, a commune of some distinct number of people trying to make a go of it on their own. It *was* the center for a worldwide community of disciples. In that respect, it was like the Poona ashram, but in other respects it was something quite new. The emphasis was now on money—on primary accumulation—and the aim, apparently, was to mold the worldwide community into a disciplined work force with all disciples in every country working directly for the Oregon commune. Gone was the permissiveness of Poona, and gone, too, were the most radical forms of experimentation with sex and consciousness. The therapies, for example, had changed. Aneesha, a neo-Reichian therapist who had gone to Poona because Esalen was "too intellectual" and "not on the radical fringes of consciousness," told me, "It's different here. Something new is emerging. There's a lightness and a gentleness; it's about love, care, and simplicity—not about all those skeletons in the closet. The energy groups focus on the subtle and delicate spaces of being." Whatever this meant precisely, there did seem to be less emphasis on cathartic techniques and less group groping. Then, too, among the courses listed in the new university catalogue were quit-smoking programs, weight-balancing programs, and courses in stress management—courses that would have fitted into any health-club program. In addition, there were courses in such things as Buddhafield agriculture, Buddhafield businesses, and Buddhafield construction. These were three-month apprenticeships quite practically designed to provide the commune with laborers—at some considerable expense to the laborers.

With respect to sex and "relationships," the Rajneeshee had gone through a definite *embourgeoisement* since Poona. According to the 1983 University of Oregon survey, seventy-four per cent of the commune residents were married and sixty-seven per cent had spouses living in Rajneeshpuram. Furthermore, some fifteen couples had been married on the ranch in the past year, their announcements and wedding photographs duly published in the *Rajneesh Times*. What these figures signified was not entirely clear, for most of the new Rajneeshee marriages were between Americans and foreigners, and immigration officials believed that ninety per cent of them were fraudulent—attempts to gain permanent-residency visas for foreigners. But some of the marriages were not just instrumental, and to spend any time in the commune was to observe a pairing-off process going on. Whether sannyasins married or did not, they were developing long-term attachments (some of them in spite of instrumental marriages). On my second visit to the ranch, I attended the wedding of a couple who appeared to be in their early sixties. The bride wore a corsage on her dress; the bridegroom, whose third marriage it was, wore a white suit with a red carnation in the lapel. Arup, who was Dutch and a former Gestalt therapist, and who coördinated the Rajneeshee therapy and meditation centers around the world, conducted the ceremony in the lounge, in front of a small altar with a picture of the guru on it. She made some remarks about the couple, and read from the guru's works; then she put garlands around the necks of the bride and the bridegroom. After the ceremony, there was a party with drinks and a wedding cake. It was much like any nondenominational wedding in Santa Barbara or Asbury Park.

Of course, there were still elements of Rajneeshee social life that would not have found favor with Mardo Jimenez. There was still, for example, a good deal of enthusiasm for Tantric practices; and for visiting sannyasins Rajneeshpuram was still a great place to get a date. But the ranch was not the sex commune Jimenez imagined. The resident sannyasins were working twelve or more hours a day, and the coördinators disapproved of all distractions—even blissing out on Bhagwan. Visitors, for their part, had to wear a special bead on their mala and observe a sexual quarantine for the first week of their stay. Venereal disease had travelled quite naturally around the Poona ashram, but here efforts were made to control it, for it threatened the work force.



In May, the Rajneeshee had told me that they had no religious observances—that work was their worship. One evening toward the end of my stay, however, a sannyasin I was talking to over a beer in the lounge broke off the interview to gather a group of people around him and kneel down facing in the direction of the guru's house. The group then chanted a prayer in Sanskrit—the prayer that was inscribed on the gates to the ranch. Not everyone in the room knew the prayer—or even knew that one was supposed to chant it. The observance, it turned out, had just been instituted by the commune, and my interlocutor, a long-term sannyasin, was teaching it by example. When I returned in September, everyone in the commune was chanting this prayer at the beginning and end of every workday. By then, the commune had also instituted a regular Sunday-evening darshan, where visitors and others could go and meditate or listen to Teertha reading from the Master's works.

But that was not all. The Rajneeshee, I discovered, were developing all the institutions of a church. For some months, the editors in the publishing department had been codifying the guru's works; that is, making a subject index for all the lectures and darshan talks, so that Rajneesh's dicta on any given topic could be retrieved at will. In May, I learned that the guru had given some people the title acharya, or teacher. Ma Prem Isabel told me that she was an acharya but had never officiated at anything and had no precise idea what the title meant. Teertha was an acharya, and so was Arup. Sheela was also one. When I asked her about the invocation she had given, earlier in the year, at the Oregon state legislature, she told me that she was "not really a religious person" and had decided on the wording of the invocation just moments before giving it. In May, even Sheela was insisting on the informality of it all. But in July the commune published a booklet called "Rajneeshism," which explained the religion in some detail.

According to the booklet, Rajneeshee worship was meditation and the meditative attitude in work and play; the message of Rajneeshism was contained in the lectures of the guru; and Rajneeshee education was a lifelong process of learning self-awareness. The booklet gave the whole text of the Sanskrit chant the gachchhamis, and explained the ceremonies of satsang (or being with the Master) and darshan. It named four religious holidays in the year and described ceremonies to be used on the occasions of birth, death, marriage, and caring for the sick. The birth ceremony, interestingly, involved natural childbirth at home, with both the father and an acharya in attendance. Thus was the patriarchal family established in Rajneeshism. As for funerals, the booklet prescribed cremation, with the whole community gathered to celebrate with dance and song. On the organization of the church, the booklet was quite specific:

> The ecclesiastical organization of the religion is overseen by the Academy of Rajneeshism.
>
> There are three categories of ministers: Acharyas, Arihantas and Siddhas. The category into which a candidate is placed depends on the particular type of energy he or she possesses: introverted, extroverted, or a synthesis of the two. . . .
>
> To be eligible for the ministry, a person must have the following experience and training: a minimum of
>
> —two years as a Neo-sannyasin
>
> —two years of participation and practice in meditation
>
> —two years of participation in Religious Discourses and Teachings with guidance
>
> —one year of worship-meditation or apprenticeship in Rajneeshism
>
> —specific orientation for the ministerial duties.

In explaining the creation of a religious organization at this juncture, the booklet said that the formation of a doctrine and an organization around Rajneesh was inevitable, and that since this was the case, it was far better that it should be done while the Master was alive and could give spiritual direction to his disciples, for the alternative was to have it done by "well-meaning but unenlightened followers" after his death. It did not point out that Rajneesh had often said this could not and should not happen: "It will not be possible to make a dogma out of my words. . . . Every institution is bound to be dead. . . . I am destroying your ideologies, creeds, cults, dogmas and I am not replacing them with anything else."

The appearance of the booklet—and the final codification of Rajneeshism—might have been a cause for celebration at Rajneeshpuram. It was not. The long-term sannyasins I talked with about it seemed to have no very positive feelings about it. Ma Satya Bharti, who had been one of the first Westerners around Rajneesh, told me that she had always thought a religion would form around him, but "it's not anything I can connect with." She and others admitted that there was something contradictory about it. "Bhagwan is like Gurdjieff," Rajen said. "His function is blowing preconceptions. The idea of religion is disturbing to me. Those of us who came from religious backgrounds were disillusioned with religion and found freedom in a situation defined only by being with a religious master. Bhagwan talked about religiousness, not about religion. Of course, he did also talk about the development of a religion while he lived, but it was like his talk of 'the new commune'—it seemed to us to be a kind of myth." Yet Rajen and the other long-term sannyasins on the ranch accepted Rajneeshism, just as they had accepted every other contradiction the guru had presented them with. "I would have been indignant about the creation of rituals before," Rajen added. "But not now. We have to accept the paradox of it. We have to give up trying to get at it intellectually. The fact is that this is a religion. It's probably true that it would have evolved into one anyway after the Master is gone."

Many Oregonians, of course, suspected that the Rajneeshee had created a formal religious structure simply as a legal ploy to claim all the rights and privileges accorded to religions in the United States. As it turned out, the Rajneeshee had considered the legal advantages; all the same, Rajneeshism was a far more elaborate construction than was necessary for external purposes. The booklet was most obviously a plan for the perpetuation of the community of believers after the guru's death. In May, before it was issued, I had asked a number of resident sannyasins what they would do if the guru died. To a man and a woman, they said they would leave the commune and start new lives elsewhere. When I asked them whether they were building a ghost town, they replied in Zen terms: they were living in the present—the moment that was all moments—

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and not thinking of the future. But clearly someone was thinking of the future. Reading the booklet, I wondered if any of the Rajneeshee leaders had ever read Max Weber, for here was a textbook attempt to "routinize charisma."

Rajneeshism seemed, in fact, merely part of the whole enterprise taking shape at Rajneeshpuram. In Poona, the Buddhafield had been a realm of free play—a kind of psychic sandbox—but here it was becoming more and more formalized, businesslike, and institutional. In attempting to locate themselves within the American tradition, the Rajneeshee now compared themselves to the Mormons rather than to the Puritans or the Oneida Community. Just why this transformation was taking place was not entirely clear: no one could or would explain it to me, and many Rajneeshee did not seem to grasp precisely what was happening. Possibly, I thought, it was a natural, organic process. Such transformations, from the ecstatic to the routine, were not unknown in the history of religions; also, it accorded very well with the changed temper of the times and the fact that the Rajneeshee, now in their mid-thirties, were of an age to harness the chakra energies and put them to work for profit. If this was the case, then the chances for success were good, because the Rajneeshee had all the talents necessary to make their enterprise work.

SEEING the guru—a white-robed figure with a long beard—issue forth from his compound every afternoon in a Rolls-Royce with a beautiful young woman beside him, one found it quite possible to imagine that Rajneesh had simply retreated into passive Buddhahood, content now to live in some comfort and watch these odd creatures, his disciples, work their will on the world. Similarly, watching the Rajneeshee at work building their city, one found it possible to imagine that the guru had become for them nothing more than an emblem—the modern equivalent of a totem pole or a sacred rock—around which they now organized their considerable energies. The difficulty of drawing a conclusion of this sort was that although the Rajneeshee had all kinds of institutions, they did not seem to have an institution of government—or, at least, not one they were willing to describe.

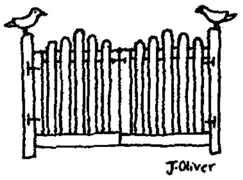
Isabel and others had told me that the major policy decisions for the commune were taken at the weekly coördinators' meetings or at general meetings of the commune members. On my second visit, Isabel invited me to attend a coördinators' meeting at Sheela's house one Sunday morning. At the meeting, in an L-shaped living room, Sheela, in a velours warmup suit, curled up on a couch with twenty or thirty sannyasins crowded around her. Most of them were women, and I recognized some: Savita; Vidya; Prabodhi, the treasurer of the commune; Kavido, K.D.'s sister and a member of the Antelope city council; K.D. himself; Neehar; and Devaprem, the construction coördinator. Some of them sat on sofas and chairs, but since there were not enough of these most sat on the floor. Sheela talked a good deal of the time. She talked first about an Indian some of them had once known—a very boring man, according to her, who, having taken courses in yoga, est, and Silva Mind Control, was now publishing books on "experiencing the self." Everyone laughed. She then talked about taking one or two of the therapy-group leaders with her on her next shopping trip to Portland, just to get them off the ranch for a bit; she also described what had happened on her last shopping trip when one of her companions—one of their number—had tried to eat all the French fries in the restaurant. She talked about how much she liked to play blackjack, and how it might be possible to keep the lounge, with its new blackjack tables, open until midnight so that she could play for an extra hour. Savita, always the practical one, objected that a late closing would mean that many people would have to change their work and sleeping schedules, but Sheela persisted. She talked for perhaps fifteen minutes about her great love for blackjack, and finally Savita gave in. That accomplished, Sheela launched into a long story about her appearance on a locally produced television-serial pilot, then another long story about herself and the mayor of Portland.

Some of the people in the room fidgeted a bit during these narrations, but no one tried to stop Sheela, and many people urged her to go into more detail. When she told a joke, everyone in front of her laughed, hilariously. They laughed particularly hard when she mocked local Oregonians for their lack of style or their fantasy that the Rajneeshee wanted to take over a town called Dufur. Dufur! Oddly, the humor did not always seem to reach those people sitting around me at the back of the long leg of the L-shaped room.

Occasionally, Sheela did bring up some commune business: people were talking on the telephone too much; everyone had to have flu shots; people left their bags around; and some people looked so raggedy and badly dressed that she was thinking of issuing everyone uniforms. She spoke like the housemother of a boarding-school dormitory, and the sannyasins, packed together on the floor in their jumpsuits and sweatshirts, giggling and interrupting each other to urge her on, responded in kind. They did not seem like people in their thirties with graduate degrees. At one point, Sheela asked them to consider the need for more showers at the work sites, and started half an hour of "brainstorming" on ways of getting people dry without using more towels. Suggestions of human car washes and body blow-dryers brought general hilarity. The only solemn moments in the meeting were those in which Sheela criticized two of the coördinators in the room. One of them was her husband, Jayananda, who had apparently blamed someone unfairly for something; the other was an unnamed person who had—she had found out—listened to another person's telephone conversation. To this second person, she said, "Why do you feel so insecure here? This is your home, so you have no need to feel insecure. The point is not to repeat mistakes, but you have. So, big deal, we've made a mistake, and we'll correct it. We'll find an appropriate place for you."

The meeting lasted for four hours. After it, Isabel assured me that coördinators' meetings were not always like that—that sometimes, as just after the bombing at the Portland hotel, serious matters were discussed. But these semi-public coördinators' meetings were clearly not the place where important policy decisions were made. Sheela, presumably, had her own way of doing things. The meeting was nonetheless revealing, for it showed that Sheela—with the guru somewhere behind her—was as much in charge of the commune as Laxmi had been of the Poona ashram; it also showed the quality of the relationship between her and the Western sannyasins.

At the time, I knew there had been some defections from the commune: a number of sannyasins had left in anger over policy decisions and over how these decisions were made. One group of them, in February of 1983, had written an open letter to all Rajneeshee denouncing "the so-called 'leaders' [of the Rajneesh Foundation International] . . . Sheela and her ruling oligarchy" and signing themselves "The Wild Geese." An editorial in the *Rajneesh Times* denouncing the letter and some of the probable signers confirmed the existence of this group. After my second visit to the ranch, I met some of the sannyasins who had left the ranch—people who, unlike the residents, were willing to talk about how it was run.



A woman I'll call Jocelyn Roberts was by profession a psychiatric social worker. Now forty-one years old, she had spent eight months in the Poona ashram in 1980 and 1981 and three months in the Oregon commune—June through August of 1982. She (along with a number of other sannyasins) had contracted amoebic dysentery on the ranch, and because it was of an exotic sort she had ended up at the San Francisco Tropical Disease Center. She did not return to the ranch, because by the time she recovered she had decided that there were a lot of things she didn't like about the place. She had worked on the farm with many people who, in her view, knew a great deal about ecology and farming techniques. She had expected "interesting discussions, where people would exchange ideas, sort things through, and come to decisions;" she had expected "participatory democracy." But that was not what she had found. "I never went to a meeting where there was any discussion or helpful criticism or evaluation on the part of any sannyasin," Roberts said. "There's no vote on any decision. What happens at meetings is you're told what to do. Instead of discussion, what you get is directives and scoldings—scoldings with the implication that you're not working hard enough."

According to Roberts, all decisions came from the top down. "There's an appearance of collegiality," she said. "But the department heads and coördinators have an absolute say in how things are handled. It's a very hierarchical system, and the ultimate authority is Sheela." The department heads, she said, often knew much less about what they were doing than their subordinates, because there was no system of promotion by merit. "It's all politics. It's for political reasons that they've got the position, and they can make gross errors." The other side of the coin was that "you could get stuck with maid work for the whole time you were there, and never get a chance to do upper-echelon work."

Roberts had had a great many friends on the ranch, and she thought highly of some of the coördinators she had run across. She liked Isabel, as most people did. But some of the coördinators she had worked with, she said, had very authoritarian personalities. They would order their subordinates around harshly, and then flatter their superiors. In her view, there were a lot of people who were unhappy with the way things were done on the ranch. "I heard a lot of criticism of Sheela while I was there," Roberts said. "She's strongly disliked by many, many people, only they'd never say it publicly. The appearance when you go there is that people are so happy, but there's an invisible stick held over everyone's head, and that's the threat of expulsion: if you don't like it, leave. I've heard Sheela say that over and over again in public meetings: 'I want to remind you you don't have to be here.' So people are very afraid to speak out about any of the differences of opinion that they have. They're very afraid to challenge or to question or suggest improvements. So there's a lot of role-playing and pretentiousness."

Not only did people criticize Sheela, Roberts continued, but they questioned whether she truly represented Rajneesh. When she quoted from her private conversations with him, they wondered whether he had really said what she said he had. Roberts herself doubted it. There was obviously no way that lower-echelon sannyasins could determine what the guru said or didn't say. For the first two years in

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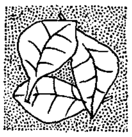
Oregon, Rajneesh had spoken only with a few high-level sannyasins, and in the fall of 1983 he announced—or, rather, Sheela announced—that he would speak only with Sheela. One thing was certain, however, and that was that Rajneesh had created the system they so disliked. His responsibility was obvious—yet he had hidden it from them in plain sight.

In Poona, the ashram had been run by Laxmi and her assistants, with the ultimate authority resting with Rajneesh. It was not a democracy. Rajneesh had once said so explicitly in answer to a woman sannyasin who questioned him about what she saw as an arbitrary and unfair decision of a guard in turning an Indian sannyasin away at the gates. The question had prompted Rajneesh to give a lecture on the necessity of surrendering to his authority. "This place is to change you; it is not to be according to you," he said. "Your votes will never be taken." This was hardly surprising, since Indian ashrams are by their nature not democracies. But he went on to warn his disciples never to interfere, never to complain, and never to mention anything that appeared to them unjust. "Not a single thing happens here which is not known to me," he explained. "Whatsoever happens here is happening with my knowledge. . . . Whatsoever happens is happening according to a plan, a device. There is some hidden pattern in it. And nobody except me knows what that hidden pattern is." In other words, to be a disciple you had to believe that everything that happened was literally or mystically the guru's doing. If something appeared to be wrong or unjust or foolish, that was only your myopia; it was otherwise in the guru's encompassing vision.

In Poona, Rajneesh put women in charge of practical matters—women who adored him and therefore naturally fought with one another. This did not make for the most efficient sort of organization, but it did insure that his authority would remain unchallenged. He himself told his disciples, "The open secret is that you can be free only if you have put too many women around you. Then they are so concerned with each other that they [illegible] you absolutely alone. . . . Their [illegible]es, their envies are enough to [illegible] them occupied." The creation of jealousy and envy might not seem to be the proper work for an Enlightened Master, but Rajneesh explained that he was teaching these women—through their constant confrontations—to recognize their ugly emotions and drop them. He gave the same rationale for anything that went wrong in the ashram, whether it was the result of sheer disorganization or deliberate policy. Whatever it was, it was for the good of his disciples—to teach them detachment and the surrender of the ego. Many sannyasins believed this. In one of her books, Ma Satya Bharti wrote, "Ashram life continually forces us to live in a state of insecurity. . . . All kinds of crisis-situation are created, until finally there's an explosion. And in its wake, a transformation." The strategy was brilliant. While maintaining his control over the ashram and shielding his assistants from any blame, Rajneesh also maintained a reputation for infallibility. Now you see it, now you don't.



In Poona, Rajneesh had gone as far as to tell his sannyasins what he would do when he eventually retired from the system. "When the new commune happens you will see: I will put so many women in charge that even if I die it will take you years to discover that the man is no longer there!" he said. "They will make so much fuss and dance and love and all kinds of foolish things that you will not even come to know whether I am still here or gone." In 1983, this was precisely the situation that obtained: only a handful of sannyasins knew for certain whether he was directing the commune or not. To an outsider, it was unimaginable that Sheela had made up all her conversations with him and was running the commune single-handed. But to dissident sannyasins this could be the only explanation for what was going wrong.

Given the nature of the system, things were bound to go wrong, no matter who was running it, for the trouble, as Jocelyn Roberts had observed, was systemic. Rajneesh had created a traditional Oriental despotism, and this form of government—as he said—inevitably gave rise to resentments, rivalries, cliques, and factions: the very things that the Rajneeshee (who were in some way conscious of this problem) had said they were learning to do without. In Poona, this had not mattered very much, since the ashram was merely a stopping-off place for Westerners. In Oregon, however, it mattered a great deal, for the commune was an enormous enterprise involving millions of dollars and the livelihoods of thousands of people on and off the ranch. Also, it was not in India but in the United States, where sannyasins' ordinary reflexes about their rights and freedoms might be expected to reassert themselves. Even if Sheela were the most capable of administrators, she would have to make some mistakes, and, because the guru was silent, there would have to be some disagreements over policy. When these occurred, sannyasins would blame her and question her legitimacy—since the only alternative was to blame Rajneesh himself. As a corrective, the Western sannyasins (psychologists all) had introduced the system of coördinators—Maslovian managers—to reduce interpersonal friction on a day-to-day basis and to suppress dissent. Watching for "negativity," the coördinators might have become an efficient thought police except that they, too, were a part of the system—a system that taught its members the habits and attitudes of Persian courtiers: obsequiousness to superiors, imperiousness to subordinates, and suspicion of everyone. Given their own insecurities, the coördinators could see only the most obvious signs of discontent beneath the pervasive role-playing. The real irony was that they could not see how they themselves were being "programmed" and "conditioned" by the guru's style of governance—even though the guru had explained it to them. This was surely one of the best of Rajneesh's jokes.

According to those who left the ranch, the resident sannyasins put up with a great deal of hardship during the first two years—more of it than any visitor knew. There were always more people on the ranch than the Rajneeshee spokesmen told the press or the state authorities, and there were always more people than the trailers and A-frames could comfortably accommodate. For the first year or so, most lower-echelon sannyasins slept six or eight to a room, and the children lived in a separate dormitory without much supervision. There were not enough toilets or showers, and the medical care was inadequate. There were doctors, but not enough beds or equipment in the infirmary to accommodate the sick. The Rajneeshee leaders were in a tremendous hurry. The rule was that those who could not work had to leave; thus, many people continued to work twelve hours a day with more or less serious ailments—bronchitis, dysentery, and so on. Then, when the managers made errors, as

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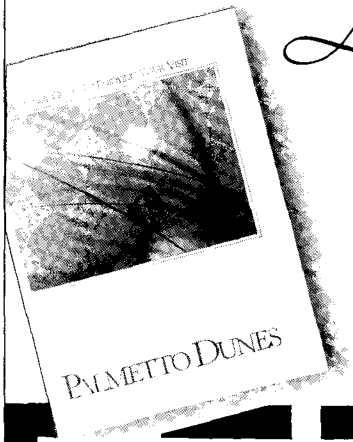

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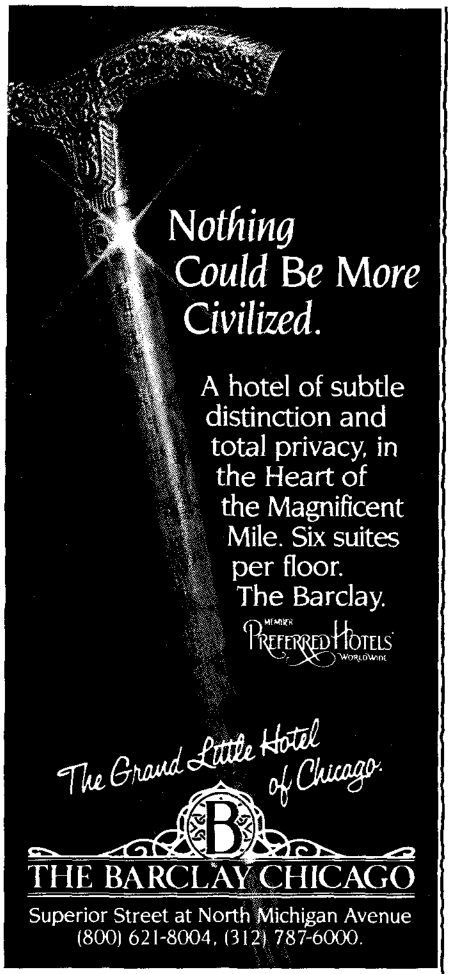
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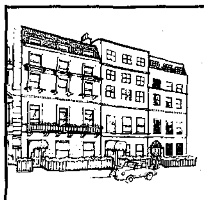
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they sometimes did, the ordinary sannyasins ended up paying for them. Satya Bharti told me that one day she and another woman had had to do the wash for the entire commune—a job that normally took ten people. Satya Bharti, of course, found the experience valuable: it was yet another spiritual lesson emanating mystically from Bhagwan.

Life was not all hardship, and people did have fun—certainly a good deal more fun than most marines have in basic training. The extraordinary part was not that they weathered its vicissitudes but that they did not notice the most obvious warning signals flashing up around them, for while the pressure to work was intense the pressure to give money was even stronger.

In Poona, there had always been enough money. Over the years, the Rajneeshee had developed some extremely effective fund-raising techniques. The usual tactic was to argue that surrender to Bhagwan meant the surrender of everything—including all worldly goods. You had to take the risk, you had to give it up, they said, or no transformation would occur. At some point, a group leader or an ashram staff member would find out about a new disciple's assets in some detail, and if the disciple did not immediately rid himself or herself of these obstacles the staff member would pass the information on, so that in the future others could request the specific assets that were being held back. Sheela had managed to take a good deal of money out of India one way or another, but the ranch was an expensive proposition, and now there never seemed to be enough. Sheela and her main fund-raiser, Sushila, visited rich sannyasins in Europe and the United States and asked them for stocks, bonds, jewelry, or paintings—whatever they had—to build the Buddhafield. They also raised money from their worker sannyasins. They told those from wealthy families to go home, make up with their parents, and ask for money—money to have an operation, perhaps. They asked the parents who came to the ranch to make over money to them. And they told sannyasins with little money to give what they could. Not all those who worked on the ranch gave money, but many of those who came sold their houses, sold their cars, and emptied their bank accounts into the Rajneeshee treasury. Still the fund-raising did not stop. Several former sannyasins remembered a meeting at which Sushila, bracelets jangling, asked the working disciples to contribute the cash in their pockets, the watches on their wrists, and the rings on their fingers. Many sannyasins had all their savings tied up in Rajneeshpuram. And the leaders, needless to say, made no accounting to them. The money could have gone anywhere. It was, as the Rajneeshee said, a gamble.

In Poona, sannyasins—even ashram workers—had been free to come and go. But in Oregon "the organization," as it came to be known, demanded total commitment to the building of the commune. Sheela, K.D., Niren, Isabel, and others travelled a good deal on business, but most sannyasins never left the ranch: they were told that they could not leave temporarily except as a matter of dire necessity. Their families could visit them, but there was never much time to spare; and since there were only a few telephones available for private calls (and all of them in public places), people did not generally call family or friends just for a chat. The work schedule gave sannyasins little time for objective reflection and little time to themselves. Then, too, the ranch was so isolated in its bowl of hills and so different from its surroundings that it seemed to be a foreign country. The tourists went through in their buses. Other sannyasins came in for the festivals. But most residents had little contact with outsiders—least of all with their neighbors in Central Oregon. And by the fall of 1983 the tensions between the Rajneeshee and their neighbors had gone up a notch.

—Frances FitzGerald

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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And third, Bermuda is not a single island. It is, in fact, made up of some 150 islands, seven of which are connected by bridges and causeways to give the impression of one "island" about 21 miles long, but with a maximum width of two miles. Thus it is impossible for a visitor to be less than a mile from the sea, no matter where he or she is.—*Atlanta Journal & Constitution.*

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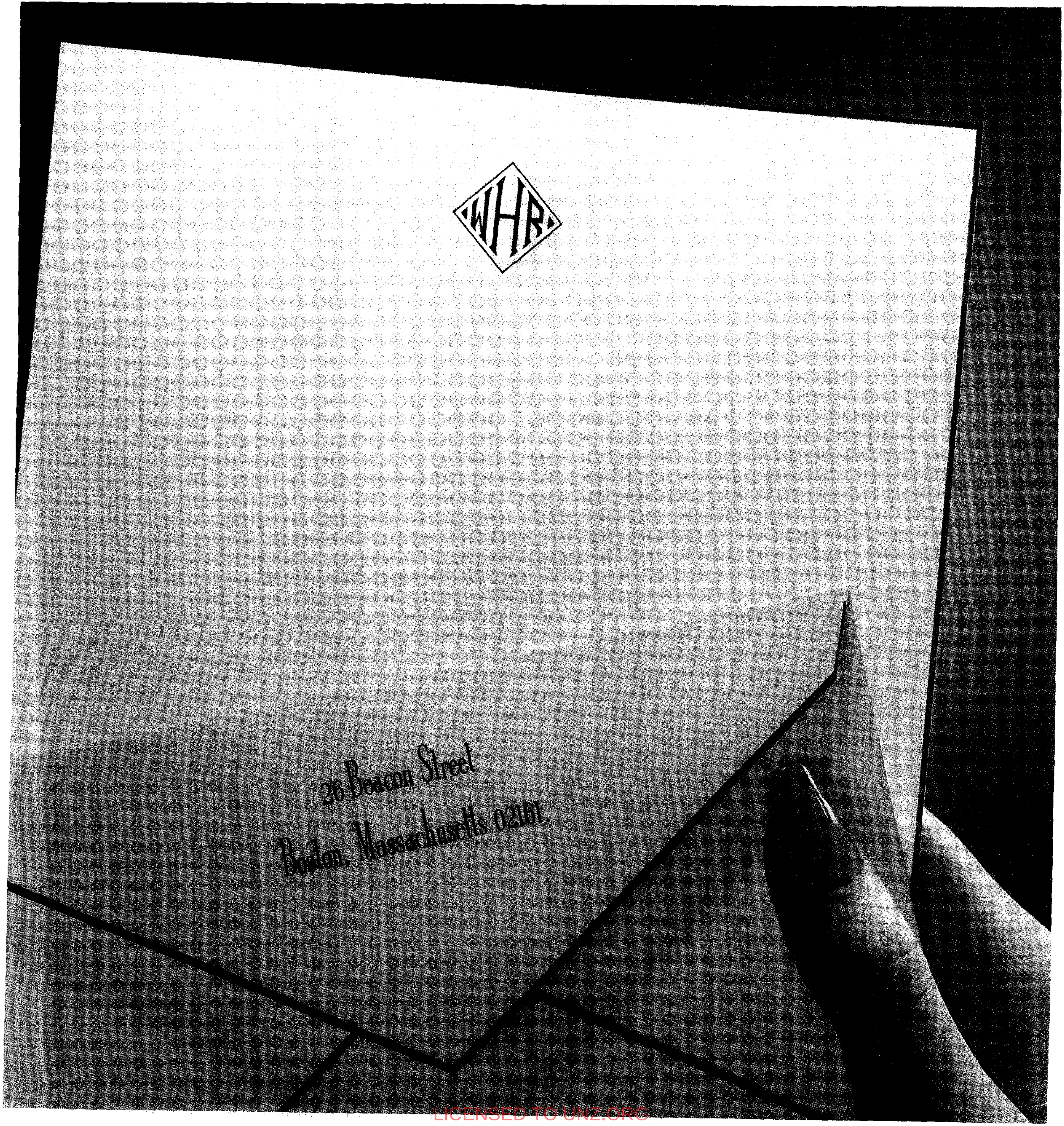

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Out There and In Here

"Maybe I'm sick, but I want to see that again."
—*Overheard after a showing of "Blue Velvet."*

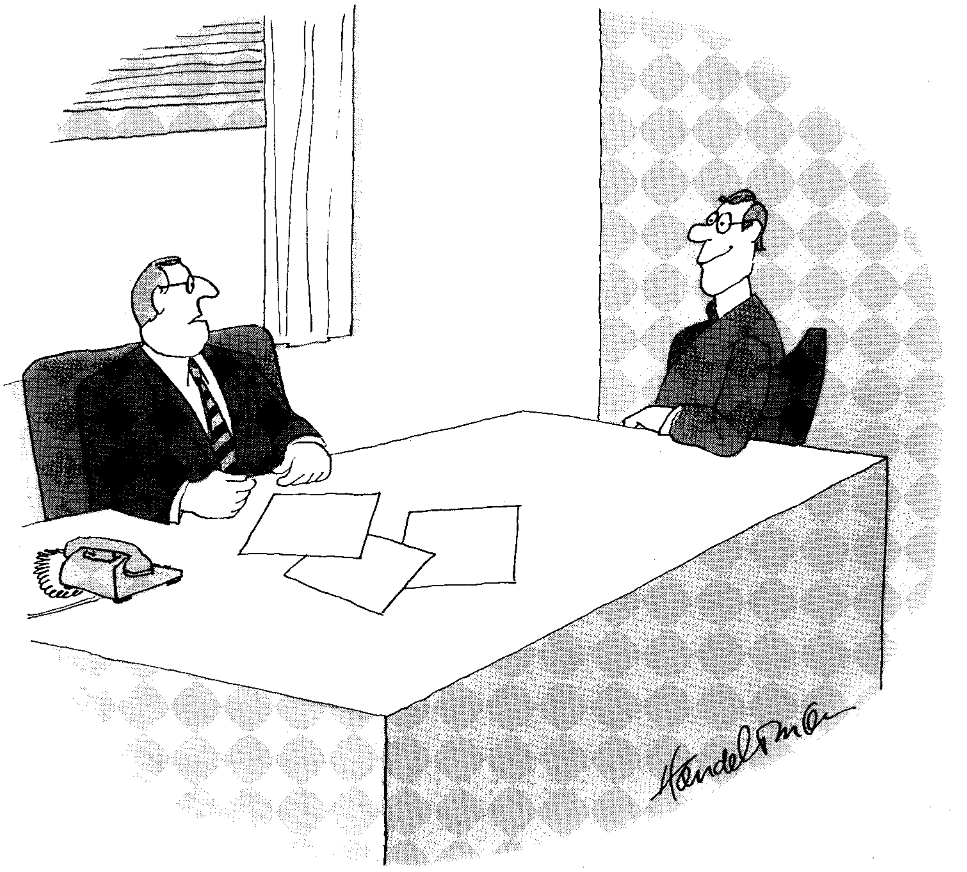
WHEN you come out of the theatre after seeing David Lynch's "Blue Velvet," you certainly know that you've seen something. You wouldn't mistake frames from "Blue Velvet" for frames from any other movie. It's an anomaly—the work of a genius naïf. If you feel that there's very little art between you and the filmmaker's psyche, it may be because there's less than the usual amount of inhibition. Lynch doesn't censor his sexual fantasies, and the film's hypercharged erotic atmosphere makes it something of a trance-out, but his humor keeps breaking through, too. His fantasies may come from his unconscious, but he recognizes them for what they are, and he's tickled by them. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way.

Shot in Wilmington, North Carolina, it's set in an archetypal small, sleepy city, Lumberton, where the radio station's call letters are WOOD, and the announcer says, "At the sound of the falling tree," and then, as the tree falls, "it's 9:30." Not more than three minutes into the film, you recognize that this peaceful, enchanted, white-picket-fence community, where the eighties look like the fifties, is the creepiest sleepy city you've ever seen. The subject of the movie is exactly that: the mystery and madness hidden in the "normal." At the beginning, the wide images (the film is shot in CinemaScope ratio: 2.35 to 1) are meticulously bright and sharp-edged; you feel that you're seeing every detail of the architecture, the layout of homes and apartments, the furnishings and potted plants, the women's dresses. It's so hyperfamiliar it's scary. The vivid red of the roses by the white fence makes them look like hothouse blooms, and the budding yellow tulips are poised, eager to open. Later, the light is low, but all through this movie the colors are insistent, objects may suddenly be enlarged to fill the frame, and a tiny imagined sound may be amplified to a thunderstorm. The style might be described as hallucinatory clinical realism.

When Mr. Beaumont, of Beaumont's hardware store, is watering his lawn and has a seizure of some sort—probably a cerebral hemorrhage—the water keeps shooting out. It drenches his fallen body, and a neighbor's dog jumps on top of him, frisking and trying to drink from the spray. The green grass, enlarged so that the blades are as tall as redwood trees, is teeming with big black insects, and their quarrelsome buzz and hiss displaces all other sounds. When Jeffrey Beaumont (Kyle MacLachlan), home from college to be near his stricken father and take care of the store, walks back from a visit to the hospital, he dawdles in a vacant lot and spots something unexpected in the grass and weeds: a human ear with an attached hank of hair, and ants crawling all over it. The ear looks like a seashell; in closeup, with the camera moving into the dark canal, it becomes the cosmos, and the sound is what you hear when you put a shell to your ear—the roar of the ocean.

Jeffrey's curiosity about the severed ear—whose head it came from and why it was cut off—leads him to Lumberton's tainted underside, a netherworld of sleazy interconnections. A viewer knows intuitively that this is a coming-of-age picture—that Jeffrey's discovery of this criminal, sadomasochistic network has everything to do with his father's becoming an invalid and his own new status as an adult. It's as if David Lynch were saying, "It's a frightening world out there, and"—tapping his head—"in here."

Wholesome as Jeffrey looks, he's somewhat drawn to violence and kinkiness. But he doesn't quite know that yet, and it's certainly not how he explains himself to Sandy (Laura Dern), a fair-haired high-school senior and the daughter of the police detective investigating the matter of the ear. She has become Jeffrey's confederate, and when she questions the nature of his interest in the case he speaks of being involved with "something that was always hidden," of being "in the middle of a mystery." Sandy tantalizes him with what she's overheard the police saying, and he tantalizes her with the strange, "hidden" things he learns about. During their scenes together, an eerie faraway organ is playing

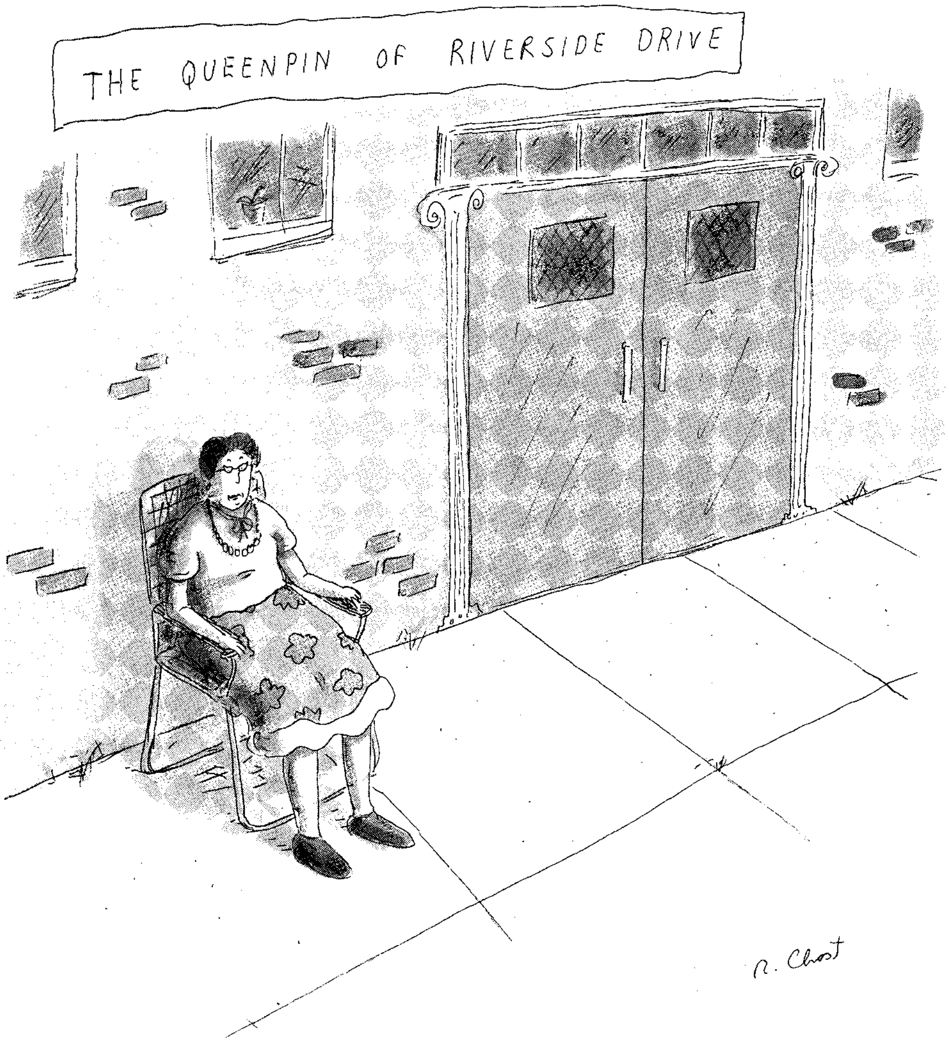


"Your sunny disposition may have been an asset when you were in sales, Nyman, but in the production department it gives everyone the pip."

BOOKS

The Great Paraguayan Novel and Other Hardships

Jorge Luis Borges never got the Nobel Prize, but Gabriel García Márquez did, so let us begin this survey of recent Latin-American fiction with him. His "Story of a Shipwrecked Sailor," beautifully produced by Knopf ($13.95), and given a bright, smooth-running translation from the Spanish by Randolph Hogan, is not, actually, fiction but a "real-life" adventure—the account by a twenty-year-old Colombian sailor, Luis Alejandro Velasco, of his ten days adrift on a raft in the Caribbean without food or water. It happened in the winter of 1955, and Velasco briefly became a national hero for his feat of survival. At the time, García Márquez was a staff reporter for the Bogotá daily *El Espectador;* interviewing the young sailor in twenty sessions of six hours each, he was pleasantly surprised to find that Velasco had "an exceptional instinct for the art of narrative, an astonishing memory and ability to synthesize, and enough uncultivated dignity to be able to laugh at his own heroism." Fifteen years later, in an introduction written for the first book publication of the resulting story, García Márquez recalled how he and his interview subject "put together an accurate and concise account of his ten days at sea. It was so detailed and so exciting that my only concern was finding readers who would believe it." The story, under the sailor's byline, ran in fourteen consecutive installments, and "readers scrambled in front of the [newspaper] building to buy back issues in order to collect the entire series." The government was less enthusiastic, as Velasco's narrative revealed that he and seven drowned fellow crew members were swept overboard not by a storm but because their destroyer, returning from eight months of repairs in Mobile, Alabama, was loaded with contraband American goods—refrigerators, television sets, washing machines—that spilled from the deck in heavy seas on a sunny day. The Rojas dictatorship denied the scandal, and *El Espectador* countered by printing sailors' onboard snapshots showing the illegal cargo in the background. Within months, *El Espectador* was shut down by government reprisals, and Velasco himself, who refused to change his story, had to leave the Navy. By 1957, the former national hero occupied the obscurity of "a desk at a bus company."


THE QUEENPIN OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE
R. Chast

These unfortunate consequences—which helped precipitate García Márquez into a wandering exile and his eventual fate as a world-class novelist—add a mere footnote to the sorry history of Latin-American censorship and mendacious repression; what matters now is that the shipwrecked sailor told, and the youthful journalist conjured into print, an enchanting tale, quite thrilling in its lucid, unhistrionic, often comic revelation of human fortitude and ability to absorb hardship. In its exposition of suffering solitude, it ranks with Admiral Byrd's "Alone" and Mungo Park's "Travels;" along with the stoic heroism, the succession of perils and extreme sensations, there is something rollicking and colorful, an ironic good humor, which we tend to credit to the author more than to the narrator. The power of invention, of course, is also the power of discovery, and perhaps García Márquez's only contribution to the story's many vivid surreal touches was to hear them and put them down. Velasco's Alabama girlfriend, for instance, is named Mary Address, and the surname is so unusual it stops us cold and makes her as oddly real as Olive Oyl, or the bar called the Joe Palooka where the Colombian sailors congregate. Oddly real, too, is the fin of a shark as it glides past the little raft: "In fact, nothing appears more innocuous than a shark fin. It doesn't look like part of an animal, even less part of a savage beast. It's green and rough, like the bark of a tree. As I watched it edge past the side of the raft, I imagined it might have a fresh flavor, somewhat bitter, like the skin of a vegetable." The starving sailor, on the fifth day of his ordeal, manages to capture a small gull and to wring its neck; but his attempt to eat the bird raw proves a grisly failure:

> At first I tried to pluck the feathers carefully, methodically. But I hadn't counted on the fragility of the skin. As the

> feathers came out it began to disintegrate in my hands. I washed the bird in the middle of the raft. I pulled it apart with a single jerk, and the sight of the pink intestines and blue veins turned my stomach. I put a sliver of the thigh in my mouth but I couldn't swallow it. This was absurd. It was like chewing on a frog. Unable to get over my repugnance, I spit out the piece of flesh and kept still for a long time, with the revolting hash of bloody feathers and bones in my hand.

What he *can* chew and swallow, and what gives him courage to keep living, is a casually pocketed business card from a clothing store in Mobile: "I could feel a tiny piece of mashed-up cardboard move all the way down to my stomach, and from that moment on I felt I would be saved, that I wouldn't be destroyed by sharks." His attempt to disassemble and eat his shoes is less successful and produces, when he is safe in Colombia, his appearance in shoe advertisements—"because his shoes were so sturdy that he hadn't been able to tear them apart to eat them." The grinning gods of anticlimax hover above Velasco's entire adventure: having at last sighted land and swum to where his feet can touch ground, he is almost drowned in the undertow and then is driven nearly crazy by his frustrated attempts to open a coconut on the shore. His return to civilization has many macabre wrinkles: his rescuers feed him only sugar water, and he is escorted to the distant hospital by a parade of six hundred men, plus women, children, and animals—a procession out of one of García Márquez's thronged novels.

The starved, sun-baked, semidelirious sailor, at last granted human contact, discovers within himself a primary aesthetic impulse: "When I heard him [the first man he meets] speak I realized that, more than thirst, hunger, and despair, what tormented me most was the need to tell someone what had happened to me." Throughout Velasco's narrative we feel the thinness of the difference between life and death—a few feet of heaving ocean separate him from his less lucky shipmates in the confusion after they are swept overboard, and a fragile cork-and-rope raft holds him afloat, through the black night and burning day, in "a dense sea filled with strange creatures." The closeness of the living and the dead is one of García Márquez's themes, but in this journalistic narrative it emerges without morbidity, as a fact among many. The factuality of the real sailor's direct and artless telling bracingly mingles with

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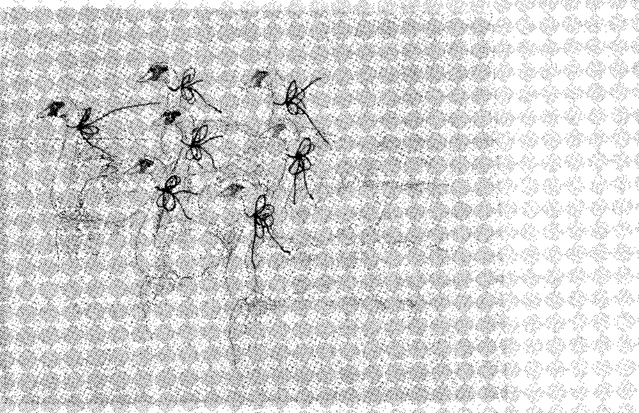

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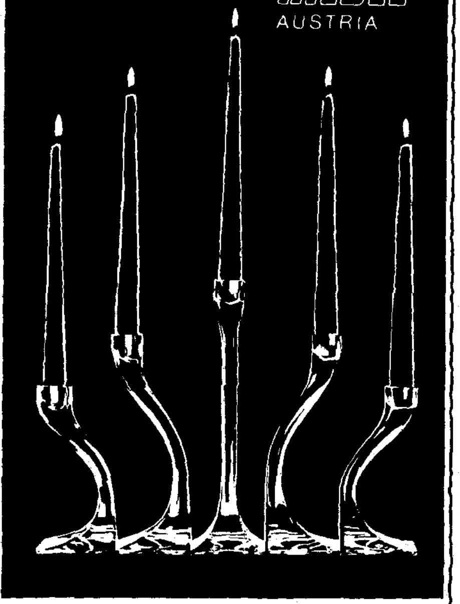

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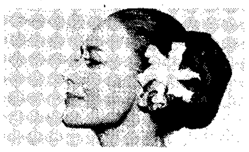

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the beginnings of the writer's "magic realism."

"I THE SUPREME," by Augusto Roa Bastos (translated from the Spanish by Helen Lane; Knopf; $18.95), is a deliberately prodigious book, an elaborate and erudite opus saturated in the verbal bravura of classic modernism. Its Paraguayan author, a professor at the University of Toulouse until his retirement last year, has lived in exile, principally in France, since 1947; "Yo el Supremo" was originally published in 1974, in Buenos Aires.

"El Supremo" was the popular nickname for the founder of independent Paraguay, José Gaspar Rodríguez de Francia, who, after the bloodless coup against Spanish colonial rule in 1811, went from being secretary of the ruling junta to being Supreme Dictator; he ruled the country possessively and absolutely from 1814 until his death, in 1840. A lawyer and onetime postulant for the priesthood, he held the degrees of master of philosophy and doctor of theology; he never married, and lived austerely, in an isolation akin to that which he imposed on the country he had founded. He forbade immigration and emigration and maintained neither diplomatic nor commercial ties with foreign countries. Within the embattled, landlocked country, his policies were aimed at developing a sense of independence and solidarity; a follower of the French Enlightenment, he curbed the power of the Church and the aristocracy, introduced modern methods of agriculture, defended the rights of the Guaraní Indians, and maintained a formidable army. He wore a black suit and red cape and was rumored to be something of a sorcerer. Paraguay, known to Americans mostly as the remote domain of the long-lived dictatorship of Alfredo Stroessner, has had an interesting history. From its capital of Asunción the Spanish ruled a vast area and founded Buenos Aires. Its southeastern region was the site of communistic Jesuit missions—the eighteenth-century *reducciones*, which one writer on Latin America, Carlos Rangel, has described as "the best possible materialization of a *City of God* on earth." And in the War of the Triple Alliance (1865-70) Paraguay defended itself against its two mighty neighbors, Brazil and Argentina, at the staggering cost of over half its population, including three-quarters of its men.

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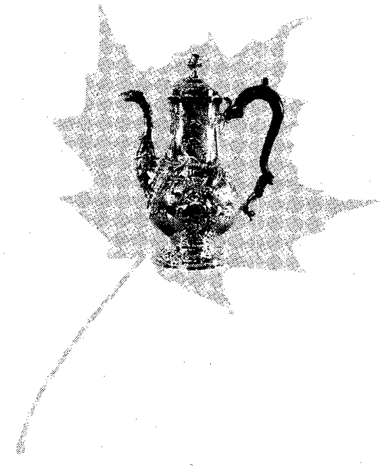

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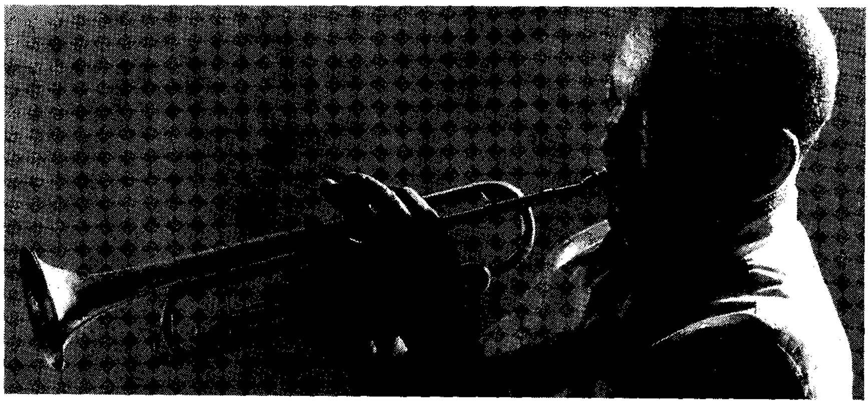
try, a George Washington with elements of Huey Long, Enver Hoxha, and Merlin, lies dying and raving, aloud and within his skull, through the over four hundred large pages of "I the Supreme," whose texture is varied with double-column excerpts from historical works, some of which are imaginary. The valor and labor and intelligence exerted in this novel and in its faithful translation (including bits from the Guaraní, Portuguese, and Latin) intimidate criticism; suffice it to say that, if a masterpiece, it is the sort one not so much reads as plows through, and that much of its charm and interest presumably lie bound up in its virtuoso use of the original language. Many books have gone into the making of this book: contemporary and historical accounts of Francia's Paraguay, government documents and the eighteenth-century sources of the dictator's own extensive erudition, and the exemplary modern works of Joyce, Borges, and García Márquez, among others—there is even a sharp whiff of contemporary French interest in the elusiveness of texts and the multiplicity of signs.

In books as in dinosaurs, however, grandeur asks a strong spine, and "I the Supreme" holds no action as boldly intelligible as Napoleon's invasion of Russia or the hunt for the Great White Whale. The looming, and virtually only, human relationship exists between the dying Francia and his obsequious secretary Policarpo Patiño; their dialogues are given not only without quotation marks but without dashes or indentation, so that the secretary and the dictator (himself once a secretary) tend to merge, even while allusions to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza thicken around them. The central issue of suspense—the authorship of an anti-Francia pasquinade nailed to the door of the cathedral—is never, that this reader noticed, resolved. Nor does the author's attitude toward his polymorphous, logorrheic hero come into clear view. Repulsion and fascination, clearly, but to what end? A kind of long curse concludes the novel—an enthusiastic descriptive catalogue of the insects and worms that will devour El Supremo's corpse, and some condemnatory sentences in the author's (or Patiño's) voice:

> You fooled yourself and fooled others by pretending that your power was absolute. You lost your oil, you old ex theologian passing yourself off as a statesman. . . . You ceased to believe in God, but neither did you believe in the people with the true



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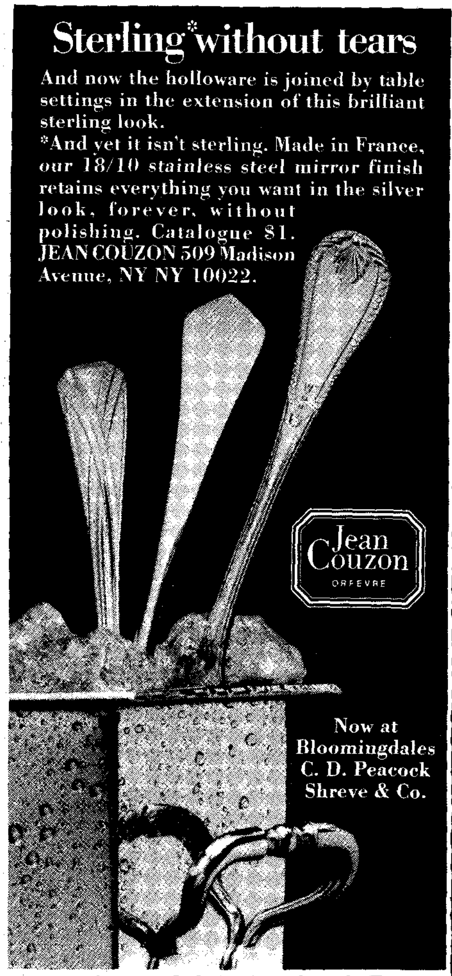
mystique of Revolution; the only one that leads a true locomotive-engineer of history to identify himself with its cause, not use it as a hiding place from his absolute vertical Person, in which worms are now feeding horizontally.

One is led, by this learned book bristling with quaint particulars and amiable puns and verbal tumbles ("Yet the genes of gens engender tenacious traitorous taints;" "the filigreed fleuron in the vergered-perjured paper, the flagellated letters"), into a spiritual dungeon, a miasmal atmosphere of hate and bitter recalcitrance. The fictional Francia is most eloquent in his inveighing against the others—the devilish ecclesiastics, the "Porteños" of Buenos Aires—who threaten his power. He knows no positive connections; all is betrayal and potential assault. The inanimate objects that inspire and console and fortify him—a *polished skull, a fallen meteorite,* his ivory pen—supplant human faces and voices and whatever humane motives inspired, at the forging of a nation, his polity. The static, circling quality of many modernist masterworks is here overlaid with a political rigidity, an immobilizing rage that seizes both the tyrant and the exiled writer. "I the Supreme" differs from García Márquez's "Autumn of the Patriarch" in that the dictator-hero of the latter is a coarse ignoramus, whereas Francia, in Roa Bastos's reconstruction, suffers, amid the trappings of omnipotence, the well-known impotence and isolation of the modern intellectual.

THE muddy, murderous atmosphere of Latin-American politics is concentrated alarmingly in Osvaldo Soriano's short novel "A Funny Dirty Little War" (translated from the Spanish by Nick Caistor; Readers International; $12.50 cloth, $6.95 paper). "Dirty war" conjures up, a bit misleadingly, Vietnam ("It's a dirty little war but we have to fight it," as Dwight Eisenhower said) and the campaign of domestic oppression carried on by the Argentine junta now on trial; the Spanish title, "No habrá más penas ni olvido," is a line of a poem, and translates as "Pain and longing shall be no more." Soriano is an Argentine who went into exile in 1976, when the junta took over, and returned in 1983; also in 1983, his book, written in 1980, was published in Buenos Aires, having been previously published in Spain and, appropriately translated, in Italy and a number of other European countries. In 1984, it was made into a movie, which won an award in Berlin. Indeed, "A Funny Dirty Little War" is an absolute of its kind: it is virtually all action, and the action is virtually all ugly. In little more than a hundred pages, the attempt of one petty official to oust another farcically, inexorably, horribly sweeps a small Argentine town into a local holocaust of violence and murder.

Suprino, the Party Secretary, accuses Mateo, the town clerk, of being a Communist, and enlists Inspector Llanos and Deputy Inspector Rossi and Guzman, the local auctioneer, in an attempt to oust Fuentes, the Council Leader, who opts to defend the Town Hall with two local policemen, a released prisoner, and Moyano, a humble gardener abruptly promoted to Director of Parks and Gardens. All these men know each other as fellow-villagers, and all claim to be loyal Peronists, yet real bullets begin to fly, and real deaths occur: "The Inspector, posted in a doorway, Guzman and the wounded policeman from the house, and Suprino from the rooftop all fired at the Town Hall windows. The shutters and the glass were blown to bits. Moyano fell back. Everybody in the office threw themselves to the floor. . . . The floor was spattered with blood. There was no sign of movement from Moyano." The whirlwind of violence, fed by nameless youths on both sides, swirls on into the night, a Walpurgisnacht of rain and mud and confusion and torture given its perhaps too symbolic capping when a drunken crop duster drops a load of pig manure from his plane. It is slapstick in which people actually bleed: "Guzman the auctioneer threw himself underneath the Peugeot. Two of the men got into the car, and started off at full speed. Guzman felt its whole weight run over his right hand, and a stabbing pain shot the length of his arm. When he saw the blood spurting from his crushed fingers, he felt sick, and then fainted." The rapid interlace of dialogue and blundering encounters opens, with sickening quickness, into unbearable pain:

> The brass knuckleduster smashed into Ignacio's jaw. The Council Leader fell against the bank accounts filing cabinet, and vaguely realised that something was cutting into his back. He felt as though he was chewing his own teeth. . . . A shrill buzzing was spinning round inside his skull, and finally settled in his brain. He could hear a moaning sound coming from his throat. His own scream gave him a feeling of horror. He attempted to force his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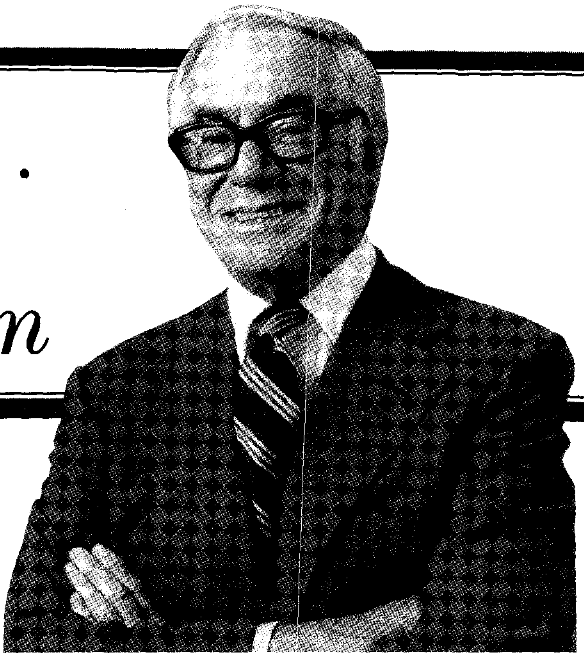

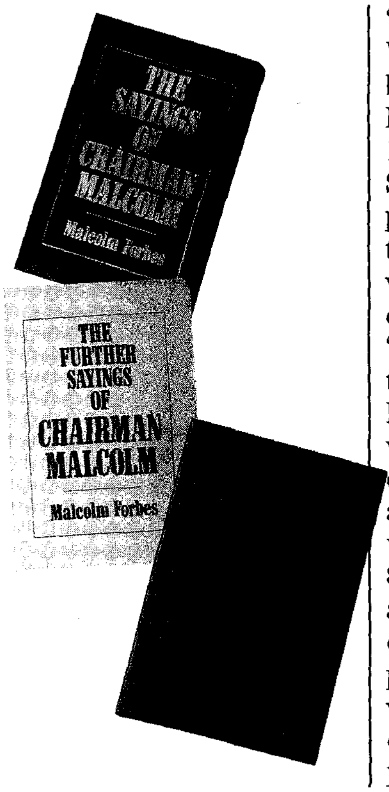
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eyes open, but the lids seemed as heavy as lead curtains. Eventually, by gripping the edges of the desk, he managed to raise his eyelids. He saw a red, smoking tip. Solid fire pressed on his eyes. He felt as though his head were a chaos of pain which he could not fuse into a whole. He longed for death to rescue him from the nightmare.

When dawn at last comes, all the insurrectionists but the instigator have apparently been killed, and two survivors from the other side have this bleary exchange: "It's going to be a beautiful day, Sergeant." "A day . . . for Perón."

But Perón, though the target of this horrific satire, did not create Latin-American authoritarianism, nor did his passing end it, even in Argentina. Soriano plausibly builds his civic nightmare upon basic human competitiveness and macho pride; he so persuasively shows how a sleepy town can descend into carnage, and its middle-aged officeholders turn into cruel civil warriors, that we ask ourselves what magic holds in harmless suspension the rivalries and ambitions of our own local governments. Not that the United States, especially in its frontier territories, has not known lawless feuds, lynchings, and criminality claiming to be guerrilla protest. But official power *is* transferred peaceably in this country, with a tolerance for dissent only sporadically and precariously observed in our sister continent's many, theoretically similarly constituted republics. We may dislike our government but are not, by and large, afraid of it, nor afraid of its sudden collapse, and a book like "A Funny Dirty Little War" reminds us of what a luxury this is, and how thin is the skin of social order.

HUMBERTO COSTANTINI, another Argentine recently returned from exile, has written "The Long Night of Francisco Sanctis" (translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni; Harper & Row; $15.95), which also describes a single nightmarish period of less than twenty-four hours. And, again, comedy turns deadly, with the difference that in Soriano's book it is as if the amiable little village world of Don Camillo were blackened by the laconic ugliness of Hemingway's war writing, while Costantini begins with a mild, musing, mid-life protagonist like Italo Svevo's Zeno—and who is, like him, preoccupied by giving up smoking. Soriano's is a style of brutal efficiency; Costantini's is ruminative, chatty, with humorously elaborate chapter ti-

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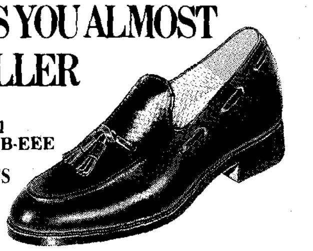

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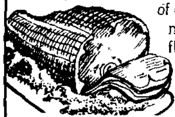

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tles, such as "Chapter I. In which, so as to keep the reader from raising his hopes too high with regard to the entertainment value of this little book, it is here stated without further ado that its subject matter is of a more or less psychological nature—or, in other words, that the prospect ahead is fairly humdrum. Thus forewarned, the reader can now be told something about a certain telephone call that came from out of the blue."

Francisco Sanctis, the forty-one-year-old head accountant for a small Buenos Aires grocery wholesaling firm, happily married and economically prospering, is phoned one day (Friday, November 11, 1977) at his desk by a ghost from his past—Elena Vaccaro, who seventeen years ago was an overweight fellow university student, like the youthful Sanctis active in literary and left-wing circles. Though their relationship was casual and unconsummated, she now asks him to meet her immediately, on the flimsy excuse that an old student poem of his is being reprinted in a Venezuelan magazine. He very grudgingly agrees to rendezvous on a street corner, and she, grown unexpectedly lean and glamorous, drives him around in her Renault while explaining that what she really wants is for Sanctis to notify two men that they are going to be abducted by the goons of Air Force Intelligence that night. He is naturally reluctant to become involved, contented bourgeois that he is, and yet enough of his old idealism lingers to let this abruptly assigned mission nag at him; he spends the rest of the novel, far into the night, indecisively wandering the streets of Buenos Aires.

The exposition is leisurely, confident, knowing. The gently erotic comedy of Sanctis's encounter with his old semi-flame (she admired him, in her plump radical days) is almost Cheeveresque, as he mentally takes her sociological temperature: "Sanctis observes her closely and draws some hasty conclusions: solid economic background, a social life, a pitiless diet consisting of a small glass of grapefruit juice and such for breakfast, dance or body expression, swimming or tennis, beauty treatments and yoga, a very busy husband, independence, the odd lighthearted affair." In his own apartment, where he briefly alights after ten o'clock, he notices that his wife, María Angélica, has put a bottle of wine in the refrigerator and that her remarks to him are accompanied "by a certain tone and a sleepy

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smile that Sanctis knows well and that have to do with bed, with a certain French perfume that only now he's aware he's been smelling without being conscious of it." Nevertheless, torn between domestic bliss and political conscience, he goes out into the streets again.

We have been here before, in Argentine novels, in this double invisible net where the secret police and the revolutionary underground intersect on a street corner—for example, Manuel Puig's "Kiss of the Spider Woman." What struck me, following Sanctis's increasingly ominous perambulations, was how Borgesian this Buenos Aires is—the practically endless, undistinguished streets that gather to themselves a mysterious maziness wherein a specific address becomes charged with some unspeakable spiritual burden. For Borges, Buenos Aires is not just a city, or even his city, but all cities, a horizontal, paved embodiment of our human lostness. In an early poem, "Daybreak," he wrote, "In the deep universal night / scarcely dispelled by the flickering gaslamps / a gust of wind coming out of nowhere / stirs the silent streets / with a trembling presentiment / of the hideous dawn that haunts / like some lie / the tumbledown outskirts of cities all over the world." As Sanctis approaches, at three in the morning, the second of his two addresses, the author asserts that "something is taking place here in these placid middle-class streets in Villa Urquiza, among old acacias, rubbish bins, pretty little houses, and the silent padding of some cat on the prowl—something serious, something we don't want to explain too closely." Beneath the surface of social order, something atrocious waits. As with Kafka's, Borges's allegories may be more political and less cosmic than we think. His favorite adjectives—"atrocious" and "labyrinthine"—touch on life in a totalitarian state, and what is the Minotaur who fascinates him but the Dictator, brute power lurking and waiting to consume those trapped in the maze of inscrutable prerogatives and prohibitions? Borges's curious theology of defective or malign gods and the terror that fringes his stately anecdotes merely give the news, it may be, about Latin-American absolutism. As Costantini's hero moves through "the labyrinth of his own city," he evokes other books surveyed here: "with the desperate gesture of a shipwrecked sailor," he beckons a waiter and reminds us of Luis Velasco adrift

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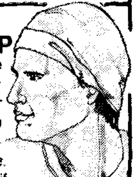

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on the "dense sea filled with strange creatures," and in reflecting upon "this miasma of stupidity and violence in which we're plunged up to our necks" he sums up the viscid immersion of "A Funny Dirty Little War." All three short narratives make us feel a desperate insecurity, a dreadful bottomlessness to things, a moral chaos in which a bland decent Everyman like Sanctis becomes, indeed, a saint.

Adolfo Bioy Casares has been known in the English-speaking world primarily as a friend and collaborator of Borges, and the co-author of the ornate literary jokes of "The Chronicles of Bustos Domecq" (1967). Bioy Casares, however, is a prolific and successful writer on his own, and nearly a generation younger than Borges—he was born in 1914, and Borges in 1899. (Gabriel García Márquez was born in 1928, Augusto Roa Bastos in 1917, Osvaldo Soriano in 1943, Humberto Costantini in 1924.) "The Invention of Morel and Other Stories," by Bioy Casares (translated from the Spanish by Ruth L. C. Simms; Texas; $9.95 paper), arrives with a double Borgesian stamp: a preface by the master to the long title story, and pen-and-ink illustrations by Norah Borges de Torre, Borges's sister. The illustrations are clumsy and few and do little harm. The preface is a provocative and revealing critical document; like "The Invention of Morel," it dates from 1940. It claims that this "Invention" is perfect ("To classify it as perfect is neither an imprecision nor a hyperbole") and represents a blow in the good fight against that deplorable nineteenth-century invention the plotless "psychological" novel, which includes Balzac, the Russians, and Proust. Borges was, we might say, the first self-consciously postmodern writer; his rebellion against Proust and Joyce and Woolf and James took the form of preferring Shaw, Wilde, Wells, and Chesterton. His preface offers the detective story—at its peak in the thirties—as an example of what "works of reasoned imagination" might be. He and Bioy Casares collaborated on detective stories, as well as on film scripts, anthologies, and translations. In a sense, Bioy Casares—whom Borges called "really and secretly the master" in these collaborations—armed the Borgesian counter-revolution. He provided boyish bravado, a typewriter, and, in "The Invention of Morel," a prime text; the little novel won a

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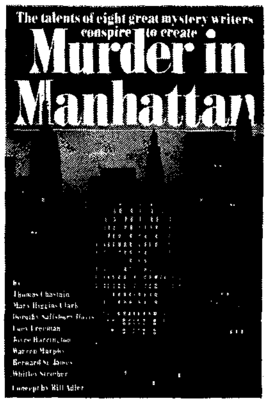
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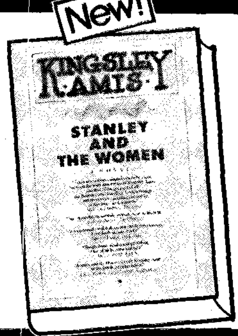

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municipal literary award in Buenos Aires and impressed such rising literati as Octavio Paz and Julio Cortázar. Further, it came to the attention of another postmodern theorizer, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and influenced the betranced repetitions and overlaps of his film "Last Year at Marienbad." Robbe-Grillet's first novel, we need hardly add, was a variety of detective story, "Les Gommes."

Read in 1986, "The Invention of Morel" entertains in the dated way of science fiction by Wells or Jules Verne. Technology betrays its own acolytes: Wells' Time Machine was a late-Victorian gewgaw, a "glittering metallic framework" with parts of nickel and ivory and crystal, a kind of idealized elevator cage, and Alfred Jarry went into futuristic raptures over the then newest thing, the bicycle. Bioy Casares, as of 1940, was understandably struck by the inventions of the motion-picture projector and the phonograph, which preserve reality as seen and heard; he imagines an island where an obsessed inventor, Morel, has constructed machines, tirelessly powered by the tides, that over and over project, in three palpable dimensions, the same recorded scenes of a week among friends. Thus he has created a kind of paradise, an eternity of reruns; the objects captured by his superphotography unfortunately wither and perish, but this seems a modest price to pay. Onto this island blunders our nameless narrator, who slowly comes to understand the illusion and, eventually, to enroll in it. Movies can't *do* that, we want to protest, just as elevators and bicycles can't become time machines. Nevertheless, there are ingenious technological plot twists: doors that normally open freeze shut when they are being projected, and broken walls implacably heal, sealing our hero in. And there are poignant moments: one of the projected beings, Faustine, becomes a love object for the castaway, and, as he disintegrates, his early life in Venezuela, from which he is a political exile, becomes another frozen paradise, projected in his head. But our interest in this rather too intricate fable, and in the six accompanying short stories from a 1948 volume, "La Trama Celeste," tends to be magnetized by the elements that are, with a striking distinctness, Borgesian.

What could be more like Borges than this dream: "When I slept this afternoon, I had this dream, like a symbolic and premature commentary

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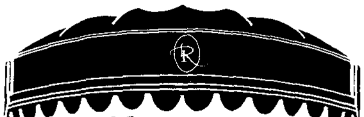

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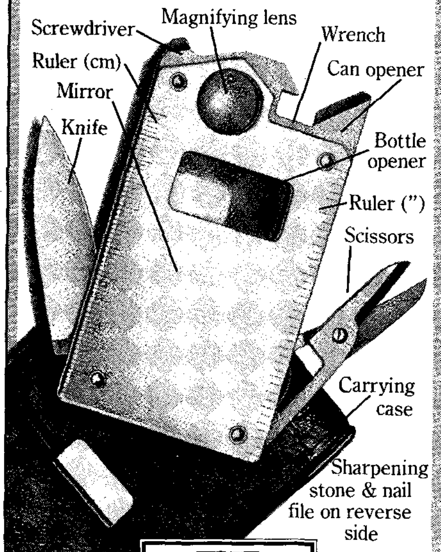

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The Nile and the Sinai

Elsewhere in this issue you will find the advertisement for our tour to Egypt in March, 1987; and I urge you to send for the detailed brochure of that uniquely comprehensive tour and to join us on it.

None of the members of our tours to Egypt last November and March cancelled their reservations, and all agreed that it would have been foolish indeed to have done so - for we felt completely secure and received a wonderfully warm welcome everywhere, from the Director General of the Egypt Tourist Authority who honoured us by hosting our first dinner to the courteous Nubian boatmen on the Nile and the Bedouins in the Sinai.

This world on which we live is a violent place, and we cannot avoid the threat of danger by staying at home. Europeans and members of many other nations realize this and continue to travel to Egypt. It is not our policy to take undue risks, and we would not suggest that you tour the Lebanon or Afghanistan with us; but, unless the US State Department (which we always consult prior to any foreign tour of ours) advises us to the contrary, we are not going to forego the pleasure of viewing the stupendous sites of Egypt.

I hope you will join us there next March.

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on my life: as I was playing a game of croquet, I learned that my part in the game was killing a man. Then, suddenly, I knew I was that man"? Or the lilt of these sentences, with their lifted eyebrow of complicated disclaimer: "He said that he waved his hand, and immediately afterward the gesture seemed false;" "After an extended stay in Paris, Horvath had returned to his own country, almost famous and totally discredited;" "He treated love and women with a dispassionate scorn that was not devoid of courtesy"? Or these fey modifiers, so curiously vibrant: "I experienced an intimate heaviness in my arms and legs;" "She was wearing a dress that was extremely green;" "He had deep circles under his eyes and an expression of astonished fatigue"? The adjective "atrocious" recurs in Bioy Casares, and the image of a labyrinth, and that Borgesian device of the heterogeneous list, shorthand for the inventory of the maddeningly infinite universe. Abrupt islands of mathematical and topological distinctness imply the circumambient vague vastness, and the paradoxes of philosophical idealism are pursued to their monstrous conclusions. A dandified Gnosticism speaks in such an epigram as "To be alive is to flee, in an ephemeral and paradoxical way, from matter."

The imitation is startling; who was imitating whom? Borges came late to prose fiction; his first collection, "The Garden of Forking Paths," was published in 1941, the year that Bioy Casares won a literary prize for "The Invention of Morel." The older man may well have learned from the younger, or at least borrowed the courage of his own predilections. But to turn from even the best of Bioy Casares's short stories ("The Celestial Plot," say, or "The Perjury of the Snow") to those of Borges is to enter the realm of literature; there is greater conciseness and concreteness, a superior richness of mock-erudition and arch cross-reference, a jauntier and more challenging style. A poetic vision has entered in, and—we do not readily associate this quality with Borges—a warmth, a heat such as is generated deep in the geological strata, a spontaneous combustion of compacted learning and sublimated feeling. Even in those Borges short stories—"The Garden of Forking Paths," "Death and the Compass," "An Examination of the Work of Herbert Quain"—closest to the detective story there is an expansiveness of allusion, an amused intensity of tone that liberates us into something new, a fresh atmosphere, a frontier. These few dense and quirky short stories lifted the lid on Latin-American fantasy, as Gogol's "Overcoat" supposedly ignited the great days of Russian fiction. "Magic realism," then, can be seen to have a pedigree that reaches from Borges, through the fantasy of Chesterton and Stevenson—circumventing the triumphs of the realist-psychological novel—back to Poe. All seven of Bioy Casares's tales sound like Poe; they employ the first-person voice of detective stories (convenient because an omniscient narrator would give the mystery away) and of travellers' tales and journals—the voice of Robinson Crusoe and Arthur Gordon Pym, of European man in the menacing strangeness of the New World.

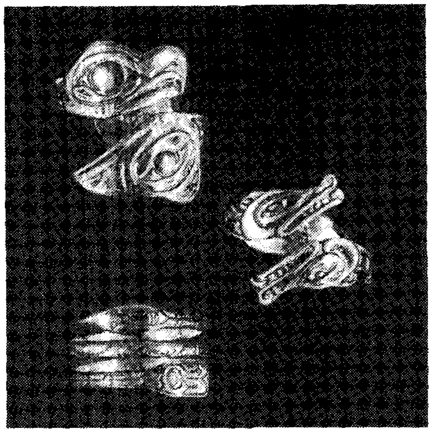
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FALL OF KELVIN WALKER: A FABLE OF THE SIXTIES, by Alasdair Gray (Braziller; $14.95). Mr. Gray, a native resident of Glasgow, opens this short, wry, parable-like novel with a quotation from another Scotsman, Sir James Barrie: "My lady, there are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make." Kelvin Walker, a young man of impeccably Scottish Presbyterian rigidity who invades London to seek his fortune, is a figure of contemptible fun, but he is undeniably impressive. Mr. Gray is impressive and wholly admirable as a moralist and satirist—as a writer interestingly reminiscent of Nathanael West.

KATE VAIDEN, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum; $16.95). "About as short as U.S. 1 from Maine to Miami": this is how Kate Vaiden, orphaned at eleven, sums up her first eighteen years. She describes, equally accurately, the next thirty-five as dull, and does well to confine them to thirty pages at the end of this three-hundred-odd-page dreamy, fluid novel about vows and vengeance, beginning before the Second World War and remaining below the Mason-Dixon Line. "Till death us do part" is a vow Kate Vaiden would love to be bound by, but "Leave people before they can plan to leave you" is her rule of thumb. Still, she is haunted by those who have beaten her to it, and she suspects that she brings bad luck to



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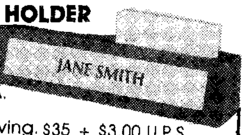

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those who have not. Reynolds Price manages to keep the reader, and most of Kate Vaiden's acquaintances, just short of exasperated by making Kate Vaiden just shy of selfish: worth listening to, and worth forgiving.

STRAIGHT CUT, by Madison Smartt Bell (Ticknor & Fields; $15.95). Tracy Batemen, the narrator of Mr. Bell's new novel (his first since the deservedly praised "Waiting for the End of the World"), is a film editor, with an estranged wife and a taste for alcohol and Kierkegaard. When we meet him moping around on his Tennessee farm, he has just put down his old sick dog. When we leave him, a bit later, he has recovered his wife and acquired a new dog. In between, he has been to Rome and Brussels and London and Antwerp and New York City, and has finally escaped from a nonsensical drug-smuggling deal. Everything is wrong here. Mr. Bell seems to have hacked out his story from a dozen old paperback thrillers, and almost forgotten how to write: "Yonko struck me as your typical trigger-happy juvenile-delinquent street animal . . . Of course . . . I tend to hate all people who have ever pointed guns in my face . . . The trouble was that people always got so goddamn serious when it was heroin."

GENERAL

A QUESTION OF SEDITION: THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S INVESTIGATION OF THE BLACK PRESS DURING WORLD WAR II, by Patrick S. Washburn (Oxford; $19.95). This excellent study shows that during the Second World War the black press was under continual investigation and threat from the F.B.I., the Post Office, and the military. Printing news of lynchings, say, or of the refusal of the Red Cross to accept blood from black donors was discouraged, because it was thought to sap the morale of black soldiers and civilians. At the same time, black journalists were not allowed to attend White House press conferences. Through newly available documents, the author has discovered that Attorney General Francis Biddle was almost the only powerful individual in the American executive to insist that the wholesale abridgment of civil liberties in the First World War ought not be repeated in the Second. His views nearly cost

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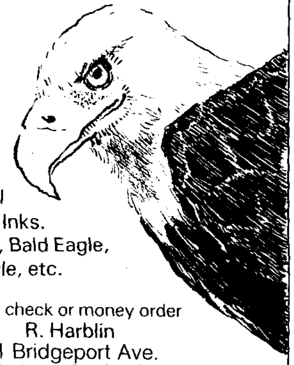

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him his job, because the President, the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, the Postmaster General, the hyperactive head of the F.B.I., and large sections of the public and Congress were all for suppression and repression. Biddle lost a number of battles (for example, he opposed the forced relocation of Japanese and Japanese-Americans), but he developed tactics of delay, obstruction, and argument to protect freedom of the press. Nevertheless, the so-called investigation of the black press ended only in the last year or so of the war. Then American leaders began to alleviate black grievances instead of threatening blacks for complaining, and began to recognize black journalists. Mr. Washburn sees in Biddle's brave stand a precedent for limiting the government's right to suppress criticism in wartime.

THE FRAMPTON FLORA, by Richard Mabey (Prentice Hall; $25). This is an album of Victorian watercolors of wildflowers native to southwest Gloucestershire, and it is remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the paintings and for the story that lies behind the collection. It was discovered four years ago in an attic at Frampton Court, an estate near the Severn River which had been in the Clifford family for eight hundred years. The artists were four sisters of the family and several of their aunts, working in the late eighteen-thirties and the forties; the pictures were painted "from life," after rigorous searches of woods, riverbanks, and grasslands in the neighborhood of Frampton Court. Then the watercolors were put away and forgotten. The hundreds of flowers, which look as fresh here as the day they were painted, include many that we know in America—wild strawberry and violets, columbine, forget-me-nots—and many that are less familiar: mallows, worts in profusion, and flowers with wonderfully odd names such as "lady's bedstraw," "mouse-ear hawkweed," "cuckoo's bread and cheese," and, queerest of all, "welcome-home-husband-though-never-so-drunk."

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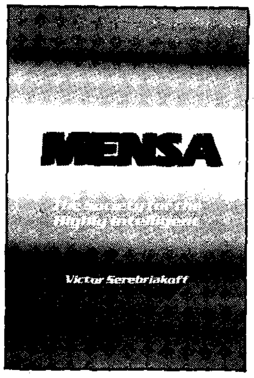

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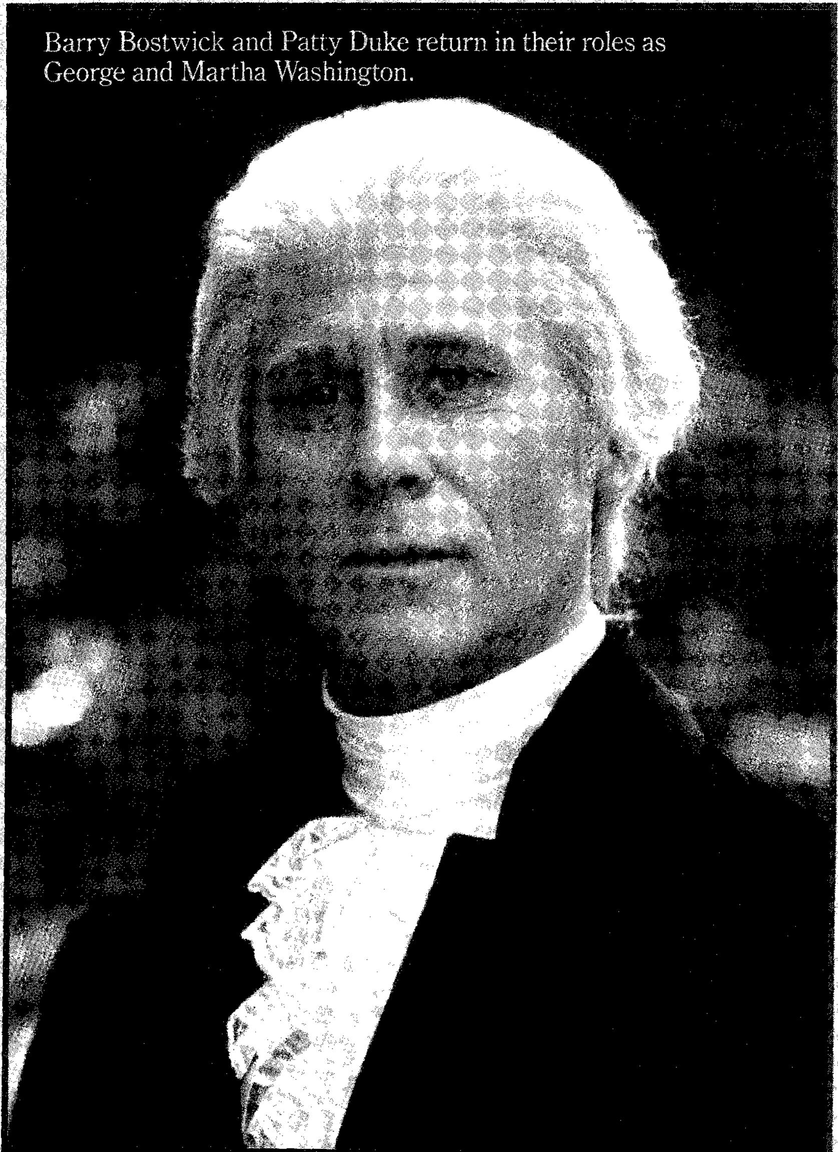
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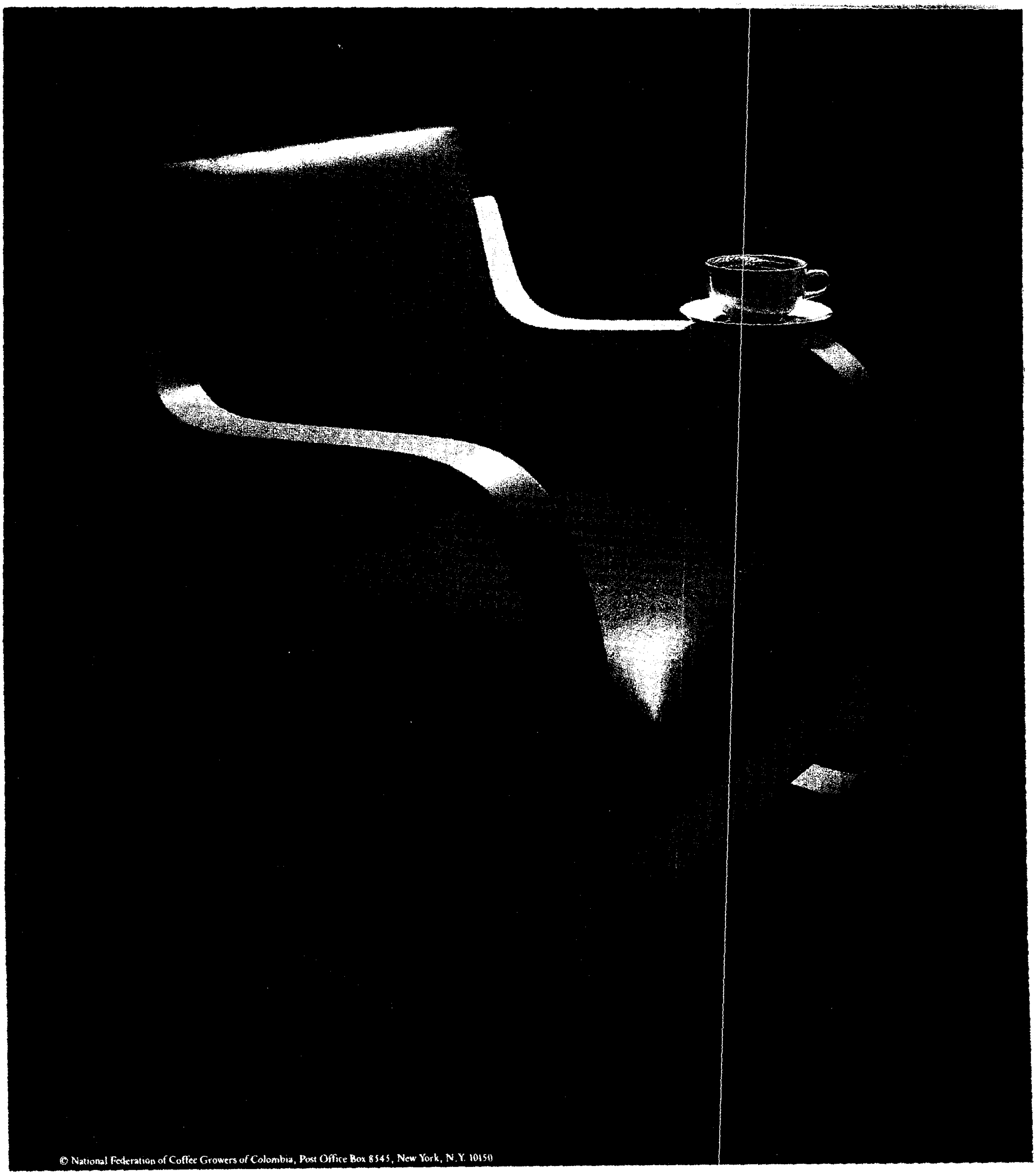

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